

THE AUSTRALIAN OVER 320,000 COPIES Sold Every Week. FREE NOVEL.

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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SYDNEY



The friends of childhood left behind
And the land where they had grown,
With quiet courage in their eyes
They faced the great unknown,
Fighting the dry and hungry soil
Through years of labor, years of toil.

COLONIAL DAYS

With fortitude to bear them through
The heart-breaks and the trials,
They won the arid land and green
To love its lonely miles
Of burning plains and bushland ways
In old colonial days. —P.D.B.

A KING'S *Favorite* DEFIES ASSASSINS



MADAME LUPESCU, with her pet Alsatian, in an English garden during a holiday abroad.



THE RUMANIAN "POMPADOUR," who is an exquisite dresser, is here shown while taking the air in Bucharest.



APART FROM HER many accomplishments, educational and linguistic, Madame Lupescu is a real "outdoors girl." This snap was taken after a strenuous game of tennis.

Madame Lupescu, Lovely Rumanian "Pompadour," Employs Six Beautiful "Doubles" to Outwit Iron Guard

By Cable from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in London LONDON, Sunday.

Madame Magda Lupescu, titian-haired Pompadour, who has kept the Royal House of Rumania on the tiptoe of anxiety for years, owing to the strange hold she has over King Carol, has appeared in a new role—a woman matching her wits against the threats of assassination by the Rumanian Iron Guard.

This powerful military organisation has declared war to the death against her, but so far Madame Lupescu has outwitted them.

Employing six red-headed "doubles," Madame Lupescu has become a sort of female "Scarlet Pimpernel." These women act after the same manner as "stand-ins" for stars in the films, with the result that her enemies never know where Lupescu is, or whether it is she they are watching or simply a highly-paid counterpart.

THE Rumanian Legation is indignantly silent on the report from Bucharest that Madame Lupescu, for whom King Carol once sacrificed his throne, was saved from assassination recently owing to the fact that she hired six counterparts of herself to impersonate her. The Legation declined to discuss Madame Lupescu with me, as her personality does not come within their ambassadorial scope.

It is reported that the Iron Guard, a powerful military organisation, has repeatedly sworn to kill Madame Lupescu.

How she has escaped them so long is a revelation of womanly wit.

Her agents scoured Europe and secured six red-headed women, suffi-



KING CAROL, who once sacrificed his throne for love of Lupescu.

Our Goods in England, But Not in Scotland

AUSTRALIAN products are much more to the fore in English shops, according to Mrs. J. C. Herrens, of Adelaide, who has just returned from a visit to the Isles of Wight and Orkney. She travelled much by road and was impressed by the road courtesy of English motorists.

On the contrary, the wife of the Rev. A. Fleming, Convenor-superintendent of foreign missions of the Presbyterian Church, found in Scotland hesitancy among storekeepers to stock Australian goods.

American tinned fruit was available, but not Australian. She advocates more advertising, devoted to bringing Australian goods before storekeepers.

ciently resembling her to pass for her. These were paid big salaries to dress and make up like her and to appear in her name at social gatherings and elsewhere.

Thus when Madame Lupescu drives in the fashionable streets, no one knows whether it is she or one of her doubles.

The identity of the women who flirt with death for the salary paid to them by Lupescu is a closely-guarded secret. They are unknown except to a few of King Carol's and Madame Lupescu's most devoted servants.

Getting Desperate

RECENTLY the Iron Guard determined to kidnap Madame Lupescu in the neighborhood of the Sinaia Palace, where she was known to be going, but the plan was abandoned when Madame Lupescu was seen in the capital many miles away.

It is now known that the real Madame Lupescu went to the palace as arranged while her double showed herself in Bucharest.

It is believed that the exasperated Iron Guard may decide

to kill anyone resembling the King's favorite.

Meantime the honors are with the amazing little Jewess who defies death as outrageously as she

he loved enough to sacrifice wife, child, and throne, went with him.

Prince Michael then became King, only to be superseded when Carol claimed and regained his Royal rights. For a time Madame Lupescu passed out of the picture, but when Queen Helen, after her divorce from Carol, went to live in Italy, the beautiful Jewess regained her ascendancy over the King.

Lupescu is one of the most fantastic and unforgettable figures in the history of Europe.

For many years she has wielded the power of a Pompadour or a Du Barry in the affairs of Rumania.

They say she is not so beautiful today as she was when the King first met her. But she still has within her that strange flame of power and magnetism that will to conquer which has marked all the women of influence since the world began.

Enchanting Children ... in Our New Serial

POIGNANT, human, tender and delightfully witty are terms which may be truthfully applied to "Nothing Is Safe," E. M. Delafield's great novel, which begins as a serial in next week's issue of The Australian Women's Weekly.

We are proud to introduce Miss Delafield as a writer for The Australian Women's Weekly. She has a big reputation overseas as a brilliant novelist who knows the heart of woman and reveals it enchantingly and with fine sympathy and insight.

Michael and Julia are the principal characters in "Nothing Is Safe." You'll love these children—the self-reliant girl and the nervous, self-conscious boy—and you'll revel in their cleverly-told experiences.

It is a magnificent serial, and you should not miss a line of it.



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AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

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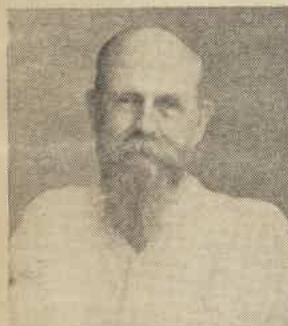
Let's Talk Of Interesting People



Spoke With Authority

MISS FREDA BAGE, principal of Women's College in Brisbane and an official visitor to the S.A. Centenary women's conferences, was able to tell South Australian University women of something new to them in women's University colleges.

Miss Bage is a graduate in science of the University of Melbourne, and has worked on the Brisbane University staff for 20 years. She was lecturer in biochemistry when she went there from Melbourne.



Renowned Missioner

REV. C. F. ANDREWS, of Santiniketan, Tagore's University, India, is conducting a University mission in Australia and New Zealand following a mission in Fiji, for the Student Christian Movement. During thirty years' work in India he has written numerous widely-read books.

He will submit a report at the quadrennial conference of the movement at Birmingham, England, in January, and commence lectures in Past Pastoral Theology at Cambridge University the following month. He will then return to India, where he is a personal friend of such important leaders of thought as Gandhi, Kagawa, and others.



Overseas Delegate

FOR the past fifteen years the Y.W.C.A., Sydney, has had an able president in Miss L. M. Fowler, M.B.E. She resigned office this month.

After visiting Adelaide, Miss Fowler went to Perth, and she will leave from there on October 12 for Colombo, where she will attend a World's Regional Conference. Later in the month she will represent the Sydney Association at the World's Y.W.C.A. executive meeting, in Kandy.

TEACHER'S Ordeal in CHINA



Victorian Woman Braved Cannons and Bayonets

Schoolteaching in China is far from being a quiet profession for a woman, as a Victorian, Miss Dorlien Bury, reveals in the following article. It is an exciting, terrifying adventure.

During her six years' work in inland China, Miss Bury lived in an atmosphere of cannons and bayonets, her life in danger from warring forces to whom the most innocent seemed a foe.

Battles that raged over the countryside sometimes put a temporary end to her teaching work, for shot and shells made everyone scramble for safety. She describes one of her adventurous journeys in Central China.

By DORLIEN BURY

LEAVING the train at Yen-cheng, a large city in Central China, I started on a journey of three days overland, in a springless cart drawn by two mules.

The country roads are like great trenches. Countless feet for countless ages have worn the road down below the level of the surrounding countryside.

The people of Honan are indifferent to dirt and discomfort, and lack the enterprise necessary to better their condition. Roads, houses, people, and animals all suffer from neglect.

The two nights that I was on the journey I made for large, walled towns for protection, because there were so many brigands in the district.

The mandarin of Shiang-Cheng, where I spent the second night, insisted on my having an escort of sixty soldiers during the last stage of the journey.

During the afternoon of the third day, with cushions all around me to protect me from the jolts, I was finding that the trot, trot of the mules and the rumbling of the heavy wheels were making me feel drowsy.

The driver of the cart sat on the right shaft, and every now and then one of the soldiers would sit on the opposite shaft.

Suddenly all drowsiness left me as I realised that the soldier and driver were talking about Fowyang.

That was the city in which I had been trapped and had lost everything, when three thousand brigands suddenly pounced down upon us, looted every house and shop, held the wealthy for ransom, then burnt the city as they left.

"You soldiers who are now escorting this foreigner are ex-brigands and were in the band that captured Fowyang six months ago?" said the driver.

"Yes," answered the soldier, "and we looted other wealthy cities. A few months ago our chief was killed in a brawl. Soldiers were sent to fight us, so we offered to surrender if we could all be taken into the army. But we don't like this kind of life—not enough pay—so we shall all be off again one of these days."

I was beginning to wonder what my escort would do if we met a band of brigands on the road! Would they desert, and give me over to the brigands?

The soldiers ahead were gazing at a cloud of smoke on our right. The soldier on the cart jumped down and ran ahead.

"Brigands are over there burning a village," said the startled driver, as he

pointed to where the soldiers were gazing. As we came to the top of a hill the driver shouted to me above the noise of the rumbling of the cart, "The last time I passed this way I had a wealthy girl sitting just where you are sitting. Who is there?"

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Please turn to Page 11

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JURY of WOMEN See Censored FILM

*They All Think Censor was Wrong;
Say Bathing Scene is "Beautiful"*

Although the Australian film, "Uncivilised," is being shown in full to Sydney audiences, the Commonwealth Film Censor, Mr. O'Reilly, has decided that two scenes must be deleted before it is exported for exhibition overseas.

That Australians should be allowed to see scenes which are considered unsuitable for English and American people seemed so strange that The Australian Women's Weekly gathered together a jury of prominent and representative women, and arranged for them to view "Uncivilised." **THEIR VERDICT WAS "NOT GUILTY."**

Every member of the jury agreed that the bathing-pool scene (the first of the two to which objection has been taken) is not only unlikely to cause any offence, but is really beautiful.

As to the second cut, a scene showing the strangling of a native, the majority considered it far less repulsive than scenes in many imported films.



MARGOT RHYS, Star of "Uncivilised," who recently married Mr. Dal Mein and is now living at Hay.



There is no need for you to spend pounds on a special blend. Simply ask your grocer for Bushells Blue Label, the tea of flavor.

Then you will be giving your guests and yourself the full rich flavor which comes only from the young tender leaves selected for Blue Label Tea.

Bushells ... The Tea of Flavor

WOMEN prominent in public life, representing all shades of opinion, were invited by The Australian Women's Weekly to see the film.

In addition, opinions were obtained from a number of well-known women who saw the film at the first-night screening.

The names and opinions of the most representative women are given below. Of the many other opinions obtained, it is significant that not one saw eye to eye with the censor in regard to the bathing-pool scene.

The two scenes questioned by Mr. Creswell O'Reilly, the censor, take place in North-west Australia.

In the first, a white girl, held captive by Mara, white chief of an aboriginal tribe, repairs to a river pool to swim.

Not having come into this section of the country prepared for bathing, she has no costume, and consequently swims in the nude.

So far as the picture is concerned, one sees the quick flash of a white body as the girl dives gracefully. Then follow shots taken, looking down on the girl as she swims under water. The wavering outlines of a white body are seen through the rippling of the pool.

When Mara, in his turn, comes to swim, the proprieties are observed by his throwing his fair captive a print gown to slip on before he dives in. The gown is put on under water and very gracefully.

Excellent Direction

THE second sequence which is threatened by the censor's shears is that which occurs during an attack on Mara's camp by hostile aborigines led by a mad outlaw black.

After some spear work, Mara seizes the attacking chief and chokes him in a very realistic manner.

The Australian Women's Weekly jury, as has been said, were unanimous in regard to the bathing-pool sequence. In

fact, they were emphatic in their remarks as to the beautiful way in which it has been handled. Many expressed the view that this particular sequence is the highlight of the whole production.

The strangling scene moved two jurors to remark that, in their opinion, it could be abridged.

Among the others, the verdict was that much more blood-curdling and unpleasant episodes have been allowed to remain in films imported into Australia.

And since, as is well known, the censor deals drastically with all pictures in which violence plays a part before they are released here, such a scene as this, in "Uncivilised," is hardly likely to have an undesirable effect abroad, where audiences are accustomed to much worse.

Final Censors

ALTHOUGH this question of censorship is one of national importance, affecting as it does the whole course and future of the infant motion picture industry in Australia, The Australian Women's Weekly has forborne to offer any judgment on the case at present under review.

In Australia, as elsewhere, women make up by far the most important and numerous proportion of picture-goers.

Women, therefore, through well-known and respected members of their sex, are the ones who should pass the final verdict on the desirability or undesirability of any film or section of a film.

So far as "Uncivilised" is concerned, women have given that verdict. "Not Guilty" has been announced, and this announcement should remove the doubt regarding the film which may have been implanted in the minds of hundreds of thousands of women when the censor's action was announced in the Press.

The Opinions of the "Jury"

HERE are the opinions of the women whom The Australian Women's Weekly consulted:

MRS. M. F. BRUXNER, wife of Deputy Premier:

I think the swimming-pool scene is most beautiful and effective, and there is nothing in it to offend anyone. It is a wonderful shot.

I did not object to the strangling scene. I have seen much more ghastly stuff in the American films. I think it is a pity if they cut out any part of the film for overseas.

MRS. MIDDLETON, J.P., Hon. Secretary of Federation of Mothers' Clubs:

I saw nothing in the picture to object to in any way. The swimming-pool scene was most beautiful. With regard to the strangling episode, they let a lot worse scenes than that come into the country in American films.

MRS. MARY GILMORE, well-known Australian author and a former member of the Film Censorship Board:

I have no objection to either of the

censored scenes in "Uncivilised." I suppose the reason the censor objected to it is because it was a white woman swimming and not a black woman. I regard it as a beautiful piece of photography.

The strangling scene made no impression on me either way.

MRS. E. WUNDERLICH, a regular theatre and concert first-nighter:

I thought it was a magnificent picture and a credit to Australian artists. I saw nothing in the swimming-pool scene to give any offence to anyone.

I have no comment to make on the strangling scene.

MRS. MERVYN FINLAY, well-known patron of music and art:

I saw nothing objectionable at all in the swimming-pool scene.

I would prefer the film without the strangling scene, which was a bit gruesome and might not have a good effect on some people.

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BACHELOR of Marriage

He grumbled about the cooking. She bemoaned the monotony of housekeeping. So they changed jobs for one afternoon.



BILL LISTER made a wry grimace. Strange noises came from his throat. He gulped, swallowed hastily, and sat back from the table with an air of sorrowful resignation. "What's the matter?" asked Joyce, although she knew quite well.

He looked at the thing on his plate and raised his eyebrows. "This steak," he said, "reminds me of indiarubber."

This was no rebuke or accusation; just a plain, emotionless statement.

Joyce neither confirmed nor denied the similarity. It had been a bad morning, one of those mornings when everything goes wrong and the kitchen, scullery, and sink become Old Men of the Sea to domestic Sinbad; in fact, a morning bringing sharp contrast between woman's mere existence and woman's life as portrayed in the daily papers. If Joyce had been married a year, she might have treated Bill's remark with perfect indifference; if a week, with tearful pleading. As it happened to be a matter of two months, she registered a mixture of regret and irritation.

Bill prodded a potato. It resented the jab, produced a sound like "Guck!" and slid for safety to the carpet.

"What's the matter with the potatoes?" demanded Joyce. "They're—sloppy."

Joyce breathed hard. Bill sighed. Perhaps, after all, it would be better if he lunched in town. Of course, having his office locally, it seemed common sense to come home at midday. Money was saved, and they had that extra hour together. On the other hand, it was awkward to go back and work on an empty interior. A thing of that sort would never happen if he patronised a restaurant.

A glimmer came into Joyce's blue eyes. She stood up to the full height of her five-feet-three and twenty-four-year-old dignity. A summer storm loomed in the office.

"You're a pig!" she cried. "Wah! I were. Then I could eat this." Which seemed almost reasonable.

Complete SHORT STORY



Illustrated by FISCHER

"Have to be going," said Bill briskly. "Yes, that's right! You go off to your office and meet new faces and do interesting work. What about me? I wash horrible greasy plates and ruin my skin."

side course entitled, "A new degree—Bachelor of Marriage."

Bill studied her pathetic face anxiously. "Oh, lord," he groaned. Then his eyes twinkled.

"Look here, old girl. You say a man's job is much nicer than housework. Right, here's a challenge. Change places for this afternoon. You go down and run the office. I'll cook the dinner."

Only for a moment was she taken aback. The next, she laughed delightedly and flew at him.

"Oh, Bill, do you really mean it? But—what shall I say to the clerks?"

Bill pondered. "Tell 'em I'm seedy. Now, off you go. The office is waiting."

She fled upstairs for her hat and coat

with this modern gas-stove and pots and pans? There would be a mighty surprise awaiting her when she got back. Bill puffed out his chest and marched kitchenwards.

As for Joyce, she could scarcely contain herself. Bill knew she had been a V.A.D. But he didn't know that for six months her work had been on the office side. If she could carry on successfully in a great organisation like that what could be simpler than dealing with his small business? He'd be more than astonished. She reached the office in high feather.

To work as a cog in a vast machine is one thing. To control even a small machine a quite different matter. The temporary head of the firm of William Lister, Iron and Steel Agent, found she had devoured two pens without any

she slipped at length, and it put "per" into her ankle as well. But who cared? Two hours passed by. The elation of moderate success filled her. Poor old Bill, what a sell for him! Of course, he was better at the job, but at least she had come through the test without disgrace. She could just imagine him now, with flour all over him, pots and things boiling over on the stove, and chaos on every side—a slight contrast to this comfortable, well-ordered room. Oak furniture and apple-green distemper harmonised beautifully. They were the soothing shades of nature. A frock of this golden-brown color, faced with bands of green silk would just suit her complexion. The sleeves? Well, perhaps close-fitting. And an Eton collar—

"Ahem!" came Tomkin's duty cough.

JOYCE sat upright, a keen-eyed wizard of finance.

"Just surveying the furniture, Mr. Tomkin. Might be arranged much more conveniently. Time is money." Her guilty blush rather spoiled the effect.

Tomkin made no answer. A peculiar expression had convulsed his face. In reality it was one of worry. But his knack of screwing up his eyes and wrinkling his nostrils was the conventional sign for an imminent sneeze. Still, it was useful. Whenever Tomkin went home worried he secured a seat in the bus.

"Well," asked Joyce, backing instinctively.

"The evening mail has come," he said. "There is a letter from Messrs. Johnson and Holt. They ask for an estimate from us by return. The matter is urgent."

Joyce gave one wriggle of delight and leapt to her feet. To go back and tell Bill she had put through this longed-for order. Shades of Rockefeller—

"Where is it, where is it?" She wanted to rush at Tomkin and hug him.

"Here," he said, and produced the letter with doleful reluctance. In her excitement Joyce noticed nothing. Slowly she perused the typewritten sheet, and Tomkin watched tensely.

"Hm—yes!" It was the safest remark to make, considering how little of the letter she understood.

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By...
Dudley HOYS

able. Yet she lifted her head still higher and remained contemptuously silent, while Bill looked round the room, at the silver wedding-presents on the sideboard, at the little knick-knacks that had been chosen in such holy rapture, with a solemn stare. Inwardly, he grinned. Women were funny little darlings.

"Never mind," he said. "Let's blame the stove."

The clouds were ready. Crash! Down came the storm. "Stove? Stove? It's the whole beastly sordidness I hate. What is a woman's life? One long trudge from the kitchen to the scullery and the scullery to the sink, with intervals of washing up." Not that she really hated it. As a matter of fact, it was a sweet little scullery with white tiles, often haunted before acquaintances with a triumphant "what-d'ye-think-of-that air. But we have all our moods."

"Better than slaving all day in an office," said Bill, still untruffled.

"Oh, yes, men always say that." A kind of squeal had crept into her voice. It was so irritating, the way he kept

calm. She had tried very hard to cultivate the dignified, superior anger displayed by the best literary heroines. Unfortunately, rage made her particularly charming to Bill. It was maddening. A sudden riposte flashed to her mind.

"If you were a man, you'd make enough money to pay for a cook, or, at least, a general. Then perhaps you wouldn't grouse at my meals."

Bill winced. One to her. "My dear, business has been bad lately. You know that. Just wait until I get that order from Johnson & Holt's. Then—"

"Wait, indeed! Yes, I shall wait all right."

"Very obliging of you dear," said Bill meekly.

Silence, pregnant with the generation of more argument. Round one has been pretty equal. The lightweight gloves in her corner, jumper bristling, small mouth set grimly. The heavyweight slouches in his chair and fans himself with a table-napkin.

Ding, dong. Two o'clock. Also the signal for round two.

"Have to be going," said Bill briskly.

"Yes, that's right! You go off to your office to meet new faces and do interesting work. What about me? I wash horrible greasy plates and ruin my skin."

BILL looked at her slim pink fingers, then up at the ceiling.

"No woman need spoil her hands by washing up," he recited. "The use of rubber gloves and a hygienic mop will save all discomfort. For chapped skin, a daily application of—"

"Bah!" But her lips were trembling. He was on the point of leaving, and they had not made it up. To tell the truth, Bill didn't even realise they had quarrelled. He possessed the superior philosophy of thirty. But Joyce, determined not to make the first approach, waited in agony. Suppose he was killed on the way to the office. Suppose he went off and never came back.

"Never nag." She remembered the advice on marriage offered in a certain woman's weekly, and tried to recall the methods suggested in their comprehen-

Breakfast-room Dialogue

and was down a minute later, powdering her nose frantically.

Bill chuckled.

"Wonder who will make the worse mess of things?"

"You," she retorted confidently. And then: "A business mess isn't dirty, at any rate. Wait till you're muddled up with a lot of sticky pans."

"Six-thirty prompt," he called after her, with a grin. She understood a little about his business and could not do much harm. The clerks would see to that. But he—ah, he'd show her.

Joyce didn't know he'd been an army cook during the war, before he got his commission, and even dabbled in the culinary art in pre-Benedict days. Somehow he hadn't liked to tell her. It seemed such a ridiculous accomplishment. But now—well, if he could manage in the open with a wood fire and dioxin, how much more could he do

compensation in the way of progress. Fortunately there was little to do, and old Tomkin, the venerable senior clerk, came forward and smoothed matters. The remainder of the staff, two young men and a typist, spent most of their time giggling over the situation. One of them, with the idea of following the boss' precedent, debated the advisability of stopping away next day and sending his grandmother as a proxy. He enjoyed his shaft of humor immensely until the typist observed that no doubt the old lady would be quite as useful.

Presiding over a desk in the inner office, Joyce knitted her brows in stern thought and attempted the difficult task of looking like a business woman. Each time Tomkin tapped and entered she swung round in the swivel chair with a brisk movement. That in itself savored of alertness, decision. It put "per" into her attitude. Unluckily,

By...
Nancy
JAY



Illustrated
by:
NOEL COOK

GOLDEN SILVA

Silva was a flirt, and could no more help it than a bird can help singing when the sun shines.

A Complete
Short Story

... Toasted each other in champagne that might as well have been ginger ale for all the intoxication David and Silva would have known.



IT was Friday, and Roger Thurston was going to tea with Mrs. Dell and her daughter, Silva. It had become almost a regular habit, ever since they had moved into the little white stucco house on the wrong side of the Park soon after Mr. Dell's death.

Roger dismissed his car at the far side of Kensington Gardens, for he felt he wanted to walk and think a little. Besides, at his age it was extremely important to get a certain amount of exercise. If one wanted to keep one's figure, Roger was proud of his figure. "Hasn't varied more than half an inch these fifteen years," his tailor had assured him on only his last visit.

But to-day Mr. Thurston dismissed these trivial thoughts quickly. He wanted to think about Silva, and so, of course, incidentally, of Silva's mother, Margaret, because you couldn't separate them nowadays, even in your thoughts. That was the chief trouble really. They would both have been so much better if you could have separated them. No; that wasn't strictly true, perhaps; rather say Silva would have been so much better.

Ten years ago, when Silva was just nineteen, Thurston had fallen in love with her. Not that there was anything remarkable in that. Everyone fell in love with her at that time. They

could not help it. Silva had only to walk into a room to make people lose the thread of their conversation a little. In speaking of her they likened her to a daffodil, or a thoroughbred race-horse, according to their type. She was tall and slender, with a graceful, easy carriage, and even at that age an immaculate sense of the "right" clothes. She was, too, gay and often witty, so that wherever she went it was inevitable that she should be surrounded by men. She flirted with them charmingly, with the youthful, innocent belief that it was all a light-hearted game, a mutual pleasure. She was not heartless, but she was very young, and spoilt, and beautiful, and she had always had money, had always been shielded from the realities of life. So, although she was sincerely distressed if she made the men who loved her unhappy by her firm but gentle refusal to marry them, when another man came along she could no more help flirting with him than a bird can help singing when the sun shines.

But after the affair with Clive Alton, who had taken her so seriously that he had at one point threatened to shoot himself, she had tried very hard, for a little while, to avoid young men. It was then she had turned, in her innocence, for companionship to Roger Thurston, and for six days he had lived in an intoxicating rapture that he had not experienced since he had left Oxford twenty years before. On the seventh day Silva had put her hand confidently in his and said gently:

"It's so restful being with you, Roger, because I know you won't fall in love with me, so I needn't trouble what I say to you."

"And why couldn't I fall in love with you, Silva?" he had asked quietly. She had looked at him with her candid grey eyes wide open in surprise that he should not know what she meant. "Why—I mean, you're the same age as Daddy, aren't you? You wouldn't even think of me in that way, would you?" and suddenly there had been fear and distress at what she had said, and a young awkwardness about her, that had hurt Roger like a blow from a whip. "I was only teasing. Of course, I wouldn't think of you like that, you silly baby. Why, you're just a child to me," he had said gallantly, while his newly-found heaven had fallen like a house of cards.

But he had not failed her. With a cynical little smile he would sometimes put himself on the back over that. He and David Harlow, they had always stood by her, been there when she needed them—which was more than could be said for most of the crowd when the crash came.

Poor David. He loved her, too. It was worse for him, for he was a young man, and besides he had had to go back to his job in Singapore and leave Silva.

It was just five years ago now that Oscar Dell had shot himself, and Margaret and Silva had had to face the great scandal of the Dell Consolidated Iron Works, and the fact that

the man whose name they bore had proved a dishonest muddler, instead of the charming, brilliant business man they had always believed him to be. The whole thing had been a confused, appalling nightmare, and even to this day neither Silva nor her mother could understand quite what had happened. They had stood by each other with a fierce, protective loyalty, each desperately striving to save the other all she could; but Silva's had been the better brain, and moreover, Oscar Dell had not been Silva's husband, only her unchosen father. Little by little it was Silva who took the dominant position, Silva who made every decision, who shielded Margaret with a strong, young tenderness from everything that might recall the horror through which they had both struggled. The big house in the London square, and most of the furniture, had had to be sold, but out of the wreckage there was still, thank heaven, the six hundred a year of Margaret's own

IT was Roger and David who helped Silva to find the little white stucco house. "Why, it's only a penny bus ride from the Park!" she had said triumphantly, and Roger, for all the hard-boiled cynicism on which he prided himself, had winced inwardly, as he had remembered the big Daimler, the Lanchester, and her own two-seater, which had all been gobbled up by the hungry creditors, like a few unconsidered crumbs by a horde of hungry fishes.

Two weeks after the Dells had settled in the little six-roomed house David had had to go back to Singapore. Roger could remember the evening perfectly. He and Margaret had been sitting by the fire when Silva came back from seeing him off. She had crossed the room slowly, as if she were very tired, then stooped and kissed the top of her mother's pretty, fair hair and given her that quick, bright smile

ON AWAKING

*I know that I am very warm,
And that the distant day seems
chill—*

*It is a wholly lovely thing
To lie so deeply still.
A half asleep, a half awake.*

*A driftiness, not conscious
quite,
A slight, bewildered wondering
On coming from the dark of
night.*

*A delicate contentedness
A sweetly soothing balm.
A rich, a wholly lovely thing
To lie so deeply calm!*

—Yvonne Webb.

she kept nowadays for her alone, and then she had turned to the fire, and suddenly Roger had realised that her thin face was haggard, that there were little, hardly perceptible lines about the mouth and eyes that had no business on the face of a girl of her age. He knew, too, that all the worst moments just after her father's death had not had the power to make her look as she did that evening. Only David's going away had been able to do that. When Roger had got up to go Silva had followed him to the front door. He had hesitated there, fumbling desperately in his mind for something he could say to comfort her; but his feelings were too involved, torn as they were by the pain he felt in her sorrow, and a bitter feeling of jealousy. He was here at her side, and David had just set sail for the other end of the earth, yet how willingly he, Roger, would have become David at that moment.

Please turn to Page 21

Away From it All

... By ...
BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

A brilliant story with an Australian beach setting.. The glory that was Greece never saw such girls; the grandeur that was Rome knew no such men.



HERE comes a time in the life of every man when he feels that he simply cannot keep on with it for one more minute—what-ever it is.

Nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every ten thousand discover this just five minutes before they discover that they have got to keep on whether or no. The ten thousandth misses that discovery, and blows his brains out.

The ten thousand and first finds a way. But not once in ten million, in a hundred million, does any man find the way that Seagoe found.

Seagoe and Cooke encountered each other in the Bondi surf on a blazing December Sunday. There were perhaps fifteen hundred young men of fine physique sharing the matchless waters with them. There were more than fifteen hundred girls much better formed, on an average, than any short-waisted, mousy-hipped, Greek statue, sun-bathing and swimming with the young men. The glory that was Greece never saw such girls; the grandeur that was Rome knew no such men.

They were second-quarter twentieth-century, and the earth had not seen their like.

Seagoe missed his wave, riding it without a board, as they do in Bondi. He tumbled all over Cooke, and Cooke, getting up half-drowned, cursed him, looked at him, liked the looks of him, and asked him to come out and have a smoke and a smoke.

Seagoe came, apologising for what he sincerely felt was not his fault. They bought gaspers, and lay down on the hot sand.

The nearest girl, a glorious creature in a breech-clout and a sun-top, said to her friend: "Viola, see those two boys that just knocked each other down? They're the dead spit of one another."

VIOLA said: "No, Irene, the nearer one is the handsomest."

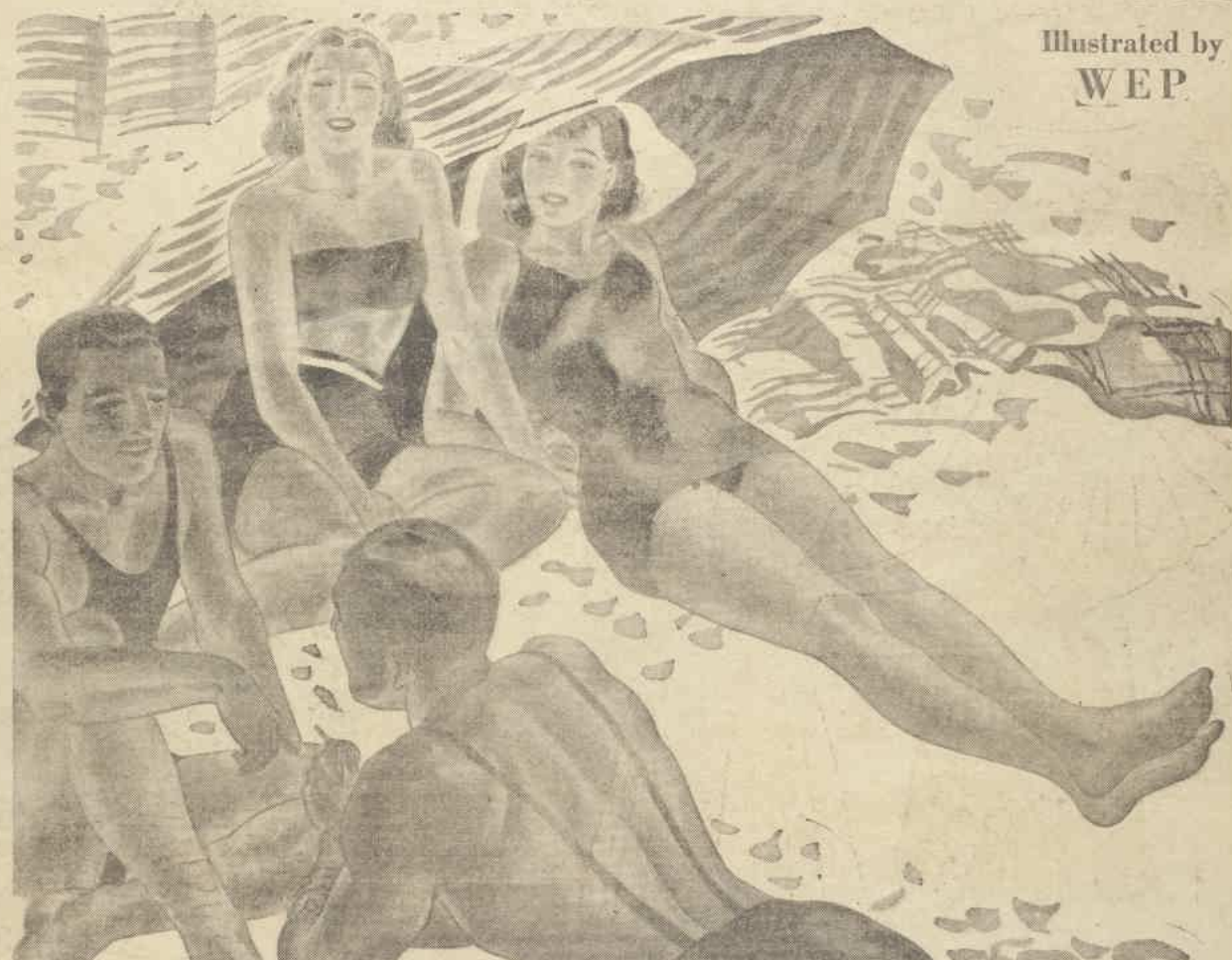
"Well, it's the other that's looking at us."

"They're not looking at us, they're looking at each other. Come and have an ice-cream, and don't waste your time," advised Viola.

Being piqued, they went away, and so, for the mere lick of a spoon, passed out of the story.

Seagoe and Cooke, basking on the sands, each thought that he liked the looks of the other; and neither yet knew that it was because the other resembled himself. In fair complexion, in grey eyes, good build, similarity of age, or youth, they were, as Irene had said, almost "the dead spit" of each other. As Viola herself had said, one was slightly better-looking. Seagoe had the fresh complexion of a man who lives in a good climate. He had also an intriguing little tooth-brush moustache, and his hair was brushed flat back, instead of being parted. Otherwise, they were much alike.

And what was most remarkable in the likeness was a strange effect of



Illustrated by
WEP

weariness, a shadow of age flung back upon brilliant youth, that distinguished both these young men lying side by side on Bondi sands.

THEY told each other who they were, and what. Seagoe, for some years an assistant in a colossal city store, was, so he said, fed-up with it to the last degree. Yes, the salary was good, and the work not hard. Yes, the town had lots of amusement, and plenty of girls. Nevertheless, he was fed-up. To the teeth.

And Cooke? Cooke had come down from the islands for a holiday, and was due back again. His job was that of plantation manager on a small far-out island. Yes, it was beautiful. Yes, there was a good deal of adventure—if you wanted that. He didn't. He wanted the city, golden and glorious, with its picture shows and its theatres, and its boxing nights at the Stadium, everything foreseen, everything the same and safe and pleasant, for ever and ever.

Seagoe was not listening now. A steamer had just made her way through Sydney Heads. Was beginning to lift and "scend" in the long Pacific swell. She was black, with a checkered funnel.

"That's an island boat," he said. "The Islands!" And again, with a sigh as long as the sigh of the breakers on the beach: "The Islands!"

"Sydney!" countered Cooke. "Oh, gosh, Sydney!"

"You can have it," jerked Seagoe, his eyes following the checker-funnelled steamer setting her course northward, to the Islands, that are, for Australian youth,

"... the Responder

Of all their boyish dreams."

Cooke suddenly, sharply, said: "Do you mean that?"

"Mean what?"

"That you'd change with me if you could."

"Oh, if fairy tales came true—yes."

Seagoe kicked up the sand with his brown toes.

There was silence between them for a minute. Silence filled with the creaking of the breakers; and the silver cries of surf-riding girls. Then Cooke said, "Could you manage a holiday? You could stay with me, and I'd show you all round."

"Well—the sub-manager's a sort of relation of mine—not that he ever looks my way—and I reckon I could get a month or maybe six weeks, if I paid my own substitute part of the time. Haven't had a holiday this year. And I won a bit last week, and some of it's left. Yes, I could, thanks very much, but—what's the good? It would only make me sick because I couldn't stay."

"Lord, you do talk! Me, I'm sick of the islands years ago. I was never meant for them. Offered the job, after a row at home—I'm English, and took it to get away. You're the lucky one."

"What, in the gents' hats? That doesn't want any more brains than a rabbit's?"

"The gents' hats—and Sydney—sounds like Paradise to me."

"Now you live in the Islands. Something doing. Some adventure. Your own master, too. I wish I dared chuck my job and go. Anything available there?"

"No chance. Not any more than there is in Sydney, in these days, I suppose."

"That's right," Seagoe agreed mournfully. "If you came here looking for work, you might wear the soles off your boots, and find nothing, I suppose we're both lucky, but I don't feel so."

"They're not looking at us, they're looking at each other. Come and have an ice-cream, and don't waste your time," advised Viola.

It seemed to Seagoe, lounging on the verandah of the tiny hotel, that he must have arrived in the port of the Shebas quite a week ago. But it was only on that morning that he had landed. The beat of time was slow here; hours were like days, days like weeks and months.

SLOW, and gentle, many things in the Shebas. Swift and violent, others.

Everything here seemed to burn and sparkle. The tops of the coconut-palms shone like polished silver; all the little leaves of other trees seemed varnished, the waves were full of broken diamonds, and the white trunks of the palms, the white sands of the beach, flung back the furious light of three o'clock, like glass on a western wall. A good way off, across the flat chinablues of the harbor, black-purple peaks lifted up their sinister horns. From one of the horns volcanic smoke came out.

There was a war-canoe on the water, making for those mountain islands. It sped like a launch; the four and twenty

ERICKS KILLED STOP WILL HOLD JOB TILL STEAMERS RETURN.

"JEVONS."

"When does this boat go back?" Seagoe demanded.

"To-morrow night."

"No time to see anything?"

"Hardly. The local boats won't move till she's gone. You could—you could—"

He stopped, and looked at Seagoe thoughtfully. "You could go over to the big island across the harbor if you liked. Hard luck on you. I suppose Fredericks is your substitute, and Jevons the manager?"

"Yes."

IT seemed to Dick Seagoe that he must have been watching the Sheba dancers for hours and hours. He remembered that Cooke had shown a sort of pass—a crescent and circle cut in orange-colored shell—and said, half laughing:

"Without this, you and I would maybe go home short of a head. Means safety for a day and a night—sun and moon—see? Now you keep quiet, and ask me about anything you don't understand, but don't talk more than you can help, because they're touchy brutes, and the Government don't count, outside the ports."

The dancers were all young fighting-men, naked save for their decorations of head and shell and dangling croton-leaves.

Tirelessly they went on to the sound of the heart-beating drums, the drums that never ceased, that kept you from thinking, left you a sodden rag of mere sensation, hypnotized by that unending thrum—thrum—thrum.

Of a sudden it ceased, and the silence hit Seagoe in the face like splashed water.

"What are they going to do?" he whispered.

"They are going into the big men's house, that sort of temple with the tower on it. You may come. They're going to exchange two men."

"What?"

"I told you before. It's a custom. When two men are tired of their lives they pass through certain ceremonies and take each other's lives."

Two Men Exchange Jobs

"The natives of the Shebas, where I am," Cooke said, irrelevantly, "know some funny things. Most savages could teach us a bit—if one didn't have to live white-man fashion. I sometimes wonder if they aren't laughing at us for a pack of fools. Do you know—only you wouldn't believe—when a Sheba headhunter chap gets fed up with things in general he just goes off and is someone else."

"Sounds ratty," commented Seagoe. "But all sorts of queer starts happen in the Shebas, I believe. Do you know, I think I'll do it. I'm due for a holiday—and if you'd really show me round it would be bonzer; I expect you know a thing or two."

Cooke, lying with his arms under his head, and staring up at the pale blue sky, slowly, almost absently, answered: "Yes... a thing or two."

Islanders who paddled it screamed as they went and rattled their paddle-blades in a curious, angry rhythm.

Cooke said, yawning: "We won't stop in this shack; they've no use for anyone but boggers from the bush. We'll get away in our schooner by sun-up to-morrow. And I'll show you the real Shebas, as much as you want..."

A ship's boy came up the pathway. He looked for Seagoe, called his name, and handed him a radio from the steamer. Seagoe signed for it, and tore it open.

Cooke, coming back again, pleasantly mellowed, saw his companion standing with a paper in his hands. "Read it," said Seagoe, whose face was tallow-white.

The radio ran: "RETURN AT ONCE STOP FRED."

Please turn to Page 16

The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Lait.
sketched by Petrov

Colorful Summer Frocks

Brilliant Primaries to Subtle Pastels

• **BELOW AT LEFT:** Dress of printed sheer. Red, black, and green pattern on a white ground. The sleeves and hem are pleated.

• **BELOW:** Pale blue crepe afternoon frock. The bodice and sleeves are cut on the cross and intricately draped. Raspberry and purple tulips tucked into the belt. Large blue straw hat with velvet crown.



YOUR first summer frock should be colorful. If you have been in the habit of wearing drab, practical colors or startling ones, change your ideas and appear in soft, subtle shades, or in unusual prints.

Study color and experiment with it. Disregard old prejudices about colors you can wear and can't wear, at least long enough to give new ones a trial. Older women can look years younger and more charming in soft colors—or in dark frocks relieved by pastel accessories. Brilliant, hard shades can be very chic, but if you want something that becomes you keep well away from red, bright green, bright yellow, hard blues, and wine.

For the woman with grey hair there are all the blues, prints with mauve in them, black relieved with pink, white, orchid, and pale green. Just because you are middle-aged there is no need to confine yourself to drab browns, navy and black. Wear these last three, by all means, but soften them by pastel or printed accessories or colored jackets.

Color can do just as much for the very young. When summer is here keep away from black, browns, and navy; study your skin, your eyes, your hair, and then blossom forth in some new color.

If you have blue eyes bring out their color by wearing blue frocks; if your eyes and skin are dark you should look well in white, pale pink or in any vivid shade. Blondes should avoid bright colors for day—white, pale yellow, blue, pale green, pink, soft grey are all becoming.

The new shade of tan is worn most successfully by redheads—do not experiment with it unless you have a fair skin and fair hair. Contrary to popular belief, yellow, grey and mauve are not difficult colors to wear. They certainly require the right make-up to set them off, and the right coloring in the first place.

Pale grey is very attractive on blondes or redheads, and on brown-haired people with fair skins and blue

eyes. You must use quite a lot of rouge and lipsalve with it, or it will make you look colorless. All grey is not so easy to wear as grey with another shade; for instance, a grey dress with a white, coral, blue, pink, or green hat. Soft mauves are becoming to blondes, and some brunettes—do not use any make-up with an orange tinge in it. Yellow should suit you as long as your skin is not sallow—it is particularly good with very fair or sunburned complexions.

One can go to the other extreme and have too much color. If you have a vivid print, wear dark or white hat, shoes, etc.; do not combine two bright colors—except in a print. Keep one sort or dark, the other bright. When you have a dark dress and want to liven it with a flash of color, do not overdo it. Choose a bright belt and flowers and the rest of the accessories dark like the dress, or hat and gloves, or bag and gloves.

You will find it hard to decide what to choose for your first summer costume. It might be a printed crepe dress or suit, a printed sheer dress, a pastel crepe, a plain sheer, or one of the new cottons.

Plain crepe or sheer dresses in pastel colors are trimmed with smocking, pleats, shirring, hemstitching, and drapery. These are worn with matching or dark accessories. These frocks often have short matching jackets, either loose or fitted.

• **AT LEFT:** Printed crepe-de-chine dress with unusual bow pattern. The dress is trimmed with jaggoting. The yellow in the print is picked out for the big straw hat and bag.

• **ABOVE LEFT:** Fabric dress in dusty-pink crepe. The short sleeves are wrinkled, the tunic flared from below the waist. Dark brown suede belt and shoes. Pink panama hat.

• **CENTRE:** Summer suit. Skirt of navy crepe, finely pleated. Jacket of navy-and-white printed crepe with unusual sleeves. A wide tailored belt of the print. Large white hat, bound navy grosgrain.

P E T R O V

Ideal for Spring in Australia

.... Says Molyneux!



• ABOVE: Navy-blue jersey morning dress. White pique collar and cuffs. White striped leather belt. Navy-blue Bengal-straw hat, trimmed with pleated grosgrain.



• MORNING DRESS made of a mustard-yellow tweed tunic and a finely-pleated black skirt. Mustard-yellow felt hat with a black quill.



• A MOLYNEUX cocktail skirt and jacket in heavy "dirty-pink" satin. The toque is a model that set Paris talking. It is made of pink and brown ostrich feathers and fine crown quills.

• AT RIGHT: Morning ensemble composed of a navy-blue alpaca dress, with finely-pleated skirt and three-quarter-length beige linen coat. Navy-blue straw hat trimmed with navy grosgrain.



Skirts are in Favor

THE skirt's the thing — in these days, now that tunics have leaped into front rank popularity, not only for the street, but for more formal afternoon and even evening wear.

Formerly a skirt was the adjunct to a secretarial blouse or shirtwaist, as the Americans call it—a thing to give a neat, rather mannish appearance.

Not so to-day. The skirt is definitely back to its Edwardian glory. And a skirt requires "wearing," according to no less an authority than Molyneux, the famous dress specialist of London and Paris, who designs for the always beautifully gowned Duchess of Kent.

"Women who favor skirts have to be specially careful how they put on their clothes," he said.

"A frock will often take care of itself. Beauty of color and line will probably be strong enough to make up for careless wearing—not so a skirt. Here care in dressing can, and does, make just the difference between 'chic' and dowdiness."

"Two diametrically opposite skirts are going to be fashionable for the rest of

of the year," he said, "the tubular and the wide, much-pleated type."

"They will all be rather high-waisted, and the pleated models will probably be made on basques."

"Tubular skirts will be generally favored for outdoor wear. They are very tight over back and hips, but have inverted box-pleats let in rather near the hem, a few accordion pleats at each side, or two-inch slits up each of the seams to allow for comfortable walking. The woman of to-day would never submit to the tyranny of the 'hobble' skirt."

"Light tweeds, flannels, hopsack and satin cloth are what I should advise for early summer skirts in Australia. Fourteen or fifteen inches from the ground is a very safe length for outdoor wear."

"Skirts for afternoon and evening are mostly designed in heavyweight tulle, satins and velvets; black, deep greens, purples and wine being the chief shades, as the ever more popular tunics usually demand dark colors."

"Just above ankle length is correct for afternoon wear, but evening skirts should be floor length. Variety is given to this mode by having a swathed sash

MOLYNEUX, famous dress creator, designed the quartet of smart frocks photographed above. He considers them "ideal for spring in Australia." The accompanying article is written by Mary St. Claire.

of matching material, the ends of which fall straight to the ground, forming a double train. This is worn with a short lace blouse and a much-embroidered bolero jacket.

"A woman can only look her best in a skirt if she really takes trouble in putting it on. First of all it is imperative that the small cross marking the centre-front is worn at the centre-front. Then hips should fit without a crease, and lingerie under a skirt should never fall into folds that might make ridges in the thicker material."

"The chief faults to be guarded against after a skirt has been worn several times are sagging and pouching at the back, often the results of too much sitting."

"Outdoor skirts, at any rate, should be kept for walking or standing. They should never be worn to tea parties, where the guests are expected to lounge in easy chairs. The easy chair tells the death knell of the tube skirt!"

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MARCH OF THE MODE by *Rene*

• A LOVELY feminine summery accessory for your black frock is a large white sheer linen collar. That sketched below has a large square sailor back, and at front it ties on with a large, simple bow. A flared frill edges the whole.

• TAILORED pique makes this severe white collar and peaked front. The collar itself is small and stands up round the neck. It fastens with a masculine bow tie at the front.



Black Basic Frock

• WHITE starched pique makes the cleverest transformation — a collar, plastron and belt in one. Put this on, button it down the front with self pique buttons, and who would recognise the transformed frock? The same accessory would be very attractive and most unusual done in off-white taffeta with small glass buttons. Pin one or two fresh flowers at the neck — and the whole smartly expresses a formal mood.

GREATEST of fashion economies is the basic black frock. Something in, say, a dull suede-finished crepe of such a simple design that at first glance it seems just a black frock. Something so faultlessly tailored that one immediately adds, mentally, "But a perfectly-cut frock." Such a frock is worth a dozen nondescript dresses. To the woman who knows how to make snappy accessories it is a whole wardrobe in itself.

On this page, Rene, our fashion artist, has sketched a delightful black basic frock. It has summery short sleeves, full but not exaggerated shoulders, and tiny self buttons fastening the front of the bodice. For this frock Rene has sketched a quartet of modish white accessories — and behold, you have four more frocks!

"And I could draw half a dozen other pages," Rene declares, "showing what could be done

with colored accessories. For example, a tiny, straight emerald scarf lined with yellow tied in a knot at the neck, and green belt and gloves.

"Or colored, vivid flowers caught at the neck — delphinium-blue, petunia and coral, with green leaves, and the same colors repeated in a grosgrain ribbon belt. In fact, there are countless vivid color schemes for you to plan out, and you'll enjoy experimenting for yourselves."

• COLLAR and plastron front of embroidery, tucked muslin and valenciennes lace. The collar, which clips on at the neck with a diamond brooch, has two long ends which tuck into a red grosgrain belt and make this one plain frock look like afternoon wear or cocktail. Of course, to add a spot of color one could clip a posy of fresh primroses at the throat or wear a green grosgrain belt to fasten in front with a bunch of violets with long stalks.

BACHELOR of MARRIAGE

Continued from Page 5

"I may suggest..." began Tomkin.
"Later, later," Joyce waved her hand airily. "See that I'm not disturbed for half an hour."
Tomkin hesitated, raised his eyebrows and went.
Directly the door had closed Joyce let out a muffled sigh. Her confidence slipped away like the froth from an over-charged ginger-beer bottle. Messrs. Johnson and Holt certainly required something. Beyond that her brain came to a standstill. The technical side of steel-selling had its mysteries after all.
She read the letter close up, then at a distance. She read each word singly, each two words, each sentence. Lists, reference books, files she dragged down and consulted. Result—nil. It might have been an essay in Sanskrit on aneurisms of the aorta.
At the end of half an hour Joyce gave a limp groan and re-powdered her nose. She was beaten. She had failed miserably.
She stared miserably at the wall. She hated Messrs. Johnson & Holt. Why couldn't they write the King's English and use words that were in the dictionary? Of course, she couldn't be expected to shine at this sort of thing. Every job needed experience. But it was heartbreaking to go back to Bill and acknowledge utter failure. He would give that fatherly smile and say: "Never mind, little girl," in his best oh-you-innocent-child manner. But there

jam on him—a priceless idea. Her gloom began to disperse.
"Hallo, old girl. Just dishing it up." Her eyes widened. Here was no flustered amateur, but a smiling, serene Bill wearing a white apron and the mysterious, lofty expression peculiar to chefs.
"Run along and take off your falala. I want no assistance in the kitchen."
Five minutes later she sat in the dining-room, waiting. The table had been laid almost professionally. But, then, she had given him a little training in this art.
Entered Bill, preceded by a fragrance compelling enough to make a desert's mouth water. On the tray were lamb cutlets, golden, succulent; new potatoes and peas. The completing item, a tureen of mint sauce, was the pinnacle of subtle lusciousness. Men have founded religions on lesser glories.
Joyce stared. The cold ham fell on the floor with a dreary thud. Automatically she rubbed her cheeks to get the color back. Beaten! Beaten at her own game. Bill could do her job as well as his own. She had failed to pull her weight. She was—a drag.
"Well, dear, how did you get on?"

one tooth of my beavered grandmother, what luck! Joyce, old girl, this means a nice little sum in our pockets. And you say you tried to work it out?" He leant across and patted her hand. "Gallant little lady. It's a real snorter. But I can fix it up all right." He dashed to the desk in the corner, and the next moment was scribbling and muttering like a householder over income-tax papers.
Joyce huddled wearily in her chair. All the savor had gone from life. She had been a fool, a poor little fool to take on his challenge. While ignorance held away everything had been bliss. And now—why, no doubt he could wash and iron silk frocks, spring-clean a room, even cut out a dress.
Henceforth she was a nonentity. What was marriage supposed to be? A mutual giving of love—and service. Bill made the money and kept them. What was her gift in return? Love, yes, but what else? Nothing. The things she offered were the things he

could do himself. Even if they had a house full of servants, there would be the same miserable thought. He could direct the housemaids and supervise the cook just as well as she. Of course, some girls might be only too pleased that their husbands were so versed in domestic affairs. That was all very well. No nice, newly-married little wife with a pride in her abilities could bear the thought of them being airy nothings to a horribly efficient husband. Half the secret of love lay in ministering to helpless man. And here was Bill—not helpless. Very far from it.
Her mouth quivered. Two big crystal tears welled up and sparkled on her cheeks.
"Curse the castle pudding!" she said.
BILL swung round. Amusement gave place to concern. Swiftly he came over and took her in his arms.
"Dearest, what's the matter?"
Choking a little, she told him everything. "Oh, Bill," she waited in con-

clusion, "I'm no earthly use to you at all."
Bill's jaw dropped. Twice he opened his mouth and licked his lips.
"Good lor, here's a go," he thought. Then—be it to his credit—he managed a blush.
"Joyce," he said, "I'm a rotten cheat." It was a dramatic moment. He made full use of it and delivered the confession weightily. "I didn't cook this dinner."
A sudden light shone in her eyes. "Oh, Bill, if—"
"No," he went on, "it's like this. I thought the army experience would see me through. Ye gods! I made the most appalling hash of things. Burnt a saucepan, upset grease on the stove, umpteen other wretched accidents. So I popped in next door, went down on my knees to Mrs. Squires and—borrowed her cook. Am I forgiven?"
Joyce crooned at him.
"Of course you are."
(Copyright)

glanced at him. The meal tasted even better than it looked. Her house- pride was shattered, crumbled, buried beneath the cold ham still lying on the floor.
"Not very well," she managed to stammer out. It was in her mind to tell him of the Johnson & Holt business. But let him finish this amazing dinner first. Then he could get on with the estimate while she made painful search for any lingering fragments of self-respect.
Bill smoothed his chin. "Never mind. You couldn't expect to carry on without experience." Here he assumed an intimate culinary air. "Beastly job peeling potatoes, isn't it? Remember how I loathed it in the army. But I'd rather do that than work out some of the estimates firms require."
Joyce nodded dumbly. Revelations after marriage are not uncommon. Some delight, some don't. But she would rather he drank, or wore celluloid collars, than this. It was the unpardonable accomplishment. To be out-cooked by a husband meant conjugal suicide.
"Scuse me," said Bill hurriedly, shifting his gaze to the clock. "Castle pudding's done. Won't be a moment."
He returned with a delicate, creamy-looking affair that might have robbed Mrs. Beeton of her world championship. Joyce made no comment. Her shock capacity was exhausted.
"Perhaps a soupcon more of vanilla," he murmured, pondering over a mouthful. Joyce gulped pitifully.
Rapidly the pudding vanished into its two homes. Joyce braced herself. The Johnson & Holt business had to be told. She must be brave and admit her complete failure. She smoothed her jumper with trembling hands, drained the last drops of humility, and produced the letter.
"THIS came this afternoon," she said. "I tried to deal with it. But it was hopeless."
"Ye gods, at last!" Eagerly Bill devoured the communication. "By the

was one consolation. He must have made an awful mess of things at home—probably burnt himself, or blown up the house. There was no doubt about it, a married woman's place was the home, a man's the office, at least where normal people were concerned.
Sander and wiser, Joyce picked up Johnson & Holt's letter and departed. On the way home she bought some cold ham. It would be needed.
Waiting on the step for Bill to open the door, Joyce allowed her expectant grin full play. He would be hot, flustered, blasphemous. Perhaps grease-spattered or jam-smearing. Bill with

85,000 NEW HAIRS GROWN

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Stupendous Success of Marvellous New Treatment.



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Another 1500 TRIAL TREATMENTS to be DISTRIBUTED This Month to "WOMEN'S WEEKLY" Readers.

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WAS BALD FOR 16 YEARS —HAIR NOW GROWING!

"Hair has started to grow over parts which have been bald for 16 years."

(Signed) G. L. Horton, O., S.A.

GREAT DISTRIBUTION OF HAIR TREATMENTS!

Read This Convincing Proof from Grateful Men and Women!

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Teacher's Ordeal in China

Continued from Page 3

"BRIGANDS sprang from the rocks on our right, dragged the girl from the cart, put her on my first mule, and rode off with her. She has not been heard of since."
With the sixty soldiers rushing on ahead, and the driver shouting at and whipping up, the mules, we fled down into the valley, then up the opposite hill.
Several times the cart almost overturned. It was not until we got well over the hill that all slackened their pace!
It was growing dark when we heard Sheli-Cheng, my destination. As is customary in Chinese cities, a huge pagoda-like temple towered above the entrance gate, thrusting its pyramid top high into the gathering gloom.
From the entrance came the weird clasp-clap of cymbals, and the monotonous voices of the priests chanting their evening prayers. Gloom enshrouded the iron-studded gates above.
"What does that mean?" I asked the driver, as I saw bright lights appearing one by one around the top of the city wall.
"The mandarin of this city is determined that brigands shall never enter, so he has lanterns hung over the wall every night in order that anyone attempting to scale the wall can be clearly seen by the sentry."

As we came to the great iron-studded gate a soldier inside called, "Who is there?"
A foreigner and her escort of soldiers, answered one of the escort.
"Pass in one of the foreigner's cards, and we shall take it to the mandarin and see whether he will give his sanction for you to enter," said the soldier within.
"We cannot stay out here in the dark. What if brigands come and take off the foreigner?"
"Our orders are that the gates are to be opened to no one after dark without the mandarin's permission," came the answer.
After a wait of about twenty minutes, the heavy iron levers were withdrawn and the gate opened wide enough to allow my cart to enter. The soldiers were locked outside.
Five other soldiers, with bayonets drawn, and each carrying a lantern, sprang up on the cart and examined my face, then searched the cart. When they were satisfied that I was a foreigner and had no arms, they let me pass on, and opened the gate for my escort, who were also examined.
The stillness of the nights in a Chinese city is uncanny. There are no street lamps in the dark, tunnel-like streets, and the only lights that are seen are the flickering lanterns of slipshod men hastening along.
The silence of the long, dark nights is broken now and then by the voice of the city watchman as he paces through the streets, calling, "Any robbers in here?"

What Murchison Discovered About Hair

It does not matter if your hair is falling out, if you are fast going bald—or what you have tried. You have not used the RIGHT method. Murchison's own hair fell out in handfuls until he fast began to go bald. He tried everything; but now has a thick, lustrous growth of hair—thanks to the important discovery that—

Hair "Seeds" Still Live in Bald Heads

I HAVE proved, as in actual cases quoted opposite, that the hair "seeds" frequently remain alive in bald heads for a number of years. In the greater majority of such cases, new hair can be grown, provided that the real causes of the trouble are known, and the correct scientific treatment applied. Hundreds of men and women from all over Australia have grown new hair this wonderful new way. Just read the letters opposite and all you have to do is to post that coupon NOW!

Tonics Will Never Grow Hair

There is one underlying principle that stimulates New Hair Growth—that principle is involved in the new Kelso Murchison Treatment. It's a new way—entirely different, and successful. It approaches baldness, falling hair, etc., from a new angle. With it you can stop your hair troubles overnight! Don't waste more time and money on worthless "tonics" and "hair restorers," but accept my great offer and watch your hair grow! Get this special offer coupon in the post to-day!

SEND NO MONEY!

J. KELSO MURCHISON, LABORATORY 12, Lombard Chambers, Pitt Street, Sydney.

NAME

ADDRESS

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It Does Not Matter

IT does not matter how long-standing your hair or scalp trouble may be. It does not matter what you have tried. J. Kelso Murchison is prepared to PROVE to you beyond all doubt, and without you risking one penny, that YOU CAN DEFINITELY GROW NEW HAIR—if you send the coupon at left NOW!

J. Kelso Murchison, Laboratory 12 Lombard Chambers, Pitt St., Sydney.

30 Days Amazing Trial Offer

EL0000 GUARANTEE

I guarantee that all testimonials published in this announcement are genuine letters or extracts from reports received by grateful men and women who have used the Murchison Method successfully. These letters, together with hundreds more, are open for inspection at our offices at any time.



G. L. HORTON, O., S.A.

"I have been using your treatment for the past five weeks, with wonderful results. I am pleased to say that the dandruff has entirely gone, and my hair has taken on new life again, getting thicker and stronger each day."



M. HARDWICK, S. N.S.W.

"I have been using your treatment for the past five weeks, with wonderful results. I am pleased to say that the dandruff has entirely gone, and my hair has taken on new life again, getting thicker and stronger each day."



J. KELSO MURCHISON, LABORATORY 12, LOMBARD CHAMBERS, PITT STREET, SYDNEY.

An Editorial

OCTOBER 3, 1936

THE UNIVERSAL ART—MUSIC



AUSTRALIANS have been named a "musical nation," and with justice, in view of the success of our musicians abroad; but in the wider sense the human race is a musical nation; for music is the one art possessing almost universal appeal.

This supremacy of music may be traced to two outstanding characteristics, which give it a unique position among the artistic activities of mankind.

In the first place, in none of the sister arts—painting, literature, sculpture—is there the clear-cut division, as in music, between the maker and the interpreter.

We have on the one hand the composer, the creator who builds sounds into music; and on the other the interpreter of the composer's work, the singer, violinist, pianist, or other executant, including the conductor, who plays on the orchestra as on some gigantic living instrument.

This duality alone would make music a far more complex art than any other; but there is the further complexity of its appeal both to intellect and the emotions, to the mind and to the heart.

Musical education can take us up to a certain point in the appreciation of music. This intellectual study of music is in itself a fine thing.

We have only to note how Australian musical education has been advanced, both by visits of world-renowned musicians and by the popularisation of good music by the phonograph and radio.

But even after the most sophisticated analysis of music, and education in its technical subtleties, there still remains the unexplained "X," its emotional appeal to the human heart.

For this reason music is the art of the masses as well as of the chosen few.

The chosen few interpret, but the masses listen; and in hearing music (from its crudest to its highest expression) we satisfy an emotional longing which, in all ages and nations, has swayed the human soul.

—THE EDITOR.

Lyric of Life

PAUSE

Vendors of flowers are in the street,
Pause in your hurrying, pause, oh feet,
Just for a moment out of your day . . .
Flowers are lining the city's way.
—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

POINTS OF VIEW

CONDUCTED BY LESLIE HAYLEN.

Ladies Don't Care

SOME woman-hater has crashed the statistical records in America to prove his contention that women are essentially savage in the matter of personal adornment.

He points out that necklets and bangles are symbols of slavery. He's harder still on the modern fashion of tinting the nails. This custom, he said, started with the beautiful Creole women who tinted their nails to hide the blue half-moons which indicated their mixed blood.

Modern women do it for a fad of the moment. The origin of the idea will not disturb them. In fact, they'll think it right smart of the Creoles to "tink up that one."

Venice Speeds Up

ADVANCEMENT is a dreadful thing. Venice, city of romance, home of the gondoliers and theme of opera, is the latest to receive a shock from old man progress. The first motor-vessel to disturb the historic waterways was launched by the Mayor of Venice himself.

A motor gondola may be all nice and modern, but somehow the romance would disappear from soft melodies under the midnight moon, when sung to the chug-chug of an outboard motor.

Still, everything might be in order, and the demands of progress served. If the engines were taught to croon.

Fifty-fifty

IT was urged by a women's deputation recently that wives should be able to approach the Court for an order against parsimonious husbands, who kept a tight rein on family expenses and gave their wives no spending money.

On this a correspondent has placed this interpretation:—

Why all this fuss over wives getting wages when there is not a woman living who wouldn't give her last penny to the family if they wanted it, or spend it on something for the house? It should be fifty-fifty with all money over after paying expenses.

Spoken like a lady! This fifty-fifty idea seems a fine sporting gesture which should appeal to the most ingrained curmudgeon of a husband.

Hollywood Goes Social

HOLLYWOOD, after many attempts, has captured a real live lord for the movies. Lord Warwick, British nobleman, has signed a £10,000 contract, and the great democratic American Republic will get an honest-to-goodness aristocratic performer.

Hollywood has recently cultivated the urge to go "first-rate." Beyond a few Continental counts or a knight or so, titled people steered clear of the movies, but they have got the real thing at last. Yes, siree.

Because of his good looks and faultless frill, Sir Fulke Greville was the star of Queen Elizabeth's Court. Now his direct descendant, Guy Fulke Greville, 7th Earl of Warwick, has gone to star in the wider field of Hollywood.

Women Speed Up

HOW would Atlanta, goddess of speed, compare with our modern women athletes? The Berlin Games showed how remarkable is the progress of women in sport. Helen Stephens, the American farm girl, ran the 100 metres in 11.4 seconds. At the first Olympic Games in Athens, forty years ago, a man won the 100 metres in 12 seconds.

In the discus throw, the first Olympic champion—a man, of course, since women were not known in sport in those days—won with a throw of 98ft. 7in. Fraulein Maeremayer threw the discus 156ft. 3 3/8 in. at the Berlin Games. This was by way of clinching the argument, for until 1932 no male athlete had reached 156ft.

Dangerous Pastime

CONDUCTING baby shows is a dangerous business these days. A London baby show ended in a near riot with the howls of infants raised above the angry voices of protesting parents.

It appears that ten volunteer judges did not turn up, but the infants certainly did—4000 of them, when only 500 were expected.

Hell hath no fury like the mother of a baby scorned, and when the rush judging proved unsatisfactory the gentlemen judges had a very bad time indeed. The organiser, unhappily named Mr. Fruitnight, found the night thick with infantile "raspberries" as the children



THIS IS Josephine Kathleen Oldmeadow, 10, of South Brisbane, who is a freckled rival to 11-year-old Betty Ann Wilson, whose photo appeared in *The Australian Women's Weekly* on September 19. Josie's sister, who sent this picture along, says: "It's not much use trying to count Josie's freckles, as most of them run into one another."

registered condemnation of the fiasco of their first personal appearance.

Isn't it time baby shows everywhere were properly organised or done away with altogether?

Cupid Awake

WE have had many people tell us that the depression is over, but the best indication that the country has returned to normal is to be found in the marriage figures.

The number of marriages in New South Wales during the six months ended June 30 was 11,611, the highest ever recorded for a half-year. The total in Victoria for the same period was also a record.

Cupid is apparently making up for lost time now that the outlook has improved.

Slimming Dangers

DURING a discussion on malnutrition and tuberculosis in the House of Commons, it was revealed that both diseases were disappearing from every class of society and from every age, with one exception—that was, the slimmers. "Everyone has tuberculosis at one time or another," another doctor said. "Most people, with normal bodily resistance, throw off the disease and get better without ever knowing they had it. Slimmers take the other course, leaving themselves open to disease through the craze for slinness."

Women are Not A1 at Lloyd's

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England

"A1 at Lloyd's" is a magic symbol of quality and confidence recognised all round the world, but in the great insurance house of Lloyd's, London, whose work originated the phrase, women are not A1.

THROUGH the thousand and one intertwining channels of commerce, women are probably the greatest contributors to Lloyd's business. But they are not allowed even to enter the place.

I have just been thrown out of Lloyd's. I mean that literally. And it seems that this is something of a distinction.

No ordinary woman has hitherto as much as peeped into the inner sanctum where the argosies of the world are insured against the risks of the seven seas, and where also "freak" risks are covered against almost every imaginable disaster.

Here one may not only insure a cargo against storms, fogs, fire, mutiny, wars and revolution, one may also be "protected" against the advent of twins or the loss of one's beauty.

While ships and cargoes—although much of the latter are destined to be consumed by housewives—may not be woman's affair, many of the "freak" insurances have a definitely feminine interest.

Frozen Silence

HOWEVER, I was quite unaware of the ban on my sex and blissfully wandered along the marble halls.

A little turnstile invited me into an enormous columned chamber where everyone was in a terrific hurry, and scurrying voices droned out streams of seemingly incomprehensible figures.

Suddenly I was observed peering over the bronze grille. There was a petrified silence—even the loud-speakers registered disapproval.

Before I was aware of the cause of this hiatus, I was pounced upon by several scarlet-coated gentlemen, looking rather like hangmen in fancy dress, and the shattering truth was revealed to me by a choir of accusing voices—"WOMEN MAY NOT ENTER LLOYD'S."

Apparently Mr. Lloyd didn't like women cluttering up his coffee shop when he first started in the insurance business more than 280 years ago.

Everything in Lloyd's is traditional, so women will have to confine themselves to politics and discuss-throwing and keep right out of big insurance.

Meekly and contritely I allowed myself to be led through the deceptive little turnstile and deposited in outer coldness, while one of the scarlet-coated brigade mounted guard and watched me suspiciously. I was sure I detected a derisive smile on the face of the bronze lion which decorates the door.

Insures Everything

THE seventeenth-century Mr. Lloyd confined his activities to taking risks on the cargoes of merchantmen that daringly ventured to foreign ports, but the twentieth century Lloyd's has its finger on all ships, from the smallest boat that plies on rivers to the largest liner on the high seas.

If you're a dancer and your legs are valuable you can insure them against damage. If you happen to have a nose like "Schnezzle" Durante you can protect that feature as a commercial asset.

If you are a potential Paderewski or Kreisler you can protect your hands against all sorts of accidents; if you are a champion billiards player you can insure your skill against any possible injury.

If you have an ice-cream shop at the seaside you can protect yourself against weather contingencies.

Thousands of tradesmen, manufacturers and caterers have insured against the possible death of the King before the Coronation, as the resultant period of mourning would cause heavy losses.

Even a Royal romance only means another risk to Lloyd's, as huge policies have been taken out by manufacturers of Coronation souvenirs against the possibility of the King's betrothal before the Coronation. This would mean the scrapping of vast quantities of pottery and badges, which picture the head of the King only.

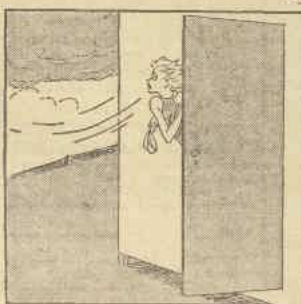
Insurance against the assassination of Hitler has been taken out by people who stand to lose money or position by the failure of the Nazi regime, and the premiums on this risk are sufficiently low as to make it commercially possible.

In short, you can insure almost every risk, provided you can prove that you have a definite interest that may result in loss.



BLONDIE

Stories Without Words



RHEUMATISM, Corns and Weather FORECASTING Meteorological Melancholia, and Its Incidence to Isobars

By L. W. LOWER

Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated

BY WEP

I hear that meteorological stations are starved for funds, particularly in West Australia. This leaves me a bit agnostic.

What are we citizens of this vast Commonwealth going to do if we have no weather bureaux to tell us when it's raining? It means that we shall have to go out in the wet to find out what's doing, contract pneumonia, become invalid pensioners, and then a charge on the State.

When I was in charge of the Perth Weather Bureau, I was also starved for funds. Frequently I had to pawn the barometer, and many's the time the staff had to boil water for the tea in the rain gauge.

PEOPLE don't realise the difficulties involved in working out weather forecasts.

First one has to consult the adenoïd barometer. This tells the air pressure. If the air pressure is very heavy, one may find it difficult to take one's hat off, and one may even become hump-backed under the load.

Then there is the thermometer, a very useful instrument. Supposing, for instance, that the tar's bubbling on the pavements, and the perspiration is running into your boots, and your collar is sagging on your chest!

You simply go to the thermometer and say, "Ah! One hundred and nine in the shade!"

You then issue a statement saying that the weather is hot.

"A continuance of the prevailing drought conditions can be expected during the next three weeks," you add, "accompanied by dust storms."

An Inexact Science

THE next day it will rain like blazes and there will be reports of a number of people drowned in various places and others frozen to death. Of course, that's all in the game, and people have learnt to expect something like that.

Then we have the hygroscope for measuring the humidity in the atmosphere, and the Swiss weather indicator. You know

those little houses with a man and a woman figures in them. If the woman swings out it's going to be fine; if the man comes out, it'll be wet. If they both come out at once they're probably a bit short in the rent or else there will be an earthquake somewhere.

And about earthquakes! For detecting earthquakes we have the seismograph. We have so few earthquakes in this country that it gives the Weather Bureau a glow of satisfaction to be able to report, "Last night a distinct tremor was felt in the Whatsisname district. It lasted for three minutes."

Mind you, I've had tremors that have lasted all day, and even brandy and soda couldn't stop them. But they didn't seem to have any effect on the seismograph.

They are sensitive machines, built only for recording earthquakes and minor tremors. A real good morning-after tremor would probably wreck the things.

Of course, we get reports from all over the State from various selected towns. We may get from a remote station a message, "Wind passed here five minutes ago headed north-east. Advise what to do."

And from another place, "Cyclone approaching from south-west." And from yet a third source, "Heavy fall of isobars, mostly from nor-nor-south."

Value of Relatives

HAVING received this information one gathers it all together, correlates it, and works out the positions of the pressure systems. Having done that, the best thing is to go and see your grandfather. Also your uncle.

If the state of your grandfather's rheumatism corresponds with the increased ache in your uncle's arse, it's a fairly safe bet to forecast rain, but don't say when.

"Within the next few days," is the usual way of putting it. Everybody has forgotten about your forecast after a day or two, so there's really nothing to worry about.

A man has some trying times in a Weather Bureau. I remember once when there was a bad drought I had to go out and fill up the rain-gauge from the tap in order to balance the books. Yet if the Government is asked for a little more money it just sneers and says, "When's it going to rain?"

Useless to protest that you can't tell without a theodolite. Ask them for



The Compleat Meteorologist leaves nothing to chance, for, with the aid of a blow-lamp and a watering-can, he can forecast for himself to his own satisfaction, even if to nobody else's.

money for a theodolite, and they just laugh. I'm starved for funds, that's what's wrong. If I wasn't starved for funds, I know

a good thing on Saturday that would knock the books bandy and make me practically independent of the weather. But that's the Government all over. Selfish.

How can You SLIM safely

THOUSANDS of women have come to realise the folly of attempting to reduce their weight excessively in a few days. Experience has taught them that such treatment needs to be so drastic that it ruins their looks and injures their health.

What you must do is to (1) stop fat forming; (2) gradually melt it away; and that is what Bile Beans do for you—safely and surely.

If you persevere with your nightly Bile Beans your health will improve along with your figure and, sooner than you would believe possible, you will have regained an attractive slim figure.

"In my stage work it is very necessary for me to keep an attractive, youthful figure. I find that Bile Beans are just the thing for keeping me slim and maintaining my health and fitness."—Miss P. F.

"As I work in a gown shop I was worried about putting on weight. Since taking Bile Beans I have got rid of all unwanted fat. They have brought back my girl-like figure enabling me to show the gowns off to perfection."—Mrs. M. S.

BILE BEANS

KEEP YOU SLIM AND HEALTHY



A REALLY New Achievement in FACE POWDER

'A' for 'DRY' SKINS 'B' for 'OILY' SKINS

Kathleen Court announces a change in the face powder situation. Here, for the first time, you are offered several notable advantages, solving many beauty problems at one stroke.

- I The new "Facial Youth" Powder comes in two types—"A" for Dry Skins, "B" for Oily. There is virtually no "Normal," since all skins vary either to the Dry or the Oily Types. Many skins are Dry Generally, but Oily on the forehead, near the nose and at the chin. Each skin requires both types of powder. Some skins are Dry in Winter, Oily in Summer. While swimming, too many women find their skins become "Dry," thus calling for a special type of Face Powder. English and New Zealand women frequently have drier skins than is so with Australian women. The new powder provides for such change-needs. (Type "B" has an astringent action—designed to correct greasiness and to refine open pores.)
- II The new Kathleen Court Powder offers NEW shade-blends—and fine, long-lasting fragrances. The shades of "Facial Youth" Powder are—Rachel, Natural, Pearl, Peach, Sun-tan and Evening-Tone, the last being a special shade exclusively for use under artificial light. You MUST see these thrilling, flattering new tones!
- III The new "Facial Youth" Powder comes in smart Wallet Sachets, selling at only 3d. Each 3d package contains about as much face powder as is used in 3d. boxes. Decide yourself if any 3d powder equals this! The Wallet is convenient. It fits snugly in the handbag. It saves the box cost. It enables you economically to possess several shades and, if desired, two distinct types of powder, suiting all change-conditions. For 1/-, say, you can get FOUR different shades, in TWO distinct powder textures!

TRY this fascinating new idea yourself. Try both types, and see the difference between them! Discover how it is you have, in the past, found your favourite powder "play up"—in reality due to changed skin or climatic conditions. Learn how smartly you can be economical with this new idea, which gives you a battery of thrilling shades, in two skin textures, charmingly fragrances, modernly packed—for just a few pence. Companion to the long-famous "Facial Youth" Beauty Cream—the new "Facial Youth" Powder is bound to please! Just try it!

Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers, Book Stalls—ask at these for the new face powder sensation.

facial youth FACE POWDER

Sachets 3d





... a thrilled cry
as Joan breathes
the tape

PERFECT HEALTH

is a "winner" every time
Protect YOURS Joan's easy way!

All schoolgirls admire the healthy sportswoman. And cleanliness is the first step towards physical fitness. You've made certain of real health protection when you spend a few moments every day with Lifebuoy Health Soap. Its deep-cleansing lather—containing the famous health element—leaves every part of your skin really clean, free from all impurities and dangerous germs. There is no easier health training than this regular use of Lifebuoy Soap. You can feel its exhilarating effect on your skin every time you use it. After a Lifebuoy wash or bath you glow with health.

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP



Boys and Girls—do you belong to

The Lifebuoy League of Health Guards

FREE GIFTS

For boys and girls
who are members



IF NOT A MEMBER JOIN TO-DAY

Write for full
particulars.

If you are a member, and have not yet received your copy of the AUSTRALIAN "DO-YOU-KNOW" BOOK, call or write for it now. 98 pages of pictures and interesting information, all about Australia! Free for 4 Lifebuoy Carton Fronts.

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NEW BOOKS

Conducted by LESLIE HAYLEN

Brilliant Novel of a Self-made Martyr Captain of the Family Soul

Most intelligent women novelists can write a good story about their own sex. E. M. Delafield goes a step farther than that. In "Faster, Faster," she has written a brilliant family novel, with a woman as the central and dominating character.

Miss Delafield is honest—very honest—with her characters, with the result that they possess the vivid and refreshing reality of everyday persons wrestling with life.

CLAUDIA WINSLOW, married, forty, a successful business woman, has a maddening tendency of making—or appearing to make—a martyr of herself. She slaves away at business all day in order to support an out-of-work husband and her children, Taffy, Sylvia and Maurice. The author very cleverly shows us first what a wonderful woman Claudia is. We see her competent hand in her well-conducted business and her well-ordered home.

She is a person who has taken the world by the throat so that it may pay tribute to her pluck and ability. She is a fighter for those unable to fight, and she wins a magnificent victory. Peace, harmony, security are hers, and her family's and then she spoils it all. She develops a power complex, the perpetual master of her fate, and

emphatically the captain of the soul of her dependents. Claudia dramatizes her relations with her children, and they sense the tremendous will of their mother in all their affairs.

Having made her family, Claudia is prepared to break it also, but all four develop a reaction to this, and work out their own lives in various ways.

It is an unusual theme, and it is wittily worked out. Character drawing is nothing less than magnificent. Claudia is an authentic picture of a certain type of modern woman, and the children are delightful. Minor characters are well handled and every situation bristles with vigorous writing and sensitive wit. A novel which can be thoroughly recommended, and one which women will enjoy.

"Faster, Faster." E. M. Delafield. (Macmillan. 7/6.)

Short Reviews

"GONE NOMAD." Archer Russell.—A splendid adventure-travel yarn. In fact, it's one of the best to be written and published locally.

The stories of the outback have the ring of truth in them, and the savor of personal experience. Wild life on the opal fields where he-men tore the shirts from each other's backs just for sheer animal joy of living is well told, but the stories of the cad who would not fight seem like the unwanted intrusion of the old school tie into a he-man's land. Life in the outback, with its hard work and its "hinges," is well told. African adventures find a place in the book, and are conventional and colorful. (Angus & Robertson.)

"PORTRAIT OF A LADY." Lady Eleanor Smith. Fluently and easily Lady Eleanor Smith unfolds for us this melodrama of an actress' daughter who becomes a governess. Tiring of the prosaic life, she runs away with an actor, but turns from him when Lord Cheyn appears on the scene. After marriage there is a romantic adventure in Spain before she settles down to her life in Berkeley Square. Figures are rather stagy, but the author's skill in handling her situations is ample compensation. A well-written, slightly raffish, but wholly satisfactory story. (Hutchinson. 7/6.)

"THE OLD LADY." C. E. Lawrence.—At last we have it! A sweet old lady who got what she deserved! Miss Penstone, judged solely on surface standards, was one of those dear, sweet old creatures, but underneath her lovely blue eyes and peaches-and-cream complexion she was a holy terror. Her principal pastime was to goad her housekeeper, honest, stupid old Kate, to a frenzy over some trivial matter. One day Kate loses her temper and Miss Penstone is smothered with a pillow. Appalled at this job of work, Kate is terror-stricken. Matters are further

BOOKWORM'S CHOICE

"BELT OF SUSPICION." H. Russell Wakefield. A Crime Club novel which can be recommended.

SETTING is a corset factory, and a lovely mannequin is menaced by a poisoner.

WRITTEN in the modern manner, conversation and dialogue are streamlined for a speedy tale.

IT concerns the beautiful Lucy Bault and her brother Arthur, who is murdered. Anthony Faraday is the detective.

HE'S not only real, but amusing as well. A good thriller. (Crime Club. 7/6.)

complicated when Kate is left all the old lady's money. But the author extricates her from a nasty position, and Miss Penstone stays smothered, which, after all, was no less than she deserved. This story is so well handled as to be almost plausible, and drama is evident in every line. (Murray. 7/6.)

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A Treasure Trousseau, costing £100, which would delight the hearts of all brides-to-be—and that have been—will be given away shortly for one shilling. It has been specially selected by Grace Bros. Ltd.

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This £100
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I HAVE NEVER HAD A HEADACHE

"Not since I heard about Esterin, anyhow—and that's nearly two years ago. Once I was what you might call a 'headache victim.' Constant headaches made life a misery. One day a friend happened to mention Esterin, and ready to grasp at a straw, I bought a tin. The rest of my story you have heard. Now at the slightest sign of pain I take two Esterin tablets and forget that there's such a thing as a headache."

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FREE SAMPLE

Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



"Your wife says she only asks for pin-money."
"Yes, but the first pin she wanted had twelve diamonds in it."



1st PRISONER (at 1 a.m.): Gosh! Ain't you asleep yet?
BURGLAR: Asleep? I don't even want to go to bed. It would feel so strange being in bed in the middle of the night.



MASTER: Can anyone tell me what is meant by the expression, "A skeleton in the cupboard"?
WILLIE: Yes, sir! A chicken after the second day's dinner!



SERGEANT: What! You back again!
OLD OFFENDER: Sure! Any letters?

Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

PASSER-BY (to owner of antiquated car): Engine trouble?
Owner: Well, I can't tell until I walk back and find the engine.

SWEET Young Thing (with engagement ring): Oh, it fits me beautifully!
Unromantic Lover: That's good. I had a job pulling it off the last one.

FIRST Farmer: How do you keep tramps out of your paddock?
Second Farmer: I put up a notice, "Workmen Wanted."

"WHERE did you learn your trade?" asked a customer.
"I learned it from a well-known correspondence school," replied the barber.
"Well, I'm not complaining," said the customer, "but hereafter you'll shave me by correspondence."

"HEY, butcher, it's tough when you ask 2/- a pound for steak."
"Well, you try how tough it is when you buy it for 10d. a pound."

WAITER (a bit muddled): Was yours ox-tail soup, sir, or was it julienne?
Diner (sarcastically): Haven't the slightest idea. All I know is that it tasted like chopped string made wet.

A LAWYER was endeavoring to impress the Court that his clients had been anxious to settle out of court.
"Your honor," he said, "eighteen months ago we held out the olive branch."
"Yes," responded the judge, "but there were no olives on it."

TEACHER: And what would you like to be when you grow up, Brown?
Young Brown: A retired Civil servant.

PIMPLES, FRECKLES WRINKLES, BLACKHEADS, COARSE PORES, AND ALL SKIN IMPERFECTIONS QUICKLY REMOVED BY NEW HOME METHOD.



For years I was worried to death with unsightly freckles and abominable pimples and blackheads. Other girls would avoid me. It was impossible for me to attend parties and dances, because both sexes would shun my company.

Whenever I went out I was actually dressed better and looked smarter than most other girls; nevertheless, I always felt miserable. Every cream and powder and lotion that I saw advertised I would try, in the hope of removing these distressing blemishes, but none and all proved failures.

My father felt so sorry for me that he took me to France and Germany. During this trip, which occupied six weeks, I underwent the treatment of a famous Parisian Beauty Specialist. Within the first week after I commenced this treatment I noticed a remarkable change, and at the end of four weeks my face was quite clear of all blemishes.

I had about abandoned all hope of ever being able to hold my own in company. You can, therefore, realize my joy on returning to London to have my old friends stop me in the street and exclaim, "How well you look! I would never have known you!"

Since my trip I have never been troubled with my old complaints because I learned just how to care for my skin.

Realizing that there must be thousands of women, both young and old, who are to-day suffering as I did, you will not be surprised to learn that I am anxious to place my secret before them. If you will, therefore, simply send your name and address, with 2d. in stamps to cover my outlay for posting. I will send you free, in a plain sealed envelope, full information so that you may forever remove all traces of freckles, pimples, blackheads, and any other blemishes, by the wonderful method that overcame my troubles.

Remember, it is different to any that you have adopted in the past. It does not consist of cosmetics, creams, lotions, salves, soaps, ointments, plasters, bandages, mask, vapor sprays, massage rollers, or other implements. No diet—no fasting—nothing to take, and cannot injure the most delicate skin.

Enjoy the happiness of a radiant smooth young skin, as do the thousands of girls who have used my method. Write NOW, TO-DAY, while you think of it, to MISS ALMA F. CHALMERS, 81 Pitt St., Sydney.

FREE COUPON
Cut out this coupon if interested and post with 2d. stamp and name and address to: MISS ALMA F. CHALMERS, 81 Pitt Street, Sydney.

EVERY SUFFERER FROM INDIGESTION KNOWS THIS TO BE TRUE

Every sufferer from Indigestion wants three things, and wants them quickly.

- ★ Firstly, he wants immediate relief from his pain, feeling of fullness, palpitation or flatulence.
- ★ Secondly, he knows that unless his inflamed or weakened stomach is protected from the hot, burning acid continually poured out, he will only have the pains come back again.
- ★ Thirdly, he wants help for his weak stomach to digest the food he must take.

All these requirements have been carefully provided for in De Witt's Antacid Powder.

- ★ On entering the stomach De Witt's Antacid Powder firstly neutralises the excess acid and renders it harmless to the inflamed stomach. The pain of flatulence is relieved, the gripping stopped, the palpitation ended, and there is an immediate feeling of well-being.
- ★ Secondly, the valuable Colloidal Kaolin ingredient coats the stomach walls, and whilst protecting the inflammation or ulcers from the burning acids, allows the ordinary work of digestion to go on.
- ★ Thirdly, another ingredient actually digests a portion of your food, taking a further load off the weak stomach.

Finally, by persistent use of De Witt's Antacid Powder, the system gets regulated and healthy so that the stomach can digest your food, and medicine is no longer required.

So every day that you put off getting a supply of DE WITT'S Antacid Powder means another day of unnecessary suffering for you.

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

Large Sky-blue Canister 2/6 Sold by All Chemists

Spent £600 hopelessly! Quickly relieved with THE NOW FAMOUS New Era Herbal Treatment

Widely Known in West Australia
Now Available Throughout All Australia!

READ THIS TESTIMONIAL

6 Sussex-street,
MAYLANDS, W.A.
March 20, 1936.
To C. W. Deane, Esq.,
New Era Herbal Tablets Ltd.,
PERTH.



Before

After

There are Special Tablets for the following ailments:—
Tablets for Bladder Trouble, Tablets for Chronic Indigestion,
Tablets for Rheumatism, Tablets for Boils and Blood
Tablets for Heart Troubles, Purifying,
Tablets for Dissolving So-Called
Growth in all parts of the body. Tablets for Neuritis.

OF GREATEST IMPORTANCE TO YOUNG MOTHERS
They should know that a course of our special herbal tablets is beneficial in making
childbirth natural and comfortable, and also avoid any after-effects, due to
weakness of the kidneys or other organs, and disperse excess fluids that so often
accumulate. Three months' course before the event is necessary to ensure a
healthy mother and a healthy child.

"I have now had your treatment for six months. I am walking, two stone heavier, up to normal weight
again, and this has taken place without pain, injection, or operations, or drugs.
"In conclusion, I may state that I had thirty-one (31) X-rays also. Kindly use this in any way you think
fit, as this may show some sufferers not to place too much faith in doctors' statements.
"I have had two examinations by three (3) specialists in last month to see my condition now, and enquiries
as to who effected the cure and treatment I received.
"In conclusion, I hope this will be of interest and benefit to all sufferers.—I am, yours, etc.
(Signed) A. J. WILSON.

The figures given below are a comparison of the cost of treatment to Mr. A. J. Wilson. In the first instance medical attention by Doctors: and in the second by the New Era Herbal Tablets Ltd.	
Operation: Strabismus	£45 0 0
Appendix	30 0 0
Infection	?
Teeth	10 10 0
Sanatorium	50 0 0
Sanatorium	30 0 0
Renal	10 10 0
Hospital: P.P.H. and St. John's	200 0 0
Doctors' Attention	150 0 0
Spinal Operations	547 15 0
Approximate costs over twelve years of operations and treat- ment, not including cost of medicines—AND NO CURE EFFECTED	£607 15 0
AFTER BEING DISCHARGED from Perth Public Hospital as incurable after twelve years' treatment CURED BY NEW ERA HERBAL TABLETS IN A FEW MONTHS at a cost of less than	£10 0 0
(Signed) A. J. WILSON.	

Wherever You may be—Write to Us at Once, or Call Now!

POST NOW your name and address with stamped return envelope, mentioning your complaint
and age, and receive details of our special methods of treatment by post. There is no
obligation whatever. WRITE TO-DAY. Mention this paper.

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NEW ERA HERBAL TABLETS LTD.

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1982-1984 RAY STREET, PERTH.
Claude Deane, Managing Director.
Phone: 25788.

Victorian and Tasmanian enquiries write
to:
NEW ERA HERBAL TABLETS LTD.,
Room 4, Third Floor, 34 Little Collins St.,
MELBOURNE, Vic.
Phone: W3322. S. Deane, Branch Manager.

Queensland and New South Wales
enquiries write to Sydney Branch:
Branch Manager,
FIRST FLOOR, STRAND ARCADE,
PITT STREET, SYDNEY.
Phone: M33422.

AWAY from it ALL

Continued from Page 7

"EVERYONE is bound to recognise it; A is B, and B is A, thenceforth. Property. Gardens, everything goes with the change. They die to their own lives. And the odd thing is—you won't believe it, you don't know how many secrets of personality these primitive people keep—that they really do become each other, in a way. Their facts grow different; and their manners, ceremonies; and, mind you, there's something in these ceremonies that white men don't understand: no words to express lots of things they can do. For example, there's a thunderstorm coming up—"

Yes, Seagoe had noticed that; they were going to have a "smoother" he thought.

"Well, that's not accidental; they knew it was coming, and they wouldn't have held the dance without."

With the carved "pass" well in view, the two white men entered the high, dark temple-house where the ceremony was to take place. The torches threw a smoky, glaring light upon two men who stood between the lines of dancers; men of middle age, with strong brown limbs and the tremendous chest of the Sheba savage.

"Keep back," warned Cooke, as a crashing peal of thunder spilt itself over the roof of the temple-house, simultaneously with a flare of blue-mauve light. "They will begin now. Say nothing. You and I are going to be the next."

IT was morning, and Seagoe, running down the bay in a little schooner that was sped by engine and by sail, wondered if the things that he remembered were real: if he had only dreamed them, perhaps, and was still entangled by the dream.

Last night? Last night was incredible, even now. He recalled it as one recalls things seen and undergone in a fit of intoxication.

Some of it had been ugly. The blood-letting and blood-drinking of the ceremony. But it was nothing worse than transfusion, if you looked at it in that light.

Then there had been dancing and drumming and singing, and drumming and drumming. A man who was a sorcerer had gone into a trance. Other men had gone into trances. Spirits, they said, had spoken.

At one period there were electric shocks, or something so like them that you couldn't tell the difference. The two men who had been first done were almost knocked down. They picked themselves up trembling and went out by opposite doors of the temple, without looking at or speaking to each other.

Henceforward, to all the Shebas, black A was black B, and black B black A. People were waiting for them; greeted them by each other's names.

Then it was the turn of Cooke and Seagoe.

Not till the last day of his life could Seagoe have told just how the thing was done. The drumming seemed to sear your mind; the reek of torches choked you; the smell of some sort of incense made you half drunk, so that you hardly understood the spirit-raising and general kicking up of pandemonium that went on.

When it was over, when the unseen force—maybe an electric shock, maybe not—had struck them both, and shaken them on their already unsteady legs; when they were going out, as the others had gone, by opposite doors, Seagoe saw something pass from the fingers of Cooke to the chief sorcerer's brown paw. Sovereigns, bright gold, such as hadn't been seen for years and years.

He had heard that the Sheba savages hoarded gold, valued it above their own treasures, and now he knew it was true.

It put the cap on the climax of the whole queer, incredible thing.

Then he was outside, in the dark and the hot rain, and the thunderstorm

was grumbling away towards the burning mountain. He was coming back to himself. His mind was clear, and he knew that something in it had changed during the night. He was still Seagoe—though the boatmen who were to take them back addressed him as "Mistah Cooke"—but he had new knowledge; he had looked, a little way, into the huge reservoir from which all human personality is drawn; he had carried something off.

It would be easy—strangely easy—now, if he wished, to play the part of Cooke; Cooke, who had all the world of wonder and adventure at his feet, and thought the Gents' Hats in the Castle Emporium a better place.

THAT night, in the hotel, Cooke changed clothes with him, cut his hair for him, parted it on one side, and saw him shave off his little toothbrush moustache. Cooke had been growing a moustache during the two weeks' voyage, and his hair was sleeked back now as Seagoe's had been. It all made an amazing difference.

"The schooner and crew will be ready for you in the morning," he said. "I'll sail by the steamer, and you'll hear no more of your manager. He'll be satisfied, maybe better than he was before. Yes, I know what you want to ask."

He paused a moment, looked at Seagoe a little oddly. "Well," he went on, "so far as the islands are concerned, my past is yours, now. And I tell you—I tell you—even if we hadn't happened to be a common type, a good deal alike, the thing might have been done all the same. Only it wouldn't have been so simple. You believe me now. You wouldn't have—before."

When they parted publicly next morning, Cooke said to him, "Good-bye, Cooke. Glad to have met you." And Seagoe, burning his boats, said before all the loafers and the lodgers, on the hotel verandah, "Good-bye, Seagoe; pleasant voyage."

And nobody looked surprised. Later, the little white-sailed schooner carried him away, over seas that were bluer, greener than any seas by the gate of Sydney Heads. He knew that it was beginning, that he had got his wish at last.

The island plantation was reached in a couple of days. It was solitary to the last degree, lovely beyond telling. The plantation had a house; a good little timbered bungalow, with cane furniture. The labor force, of head-hunting savages, proved easier to manage than he had expected; but he wouldn't have troubled, if it had been hard.

It was all in the adventure.

HE found the work surprisingly simple. You had only to call over in the morning, give out food and medicine, tie up wounds, and see that the day's tally of nuts was collected, the wedding done, and the nuts split and dried. He knew that the salary was small. That did not astonish him, in view of the work expected.

And by and by, neighboring plantations began to call—from a neighborhood forty or fifty miles away. He thought they had not known Cooke very well, perhaps. They seemed to accept him without question. So did the labor. So, amazingly, did the travelling inspector, on his one hurried call. He seemed a bit surprised to find the books in such excellent order. Told Seagoe that he was improving, and would get a good report; and hurried away in the steamer almost immediately.

There were women on the island. Some of the "boys" had been permitted to bring their wives with them, and this was the main cause of the troubles and fights that Seagoe, every now and then, had to suppress at the risk of his own life. There was other trouble, too.

Please turn to Page 18



Are you afraid of the RED in a Tomato?

SUPER PLUME ETHYL is tinted with a spot of Red dye, as harmless as the red in a tomato, to show that you are buying anti-knock quality and power exceeding that of any ordinary petrol. Super Plume Ethyl IS considerably higher in anti-knock rating and power than any ordinary petrol—the red tint is your "visible guarantee" of that—consequently, you will definitely get, in your high-compression engine, more miles to the gallon than from any ordinary petrol.

SUPER PLUME ETHYL

THE "QUINS"—Down on Their Selection



YVONNE, sturdiest of the "Quins," does her gardening in this easy-going, sitting-down fashion. Try it if you want to ease the toll of weeding and digging. And what do you think of her legs?



HERE YOU SEE the Dionne quintuplets, the world's wonder babies, in a corner of their selection—in other words, the quintuplets' playground—in Ontario. Its walls and fences make it look more like a concentration camp than the happy, sunny spot in which you'd expect to find the youngsters. They are lined up in this order—Yvonne, Annette, Emilie, Marie, and Cecile.



"JUST LAUGH ALL DAY, and turn your work into play," says Emilie, as three other "Quins" bend their backs in the serious toil of spring gardening. Ten hands are better than two for this job, and you can't beat a family of quintuplets for getting a corner of the garden dug up quickly.



PAUSING A WHILE from their labors, "Quin" Annette and "Quin" Emilie refresh themselves from their tin cups, but their eyes are thoughtfully centred on the patch they've just dug up. They're debating the kind of flowers they'll plant.



"MY WORD, this flower has the most beautiful perfume," says Cecile, as she gives her complete attention to one of the wonders of the garden. These pictures are the first of a new series of the Dionne quintuplets obtained exclusively by The Australian Women's Weekly. Others will be published soon.

AWAY from it ALL

Continued from Page 16

"All Pellier creations for Spring and Summer must be sewn with—Gutermann's Sewing Silks"

—says MADAME PELLIER
noted style authority
of Pellier Ltd., Sydney

PELLIER LTD
Sewing Silks Company of Australia Ltd.,
38 York Street, SYDNEY.

Dear Sirs,
When a client commissions a gown from Pellier Ltd., my first thought is to express her personality in beauty of line.
Cut is tremendously important. Next comes the actual "making". For this purpose, I insist on Gutermann's Pure Silk Sewing Thread. Its strength is essential in holding seams firmly, while its elasticity affords complete shapeliness throughout the life of the garment.
In fact, I have instructed my workpeople that all Pellier creations for Spring and Summer must be sewn with Gutermann's Sewing Silks.
Yours sincerely,
H. Pellier

To be gown by Pellier Ltd.
Is a distinction coveted by all women of taste and social standing. The pearl-grey salons of this famous house, in St. James' Buildings, Sydney, are a perfect setting for those lovely individual fashions designed by Madame Pellier. With Madame, line is all important. To retain its beauty of line indefinitely, each garment must be sewn with a thread at once elastic and lasting. And so, each Pellier creation is stitched with the supple strength of Gutermann's Sewing Silks—in Madame's expert opinion, the best of all pure silk sewing threads.

Follow the lead of the great dressmakers—do all your Spring and Summer sewing with Gutermann's Pure Silk Sewing Thread.

OBTAINABLE IN HUNDREDS OF LOVELY SHADES AT ALL GOOD STORES.

SEAGOE himself was troubled when he passed the boys' quarters after knock-off. Saw the fires lit, and smelled the suppers that were cooked by the little brown women, and not eaten alone. All his meals were managed by a huge cannibal who flung things on the table, and burned everything he didn't serve raw. The men were no good as cooks.

But Seago didn't want to establish the usual colored housekeeper. He was Australian, and strongly "white Australian." The mixture of races had always seemed blasphemous to him.

Nevertheless, the sight of the brown girls and the little brown babies who rolled, laughing, in the dust before the doors, made his heart ache. He thought of the girls on Sydney beaches. He thought of Irene in the scanty bathing suit. He wished—

The weeks went on. And now it was as if the curious preconceived knowledge won from the sorceries of the temple had begun to melt away. Real knowledge was taking its place.

And the other fellows liked him. He liked them. It was most of it very good. Only when he met one of the rare white wives of the plantation world did his content crack suddenly across, like a mirror struck by a stone. He wondered that Cooke, during all the years of island life, had never thought of marrying. And he remembered Cooke's significant phrase, the saw it significant now about damning anything and "everybody" he could not have.

THE hot season had gone, and the cool season came. There was very little difference between the two in the burning Shebas, but at least nights were milder, and it didn't rain every day. Seago planned an excursion to the far side of the island, where he seldom went.

When he came back it was quite dark, and the lights of the bungalow seemed to welcome him as he tramped up the path. On the verandah, Wakaka had laid the dinner table. He could see the shine of the white cloth, the twinkle of silver.

"Coming home's not so bad after all," he thought. There was no discontent in him that night. He was pleasantly tired; he had had good sport, and he wanted nothing but food and sleep.

What! He hadn't escaped the visitors after all. There was someone on the verandah, sitting in a long chair, with his back to the steps. Seago could see the fellow's body bagging down the canvas, his dark head topping the chair-rail. "Curse it," he thought, feeling for his cigarettes, feeling, suddenly, more tired than he had thought he was. To have to entertain strangers—keep this man maybe for weeks—

The man rose, turned round and faced him. And it was not a man. It was a woman, neatly dressed, slim, shingled. A woman of some seven-and-twenty years. With very beautiful dark eyes. With an egg-shaped face, and a pointed little chin. With hands—you couldn't help noticing them—like ivory flowers. Rings on the hands. Diamonds. And one ring more.

It may have been the last remnants of the temple sorcery—hypnotism—whatever it had been—that whispered the truth to Seago. Certainly, he knew, before the woman's spoke, that she was Cooke's wife.

"Charlie," she said, coming towards him with her hands out. "Charlie—you mustn't be angry. I never meant to see you again, but the baby died. Charlie, and I was so lonely, and I hoped—I thought maybe—you hadn't taken to anyone else."

She was embarrassed, she seemed to be pleading for mercy, this flower-like thing this woman like a velvet pansy. She seemed afraid of him. And yet Seago was as sure that she had done no wrong as he was sure that he stood on his own feet.

Then came upon him the greatest temptation of his life. He was alone on the island with a beautiful woman who thought him to be her husband. They must have parted at least seven years ago, Seago knew, from what Cooke had said about his affairs. Any slight difference would be accounted for by those years; and, after all, the sorcery of the temple—or the hypnotism of it—seemed to count.

There was no doubt in Mrs. Cooke's eyes, as she lifted them to his. She had loved the man whom she thought was Charlie Cooke. She was ready, more from duty, he thought, but still ready, to take him back again.

HE stammered. He did not know what to say. Some sort of phrases came at last. He heard himself telling Cooke's wife that he was glad to see her, mumbling about journey and tiredness, explaining that he would get the cookboy to prepare her room, and that they would have dinner by and by. Would she like to go and tidy up?

She slipped away as silently as a bird. He thought, but was not sure, that she cast him a look over her shoulder, and that it was a look of reproach.

She did not join him at dinner. From the spare bedroom, he heard her voice, gently asking if something could be sent in to her. She was tired, she said.

That night Seago, worn out as he was, could not sleep a wink. His life had crashed about him. Who would have thought of this? Cooke had excused of all complicity; plainly the fellow had thought himself separated for good, and probably he'd deserved it.

Curse this sorcery! It must have done something after all. The woman did think he was Charlie.

She was too good for Charlie, a thousand times. She was probably too good for him. But if he allowed the delusion to go on until familiarity shattered it, it might be that she wouldn't care to go back to Charlie after all.

BUT that he could not do. It was too tricky. The sort of thing that Cooke would have done without a moment's hesitation. But he wasn't Cooke—in spite of all the bedevillments, the sorcery and the spirit-controlling of the Sheba temple. He was glad he wasn't. He would have scrubbed Cooke out of his soul, as he would have scrubbed dirt off a floor, if he hadn't been sure that the strange possession was almost at an end.

Seago knew at last what he was to do. The certitude calmed him. He turned over and went to sleep.

By noon next day, he and the unknown wife of Cooke were far down the island coast, in Seago's schooner. He had told her that he was obliged to visit the port on sudden and important business, and she had agreed, with a hurt, puzzled look that went to his heart. Just once she had lingered beside him on the verandah, said, tremulously, "Don't you want me back, Charlie?" and he, not answering directly, had said, "We'll talk everything out in Port Ahsolom, when we get there."

Please turn to Page 38

"Nonsense, she's not 35"

"... but she can't be that age."
"She really is 35 now for a fact."
"But look at her skin, why, it's quite young looking and..."
"Yes, yes, I know, but haven't you heard of Creme Chamosan? That did that for her. And she's not the only one. I know dozens, including myself, who have taken years from their looks with that cream."
"I wish to goodness I knew how it does it..."
"It's unanny."

Creme Chamosan for skin youth

The biggest selling cream in the land. Recaptures all the charm of youth and puts it into skin that is no longer young. Holds powder for hours.
Big jar for your dressing table 2/6. Tube for handbag 1/6. Sold everywhere. It's genuine. Protects skin from cold winds and biting dust.

P.S.: Chamosan face powder is French. It gives instant charm to your skin. It stays on with sweat, windy hour after hour. Big jar for your motor, dance, play golf or tennis, do what you like. Chamosan face powder "stays put." How lovely to be able to forget all about your powder for hours. It is the best powder that money can buy and costs but 2/6 per large box. Used by famous film and stage stars. It is the powder of youthful skin charm and enchantment no matter what your age. In all shades and sun tan. Sold everywhere.

Quick Pile Relief

Dr. Leonhardt's Faculoid is guaranteed to banish any form of pile misery, or money back. It gives quick action even in the most stubborn cases, for within 24 hours it begins to remove blood congestion in the lower bowel—the cause of piles—and the broken, swollen veins start to shrink and heal, often in 4 or 5 days. It brings joyful relief quickly and safely or costs nothing. Chemists everywhere sell Faculoid tablets with this guarantee. ***

Help Kidneys

● If Kidney Trouble or Bladder Weakness makes you suffer from Getting Up Night, Nervousness, Discomfort, Headache, Giddiness, Burning, Smarting, Itching, or Acidity, try the new discovery, Cystex (1936-1937). Guaranteed to end your trouble in 4 days, or money back. At all chemists. 2/6.

EVERYBODY IS DOING "QUOTATIONS," ARE YOU?

1. On a **TABLE** beside the fireplace...

2. a flower drawn by the **EAT** of the sun.

3. It is hard to write a crabby thing like that without appearing to be an awful **PRUDE**.

4. when she is **MADED** comes to European spas for her health.

5. Perhaps you have **COOS** of money also.

6. There was no sign of **OLLY** anywhere in the street.

£25 QUOTATIONS MUST BE WON

GOOD NEWS FOR ALL who like a good competition! Here is the ever-popular picture-puzzle in a fresh and fascinating form. Try this new puzzle this week—you may win £25 the very first time.

THIS IS THE PUZZLE: You simply have to complete six words only! In the panel on the left you see six quotations from the works of six well-known authors—but in each case one word has been enlarged, and a picture or so inserted in place of letters. The missing letters are the INITIAL LETTERS of the little illustrations! Thus, with "puzzle", word No. 1, you spell off—

T—A—B—(L for Light)—E, making Table,

which is, of course, the correct answer. In the same way, read each other quotation in turn, and spell off the "puzzle" word, adding in the FIRST LETTER ONLY of each picture you come to. Use your knowledge and judgment, and remember that the extracts are taken from the works of the six authors named below.

When you have read the six quotations, make a list of your six "puzzle" words in ink on one side of a sheet of paper, sign your name and residential address, and post your entry to—

QUOTATIONS No. 6V, BOX 4155X, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

This competition is conducted by G. J. BROWN & CO., 315 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY. READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY: All entries must be postmarked not later than FRIDAY, OCTOBER 3rd. Results will be published on OCTOBER 10th. THE PRIZE OF £25 will be awarded to the competitor whose solution is correct or most nearly correct. In the case of ties, the prize-money will be divided, but the full amount will be paid. No competitor may win more than one share of the prize-money. **REALITY** solution and £25 prize-money is deposited with "Women's Weekly". A postal note for 1/- must accompany each entry. Postage stamps (1/1) accepted if postal note unobtainable. Post Office addresses not accepted. **NOTE**—The quotations in this puzzle are taken from the works of the following authors: Brian E. Knox, Marjorie Bowen, J. E. Longman, Ruby M. Ayres, Nina Wilcox Putnam, Robert Hicham.

RESULT OF QUOTATIONS No. 2.

The following persons' entries were correct, and the Prize-money (£25) will be equally divided between them: **QUEENSLAND**: Miss A. O'Brien, Riverton Street, Clayfield. Miss E. Pyott, Commercial Hotel, Aft. Mrs. J. Stewart, Box 101, Aft. Mr. J. H. Shuttleworth, Verendale, Beaudesert Lane. Mr. W. Shaw, 30 Ashbur Street, Clayfield. **NEW SOUTH WALES**: Mr. J. M. Wade, Dungowan, via Tamworth. Mrs. C. Caldwell, Edward Street, Moolong. Mrs. E. Burgess, Edward Street, Moolong. Mr. A. Jones, Grand Parade, Brighton-le-Sands. **VICTORIA**: Mr. J. E. Cook, State School, Delgrave. Mrs. A. Williamson, Moreven, Dundilly. Mrs. M. Clarke, Rydook, via Hamilton. **SOUTH AUSTRALIA**: Miss M. Macfarlane, c/o O. Pearson, Kimba.

SOLUTION:

- | | | |
|-----------|--------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Hated | (Sagunto) | Cecil Roberts. |
| 2. Square | (Paid with THREE) | Ian Hay. |
| 3. Dots | (Quality) | John Galsworthy. |
| 4. Flaw | (The Old Bridge) | W. J. Locke. |
| 5. House | (Lady Rose's Daughter) | Mrs. Humphrey Ward. |
| 6. Deput | (The Cypress Tree Darts) | Ursula Bloom. |

PRIZE-MONEY WILL BE POSTED ON FRIDAY, 10th OCTOBER.

Wedding Bells Ring

and
Happy Couples

Furnish
at



W.W. Campbells' WHO GIVE 2 YEARS to PAY

Examples of general Furniture Orders: SYDNEY & SUBURBS: £25 for 20' deposit 5' weekly. £50 for 40' deposit 10' weekly. £100 for 80' deposit 20' weekly. £150 for 120' deposit 30' weekly.



BREAKFAST ROOM CABINET

This modern 4ft. 6in. Breakfast Room Cabinet has numerous compartments including Bread Cupboard and one drawer divided for Cutlery. Leadlight doors are particularly attractive. The construction and finish are excellent.

This Week's Cash Price **85/-**
(Or on Easy Terms)

18/6
4/-



Contrasting Walnut Veneers enhance the beauty of this artistic new Bedroom Suite. 4ft. 6in. Wardrobe (with shaped trunk), 2ft. 10in. Dress-centre, Knee-hole Dressing-table and Double Loughboy, are all fully fitted with sliding trays, etc. The handsome Dressing-table has bow-centre drawer and magnificent extra-large shaped mirror. This splendid suite is a gift at the Special Cash Price. (Bedroom extra.) (Or on Easy Terms.)

£18/18/-



MODERN LOUGHBOY

This fully-fitted Loughboy is an ideal gift for a gentleman. It has sliding trays, trouser-rails, useful mirror, and fitted hanging compartment. Don't miss this bargain.

Special Cash Price **59/6**
This Week
Or on Easy Terms:—

5/-
2/-

BUY DIRECT from the WAREHOUSE



COUNTRY CUSTOMERS

Write for Free Catalogue, stating requirements. Reduced deposits, with very low monthly instalments, are now available.

OPEN ON FRIDAY NIGHT



This new Lounge Suite is undoubtedly the most remarkable value we have ever offered. It has everything to commend it—charm of design, rich Genoa Velvet Upholstery, five loose sitting-filled cushions, large-size Settee and Chairs, and workmanship ensuring comfort and maximum service. Be sure to secure at

This Week's **£17/17/-**
Cash Price
(Or on Easy Terms)

17/6
4/-

EST. 50 YEARS
If you have been waiting for a Modern Dining Room suite at an economical price, this is just what you need. It has a beautiful Walnut finish, and comprises:—4ft. 6in. Sideboard (with usual drawers and cupboards); 5ft. Rectangular Table with splayed box-legs. Four Chairs with upholstered lift-out seats and backs shaped for comfort. You will be unwise if you miss this remarkable suite at This Week's Cash Price

£9/19/6
(Or on Easy Terms)

LISTEN IN to 2UW

8.30 p.m., Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays: "LOUIS XIV—THE SUN KING."

7.30 p.m., Every Morning and 7.30 p.m. Saturdays: "DARTY AND JOAN," GEORGE EDWARDS' PRODUCTIONS.

SPECIAL CLEARANCE of Demonstration Models

From **£9-19-6**

Limited number of 3-Valve Superhet. Console Models.

Reduced Cash Price **£9/19/6**

Metropolitan Easy Terms

10/- and 2/6
DEPOSIT WEEKLY



3-Valve DUAL WAVE SETS with World-wide Reception. Console Models (as illustrated). Guaranteed by a Firm with 50 years' reputation.

Reduced Cash Price **£13/19/6**

Metropolitan Easy Terms:—

12/6 and 3/-
DEPOSIT WEEKLY

NEW CURTAINS for SPRINGTIME



Visit our New Showrooms, and inspect the remarkable display of beautiful fabrics for Curtains and artistic window treatment. Latest designs in ready-made Curtains, or materials by the yard. All materials are made up in our own workrooms, under careful supervision.



CARPETS at SPECIAL PRICES AXMINSTER SQUARES

Size 9ft. x 12ft. 6in. 9ft. x 9ft. 10ft. 6in. x 9ft. 12ft. x 9ft.
Now at **£4/10/- £5/10/- £6/5/- £7/5/-**

Size 8ft. x 12ft. 6in. 9ft. x 9ft. 10ft. 6in. x 9ft. 12ft. x 9ft.
Now at **£6/5/- £7/10/- £8/15/- £9/19/6**

HALL CARPET BARGAINS

WILTON		AXMINSTER	
Width	Per Yd.	Width	Per Yd.
22 1/2 in.	8/11	22 1/2 in.	10/6
27 in.	9/11	27 in.	12/6
36 in.	12/6	36 in.	19/6

JUST LANDED! NEW DESIGNS in LINOLEUM and LINOLEUM SQUARES

BRITISH LINOLEUM SQUARES

Size 9ft. x 12ft. 6in. 9ft. x 9ft. 10ft. 6in. x 9ft. 12ft. x 9ft.
Special Price .. **35/- 50/- 57/6 65/-**

IMITATION LINO. SQUARES

Size 9ft. x 12ft. 6in. 9ft. x 9ft. 10ft. 6in. x 9ft. 12ft. x 9ft.
Special Price .. **27/6 32/6 37/6 42/6**

Genuine CORK LINO. IMIT. LINO.
TWO YARDS WIDE— TWO YARDS WIDE—
5/3, 5/11, 7/6 yd. 2/11, 4/3, 4/11 yd.

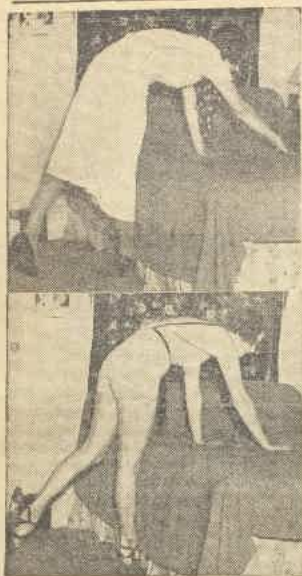


PHONE **M 2345**
6 LINES

249 CLARENCE ST. SYDNEY.

ONE DOOR from MARKET ST.

MAKE Your Housework a PLEASURE!



Bed-making is a good stunner if carried out with stiff knees and stretched legs. The stomach and leg muscles benefit.



POLISHING THE FLOORS may not seem such a never-ending task when you consider it also as a fine exercise. Keep the lower part of the body stiff, turning from the shoulders and breathing deeply and slowly.



HEALTHY YOUTH



FRESH AND VIGOROUS

Healthy Youth . . . Merry Youth . . . but above all—youth with a twinkle in the eye, a ready smile, fresh and vigorous. What is the secret? Just this—the will to enjoy and the health to enjoy. But everything depends on a clean system. Once poisons linger in the system one day longer than they should, trouble brews. Irritability, languidness, sickness, headaches, soon spoil the wish to enjoy. Constipation is the inheritance of civilization. Very few of us remain altogether immune. One is apt to

think regular elimination is sufficient; but elimination must be complete as well. 90 per cent. of everyday ills are caused by constipation. This shows the importance of keeping the system clean, free from dangerous wastes and poisons. Be on the lookout for symptoms of constipation. They are a sure sign you need medicine. Insist on Beecham's—the famous, perfectly safe laxative. Purely vegetable, they work gently and thoroughly. Keep Youthful and the will to enjoy by keeping healthy. Keep Beecham's handy.

TAKE

Beecham's PILLS

The World's
Medicine



For
INDIGESTION, STOMACH
PAINS, LIVERISHNESS,
BILIOUSNESS, HEADACHES

While father is puffing away doing his daily dozen, the housewife is going through similar exercises. Housework keeps housewives fit, says a doctor, if performed the correct way.



MOPPING FLOORS isn't so prosaic when you know that it's aiding digestion and toning slack muscles. Do it with relaxed knees and the arms stiff, allowing only the upper part of the body to move and turn. It's great for the hips and an excellent antidote for the "middle-aged spread."

Potato-peeling Machine Saves Time and Work

Peeling potatoes is a task that is hated by every woman—hated wholeheartedly because it is a drudgery.

But now, if you are modern and up to date, you have them shampooed at a factory, while you spend the extra time at the radio or save that sprint over the home stretch after a late matinee.

STILL it has taken an electric peeling-machine to conquer the potato, the lone survivor of hard work in the kitchen.

The potato-peeling machine is an ingenious device worked by electricity. It is in the form of a large boiler, through which water runs. The bottom of the boiler is composed of carborundum material with a very rough surface. This revolves rapidly, and while the potatoes are being cleaned the skin is rubbed off.

The machine merely rubs off the outer skin and cleans the potato with a loss of about 10 per cent. in waste as against 25 per cent. in hand-peeling.

The potato-peeling company, which is fast proving its popularity in Sydney, sells the peeled potatoes at the market price, plus 1/- for the labor of taking the jackets off, and delivers the undressed article ready for pot or pan.

The advantage of buying potatoes in this way can easily be worked out. Instead of a loss of 37lb. per bag in weight by hand-peeling, the loss when the peeling-machine is used is approximately 15lb., which, with potatoes at only 1d. a lb., means a saving of 1/10 a bag.



WHO IS THIS NINTH GIRL?

...and what is her advantage over others?

Some women still think of how much younger they could look—without certain pains and distresses. . . . But there are forty-four thousand who rely on this amazing relief—easy "quiet" spells! . . . You can easily tell that "ninth" girl—the intelligent woman—who uses Myzone. She is never at a loss—always good, serene, and well-poised—bright, vivacious, mistress of her claims, the master of her femininity is never troubled by needless suffering! . . . For Myzone's marvelous new action—easy, active compound treats all pain! Yes, even when dis-ease, sickness or indigestion is severe, or prolonged, two tablets with a cup of tea (or drink of water) in 7 minutes! . . . Specialists say that while Myzone is twice as quick and three times as effective, it is also the safest way to relieve pain without any "doping," after-dinner G.I. or box today, 2/- every chemist. Try it on your very next headache!



DON'T CLIP THIS COUPON (...if you're free from Constipation!)

If your health is ALWAYS one hundred per cent. . . if you are NEVER "off colour", or below par . . . you are the one reader of this paper who has no need to sample Nyal FIGSEN. You can forget this coupon. But if you are one of the tens of thousands who realize that constipation is the root cause of the majority of physical ills—if there are frequent times in your life when nature needs aid, then you will welcome the relief and health that Nyal FIGSEN brings. Nyal FIGSEN is the one non-habit-forming laxative that does not purge or gripe. Its action is sure—but gentle and natural. It is pleasant to take, yet it never fails. Why not allow this coupon to bring you a sample? A tin of 24 tablets costs only 1/3 from your chemist.

NYAL FIGSEN

Post this coupon for FREE SAMPLE of Nyal FIGSEN to The Nyal Company, 431N, Glebe Pt. Rd., Sydney, N.S.W.

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____ W.W. 2/10/36



Michel
The King of Lipsticks

AUNT MARY'S



BAKING POWDER

Send one shilling and twopence to Tillock & Co. Ltd., Sydney, for Aunt Mary's Cookery Book—210 pages, 400 recipes and useful hints, illustrated in full colours. Save 50 clean lids for handsome surprise packet free.

WASHING Out Your Washing PROBLEMS

Laundrymen's Conference Discusses Housewife's Job

Australia's biggest washout occurred last week, when leading laundrymen from all over the Commonwealth met in Adelaide to discuss a matter that concerns every housewife—the washing.

It was the occasion of the annual conference of the Interstate Laundrymen's Association, and one of the chief points made was that the housewife shouldn't do her own laundrywork. To this, most housewives will say, "Hear, hear."

WIVES of delegates took no part in the actual proceedings, but all are concerned with the subjects.

Some of them work with their husbands in some branch of laundry management.

Although Australian laundries have a large proportion of female labor, and women laundry owners are welcomed to the Laundry Owners' Association on equal terms with men, the number of women members is much smaller in proportion to men.

No individual women members of the association attended the conference in Adelaide.

Whether Australian laundries should adopt the "Eight waters for the ordinary white wash," a method recommended by the British Laundry Research Association, was a new subject for consideration.

The British Association, with whom Australian laundrymen are in constant touch, recommends more changes of water and a slight variation of the proportion of soap and soda used in the first waters.

Australian laundries use from six to nine changes of water.

Laundry services offered by each State were compared.

The De Luxe Service, with high-class finish, is the most universal in Australia, it was stated.

Alternative services are thrifty service, when everything is washed, and straight work, such as sheets and tablecloths, are machine ironed, and shaped articles are sent back rough dry; the bag wash, when shaped articles are sent back damp, ready for home ironing; the pressed finish service, when flat work is washed and ironed by machine and shaped garments are finished in a press.

Some States offer all services, and the laundrymen's discussion was for the purpose of finding the best and most economical service.

Husbands Should Note

THE outcome of visits by delegates to South Australian laundries was a discussion as to the use of marking machines for branding articles.

They were recommended for use where laundries handle a large number of articles of the same type or brand.

A survey of laundry work in other countries and Australia showed that the Australian householder does not realise the hours of labor his wife puts in in laundry work that could be done by laundries at a very few pence per hour.

Other countries are far ahead of Australia in this respect, but the eastern States of Australia are rapidly improving.

Delegates pointed out that the making of bread and other foods and clothing was once largely a work in the home for the housewife, but these labors have gone, or are going rapidly.

Use More Water

THE suggested establishment of a special scientific research centre to cover all scientific matters and methods affecting the laundry formed the most important discussion of the Federal Council of the Laundry Owners' Association of Australia.

This discussion was held in an appropriate setting of snowy white tables.

Delegates looked extremely spruce and alert, and all were smoking pipes or cigarettes.

Every man had all the points of laundry methods and control at his finger-tips, and drove his points home with force.

It was stated that if the housewife considered all the "hidden costs" entailed in home washing, the power-laundry would be found to be cheaper.

Mr. S. Sheldon, of Melbourne, the originator in Australia of the washing by weight system for the cheap laundering of the entire family wash, emphasised, in a paper on "Alternative Services," that there are 100 times more microbes in home-laundried linen than in that power-laundried. This was found from the result of American medical tests.

That laundrymen use twice as



More changes of water for the weekly wash is the laundrymen's policy.

much water per pound of clothes as the housewife does was also shown from the result of American tests. It was claimed also that power-laundries did not wear out fabrics as quickly as home laundering.

Little Audrey Laughed & Laughed



See the boys enjoying themselves, and Mary at the piano? Everyone knew that just a few months ago Mary "didn't know a note." Yet here she was rattling off all the latest tunes in swing, syncopated style! When asked how she had learned so quickly, Mary replied that she had "laughed herself" but sitting nearby.

LITTLE AUDREY LAUGHED AND LAUGHED!

because SHE knew that Mary had enrolled for the wonderful Teddie Garratt Postal Course; but at that Mary had told the truth because the Lessons are so simple that she HAD practically taught herself! YOU can do what Mary has done no matter where you live, you are an Absolute Beginner, a Medium Player or an Advanced Classical Pianist.

Fill in coupon below at once, and remember:

YOUR SUCCESS POSITIVELY GUARANTEED!

Listen to Teddie Garratt in "Keyboard Kapers," Every Sunday morning at 9 o'clock from 2GB

TEDDIE GARRATT, STUDIO W, NATIONAL BLDG., 250 FIFTY ST., SYDNEY

I have a piano at my disposal and can spare at least 30 minutes daily to practice, so please send me your handsome new illustrated 44-page booklet, "The Secrets of Syncopation," and your special enclosure—a unique and surprising musical novelty—for which I enclose 5/6 (P.R. or stamps). This payment does not place me under any obligation.

NAME (Print in Block Letters)

ADDRESS



Announcement...

IN response to insistent public demand the manufacturers of . . .

COLOSEPTIC

announce that as from October, 1936, a new "individual" size will be available at all chemists and stores at the popular price of . . .

2'9 per package

The economical "family" size of 5/6 is, of course, still obtainable.

FOR 20 YEARS COLOSEPTIC HAS RETAINED ITS LEADERSHIP AS THE FOREMOST NATURAL TREATMENT FOR THE MANY AILMENTS CAUSED BY CONSTIPATION, DIETETIC ERRORS AND LACK OF EXERCISE. FROM THESE CONDITIONS ARISE 97% OF PRESENT DAY SICKNESS.

COLOSEPTIC . . . Sydney, London, Auckland, Johannesburg, New York

In their Spring Race Frocks

FOR the Spring Meeting, which opens at Randwick on Saturday, Miss Pat Goldsmid, of Edgecliff, has selected a frock of dusty-pink wool crepe, with a high cowi collar and draped skirt. The sash is navy-blue crepe with white circles and there is also a knife-pleated godet of the navy material at the side of the skirt.

Miss Kathleen McMahon, of Edgecliff, will be smart in navy self-spotted cloque with collar and cuffs of crisp white pique and a matching hat of navy cloque. Her handbag and belt of scarlet give a colorful touch.

Miss Enid Halloran, of Rose Bay, has chosen a frock of white crepe with patterned with brown roses, and coat of taffeta. A brown bako hat and matching accessories complete the ensemble.

Miss Frances Angus, of Victoria Road, Bellevue Hill, will wear a frilled and flared frock of maize-yellow crepe-de-chine, quaintly patterned with black ducks, a small black ballbuntal hat, black suede gloves and bag.



Miss Pat Goldsmid



Miss Kathleen McMahon

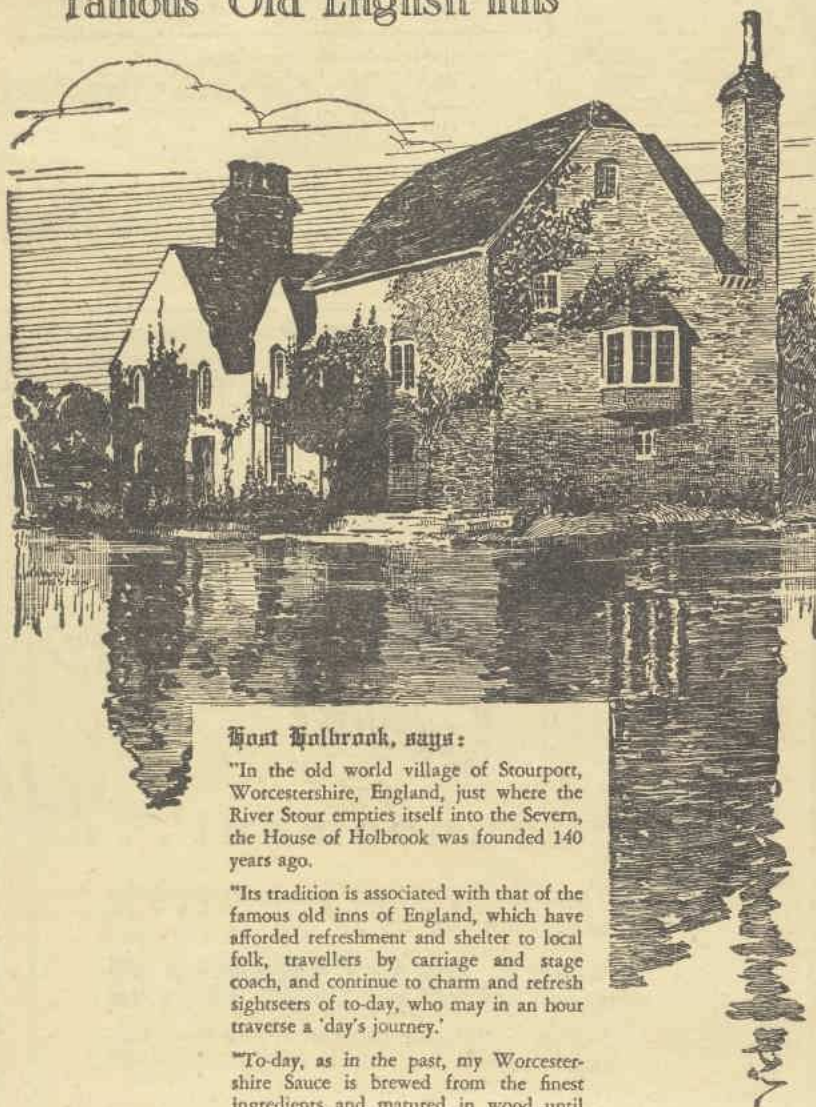


Miss Enid Halloran



Miss Frances Angus

Famous Old English Inns



Host Holbrook, says:

"In the old world village of Stourport, Worcestershire, England, just where the River Stour empties itself into the Severn, the House of Holbrook was founded 140 years ago.

"Its tradition is associated with that of the famous old inns of England, which have afforded refreshment and shelter to local folk, travellers by carriage and stage coach, and continue to charm and refresh sightseers of to-day, who may in an hour traverse a 'day's journey.'

"To-day, as in the past, my Worcestershire Sauce is brewed from the finest ingredients and matured in wood until fragrant and appetising.

"It is excellent with every dish — cheese, meat, fowl or fish."

The World's Appetiser!

HOLBROOK'S

WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

"The Ferry Inn" Mladbury, Worcestershire.

A charming and dignified old world inn on the Avon. Here one may surely "lose and neglect the creeping hours."



Women's Verdict on Uncensored Film

Continued from Page 4

MRS. P. A. CAMERON, President, Feminist Club of New South Wales: The film "Uncensored" reflects the same artistic sense and knowledge of dramatic situations that previous Chauvel productions have shown. With reference to the scenes complained of:

(a) The bathing scene: This incident would probably have made no impression on one's mind other than the beautiful until it was suggested that it offended. It did not offend me personally as much as many suggestive bedroom scenes I have seen in American films.

(b) The killing of the black: After all, this man was a killer, and was killed in battle. We have had many extremely distressing incidents in American jungle films where innocent native carriers have been killed by crocodiles and tigers and their screams heard in death agony, which have passed the censor.

Those in charge of censorship want to watch very carefully that they do not so de-nature Australian-made films that they have no interest to overseas picture-goers while they allow all kinds of subtle propaganda to be exhibited through overseas films to our own young people.

MRS. EVA SEERY, J.P., prominent worker in the Labor Movement:

I think the swimming-pool scene was simply lovely. I saw nothing objectionable in it at all. The strangling scene was realistic if a trifle sordid.

MISS McKAY, a visitor from Melbourne:

I did not like the strangling scene, but I thought the swimming-pool scene was most beautiful. The girl is a beautiful type and swims most gracefully. What a pity to cut out that lovely part of the picture.

MRS. GRACE SCORIE, leading Feminist:

I think that the swimming-pool scene was a marvellous piece of photography, and really the finest feature of the film. To censor that scene would spoil the picture. There was nothing in it to offend the susceptibilities of anyone.

The strangling scene did not horrify me in any way. It was the natural end to the plot, and, after all, everyone would know that it was only a piece of fine acting.

MRS. W. B. KNOWLES:

I have lived in Queensland among the blacks, and I thought the scenes were wonderful and real. The highlight of the whole film was the swimming-pool scene, which appealed to me immensely. The strangling scene did not worry me at all.

MRS. HAWKINS, Assistant-Secretary of Federation of Mothers' Clubs:

I saw nothing in the film that offended me in the slightest degree. I think the film would be poorer for the cutting out of any of the features.

TWO STATE SCHOOLTEACHERS (names not published by request, for departmental reasons):

It is ridiculous to say that there is anything in the swimming-pool scene to offend.

The strangling scene is not edifying, but we have seen much worse in imported films.

CASH PRIZES AWARDED

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published on this page.

Pen names will not be used following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.

POOR—BUT HAPPY!

MANY people think money means happiness, and if they had wealth all their worries and troubles would be over. Often we hear people remarking on the wonderful opportunity a certain girl has missed in not marrying a wealthy man—affection and compatibility, apparently, not receiving consideration.

I think there is more happiness among poorer people. What great pleasure they get out of buying something new after saving for weeks to get it. If they were wealthy and could buy everything they desired, this pleasure would be denied them.

I would like to hear other readers' opinions on this subject.

£1 for this letter to Miss M. Rodgers, Burnie St., Clovelly, Sydney.

JAZZ-MAD WORLD

WHEN I learn that people play the piano, naturally being a lover of music, I ask them to play immediately they start playing jazz numbers.

I have met only two exceptions to this during the past year. Is the world jazz mad?

Mrs. M. McCue, Macleay St., S.A.

REAL THOUGHTFULNESS

"NEVER return a borrowed article in a brighter condition than when it was lent." Such was the lesson in manners taught by a friend of mine to her little daughter.

A lantern had been borrowed, and the child was polishing it before returning it, but her mother stopped her, saying that it would be a reflection on her friends to do so.

It was a new idea to me, but it shows real thought for the feelings of others.

Myra B. Sargent, Wynyard, Tas.

"COMPANY" MANNERS

WHY do so many women one meets adopt an affected voice and manner when in company?

I know many who are very pleasant and natural to talk to in the home, but who are very different people when at a social evening or card party.

Why cannot people be their true selves? They would find themselves not only better liked, but much happier!

Miss Mary Bairde, Nar Nar Goon, Vic.

YOUNG LAZYBONES

AN extra five minutes in bed seems to mean more to our moderns than the fact that they will be late again at the "office."

They make a hectic dive for the bathroom run all the way to the station.

Beauty's Burden

IF they could have a wish granted, probably nine women out of ten would desire to be beautiful. But have you ever stopped to consider the burden that a genuine beauty carries? To retain her crown she must spend many weary hours in beauty culture, for those who pay her tribute are quick to note the least mark of the passing of time.

On the other hand, her own sisters can fill their hearts with more interesting things. Personality is more potent than mere good looks, and the "just ordinary" girl, if she is wide awake, can develop qualities of attraction that will endure in spite of the ravages of time.

Miss M. A. Cookson, Bennett Road, Coorparoo SEI, Brisbane

or tram-stop quite unaware of their ruffled appearance.

This frantic rush cannot be good for people. It must unnerve them. I can't understand why young people will not get up in time.

Miss Gladys Hunt, 9 Wardell Road, Petersham, N.S.W.

Is it Always Wise to Confide in Your Friends?

I AGREE with Mrs. Watson (12/9/36), who thinks that confidences, even to one's bosom friend, are dangerous.

It is not so much that your friend cannot be trusted to keep a secret, as that you never know just when your friend will turn into an enemy and delight in telling the world your confidences.

Some unexpected rift might occur to leave you, erstwhile pals, at loggerheads, and only too eager to unburden yourselves of secrets to others.

How many friendships are artificially prolonged, simply because one is afraid of what the other will tell if she allows the friendship to drop?

I W. Blair, Trayning South, W.A.

Are They Real Friends?

I CANNOT entirely agree that confidences destroy happy friendships. The real trouble is that true friends are so difficult to find, but those who are lucky enough to find them know that confidences rather tend to bind together than cause to drift apart. The real friend shows his worth when one is in trouble and a "trouble shared" then becomes twice a "trouble halved." Trust between friends brings understanding of each other's strength and weakness, and an understanding friendship is one of the most precious things in a selfish world.

I. Brown, 27 Market Street, Drammoyne, Sydney.

Aid to Friendship

I DO not agree with Mrs. Watson. I have a friend of 10 years' standing, and we tell each other many things in confidence and have never once regretted it.

If one's friend is a friend in the true sense of the word those confidences will never be misplaced and she will have a wider sympathy and understanding, and respect you the more for confiding in her.

Miss L. King, 88 Shirley Road, Roseville, N.S.W.

Keep It To Yourself

IF you want to know whether it is wise or not to share a confidence with a friend, consider your own feelings when some friend tells you a secret, and makes you promise not to tell. The more secret it is, the greater the urge to tell someone else. It is only human nature. It seems to be a desire to make

to earn their own living people would be much healthier mentally and morally.

Mrs. A. S. Wright, 35 Park St. St. Kilda, Vic.

Might Spend Foolishly

IT is quite true about parents letting children go short while they themselves have money. But how many children would use the money wisely if allowed it? Lots would just spend it foolishly on having a "good time" and leave the future to look after itself. Perhaps if the parents gave each child a certain amount, also some good, friendly advice on how to spend it wisely, it would be a better idea.

Mrs. C. E. Gaul, Wogan, D.V. Line, Q.

Robbed of Initiative

I DON'T quite agree with Mrs. Simmons. If children have a good education and, of course, the necessary comforts, it isn't a bad thing for them to strive for themselves, and so develop their independence.

By getting things too easily they are robbed of initiative, a quality which is greatly needed in the world to-day.

C. G. Newton, 8 Roslyn St., Brighton, Vic.

Stand Alone

I DO not agree with Mrs. Simmons. A little struggle to make ends meet hurts no one; it gives a greater appreciation of the value of money and makes for a better character.

Parents have had so forgo many things to get their money, and for the children to wait is no hardship. Let us all stand on our own feet and make the best of what we have.

Mrs. J. Turner, Minard, Springfield Rd. Box Hill Ell, Vic.

Good Suggestion

IF Mrs. Simmons suggestion was carried out, there would be more "be-do-wells" in the world.

Earning for themselves teaches people independence, the value of money, and spurs them on to be ambitious, and to better themselves. When the money left by the parents becomes theirs, they will have realised its value and not be inclined to waste.

Money easily got does not make a good character.

Mrs. D. McKinnon, 158 Clovelly Rd., Clovelly, N.S.W.

Who Would Betray?

I DO not agree with Mrs. Watson. I consider that giving a person confidences is a true mark of friendship. What person worthy of the name "friend" would betray another's intimate secrets? How much happier we feel when we know someone has sympathy for us!

Mrs. D. W. Parish, Hildate, Maitland, N.S.W.

Way to Help your Children — If You Have Money

I AGREE with Mrs. Simmons that children of wealthy parents should be allowed to enjoy money and comforts while they are still young.

For what is the point in withholding them? Why not see your children getting fun out of the money you have accumulated, while you are alive? They might as well, for by some queer twist of fate later on they may never get it.

Douglas Watson, Fifth Ave., St. Peters, S.A.

Builds Character

SURELY Mrs. Simmons does not seriously believe that young people gain any advantage from easy money supplied by parents? Life is full of uncertainties and unless a person has learned to be self-reliant, with the will-power to fight adversity, he or she must face life suffering a tremendous handicap. Money has not its proper value in the eyes of its holder, unless it represents his or her own personal exertion.

If everyone had to prove their ability

Children Can Be Cruel Little Snobs

WHY are some schoolchildren such cruel little snobs?

It certainly points to some neglect on the part of the parents in their upbringing. This trait in a child's character should be dealt with severely as soon as it shows itself.

Only recently an eleven-year-old remarked to me of some acquaintances, "Oh, they're only common people."

It does not take long to explain to a sensible child never to do or say anything to add to the discomfort of another child.

L. Morgan, 101 Griffith St., Balgowlah, N.S.W.

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Fashions Create New Interest in Life

MISS PEGGY BULLOCK says that fashions are a good thing because they introduce variety, new interest, and individuality into our lives.

Certainly fashion is a great interest in our lives, and I cannot imagine what we poor women would do without it.

As to variety. Everyone changes every season into clothes as similar to their friends as they can get—so that the

Fashion craze certainly causes excitement

Seasonal change is somewhat spoilt by the sameness of the attire.

There is little individuality. We never really dress to suit ourselves but to be "in the fashion."

Still, fashions are a splendid ever-changing topic of conversation.

Mary Parker, Myalla, Newlands, W.A.

Clothes Not Important

BE well dressed certainly, but do not allow dressing to assume too great an importance. There are other ways of expressing your love of beauty and your individuality.

The best and most satisfying interests, I think, are one's husband and children and the home. It is better to show your individuality in your work or hobby or home than to worry unduly about the changing fashions.

Mrs. T. H. Ayles, Livingstone St., Bowen, Qld.

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HOW TO WRITE

Answer one of these letters, or try writing one yourself on a new topic.

Letters must be short, concise, with full name and address attached. Names are given elsewhere in this issue.

WHY WE READ

WE read as an outlet for our emotional and intellectual energy, not to turn our back on reality, not to pretend life is a bed of roses.

All sane, sound, lovable human beings take a good deal of knowing, and no true friends or lovers ever know one another "inside out" within an hour, a day, a week, a month, or a year.

There is always something new about them to discover. So with books. No book is worth reading which is not worth re-reading, not once, but a hundred times.

Books are not a substitute for life; they are a guide to it.

Miss Gladys Gorden, 19 Stuart Avenue, Monreith, S.A.

SOLITUDE NECESSARY

A WISE woman knows that to be alone for a little time every day is a necessity if serenity and well-being are to be preserved.

Suppose one is upset, as none can be more easily than the housewife, then retreat only for a few minutes and you save the day.

Nothing adds to force of character more than refusing to squabble, retiring to one's own room for a few minutes' quiet to regain composure, and losing oneself in some noble thought in any fine book.

Mrs. Fred Hughes, Roy St., Jeparit, Vic.

STRENGTH OVERTAXED

I WISH women would not foolishly overtax their strength.

It is a daily occurrence to see women carrying armfuls of heavy parcels from the main shopping centres; suitcases of fruit from the markets; meat from a butcher, who is a penny cheaper—and sometimes carrying children as well.

Only an Amazon can spend the morning at the wash-tub, go shopping in the afternoon stand up in the bus or tram on the way home, then cook the dinner and attend to the children—yet it is done every day by the "weakest sex."

What are the opinions of other readers on this vital problem?

Jane Nicholls, Napier Street, Tamworth, N.S.W.

HOLIDAY SEASON CRUISES TO TASMANIA AND FIJI

TAKE your choice of these ideal holiday cruises by the one-class overseas liner, T.S.S. "ESPERANCE BAY," of the Aberdeen and Commonwealth Line. There are two six-day cruises to Tasmania. The first leaves Sydney on January 16—returns January 22. The second leaves January 30—returns February 5. Minimum fares are only 5 guineas for six glorious days of fun. While at Hobart you can take advantage of excursions arranged by the Tasmanian Government Tourist Bureau.

Or, if you like, cruise to distant Fiji, calling at Brisbane en route and returning via Norfolk Island. You leave on February 6, back on February 20—14 days' cruising in all, costing as little as 12 guineas! At Suva, you enjoy shore excursions and entertainments at little extra cost.

At these attractively moderate fares you enjoy a standard of comfort comparable to an up-to-date hotel. For those who seek variety there will be daily shipboard games, tournaments, treasure hunts, sound films, sunbaking (swimming pool), dancing, carnival nights, bridge parties, etc. For those who like to read and sit with congenial company there are sunny, secluded nooks.

There's ample room on the "Esperance Bay," for the entire ship is open to every passenger, no matter what fare is paid.

Apply for details and reserve your berth with a nominal deposit. Call, phone or write for full details TO-DAY.

DALGETY & CO. LTD.
2 O'Connell St., Sydney
Phone: B6111.

ABERDEEN AND
COMMONWEALTH LINE
17 O'Connell St., Sydney
Phone: B6651.

Or any Tourist Agent.

LUNG TROUBLE

A DRY INHALATION TREATMENT

NO matter how serious your case, or how long-standing it is, or how many treatments and other methods have failed, there is still good hope for you by using Membrose, a different dry inhalation treatment, which, in addition to coming into direct contact with the affected part, dislodging congested germs, mucus, does its healing through the blood stream. The following extracts from patients' letters tell what Membrose can do.

"I am pleased to be able to write and tell you I am feeling so much better. Last time I wrote I was feeling so miserable and ill I felt helpless. I am eating really well and seem always ready for meals. I feel stronger and able to walk round with the best of them. According to the number of doctors I have been under I should have been, but of it long ago. As I was considered a pretty bad case, but now that I have Membrose to help me, I don't feel that helpless feeling and dread of the future."

ASTHMA

Membrose is not used merely to relieve attacks. Chronic cases of Asthma and Bronchitis, even up to sixty years' duration, have reported "complete recovery without recurrence," after using Membrose dry inhalation.

"Just a line to let you know that I am sleeping real good lately. I went and saw the doctor on Saturday, and he informed me that the Asthma had all cleared up, and said there was no sign of the Bronchitis either. I wish to thank you for your wonderful treatment."

BRONCHITIS

"I am pleased to announce that the treatment is still gradually improving my health. I am sleeping and eating well. I have had no effect of the stomach since I commenced the treatment. My breathing is gradually improving. They were my two main troubles, shortness of breath and stomach trouble. I feel confident the treatment is going to restore me to good health."

CATARRH ANTRUM TROUBLE

Without operation

Not merely clearing the nostrils with Menthol, in the treatment of Catarrh, Hay Fever and Antrum Trouble cases, Membrose goes further.

"I visited my doctor a week ago, and he said that one Antrum is practically cleared, and the other one is clearing up rapidly. This is great news, as six months ago an X-ray showed both Antrums 'grossly affected.' I hope to be completely cured within a few weeks."

HAY FEVER

WITH CATARRH AND ASTHMA

"For four years I have suffered with Hay Fever, Catarrh, and Asthma. I tried Membrose and have found great relief. I am now practically free of any signs of Catarrh and Hay Fever and am quite cured of the Asthma."

Give MEMBROSUS (Regd.) a fair trial and receive the relief you so anxiously desire.

Sole Distributors for Australia and N.Z., Irvine's Pharmacy, Drumoyne. For particulars, call, or send a stamped, addressed envelope to MEMBROSUS, c/o City Office, Irvine's Pharmacy, No. 1 Assembly Hall, 2 York Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Phone B3308.

GOLDEN Silva

Continued from Page 6

HE had abandoned his search for the right words. Words were inadequate things at moments like this. He said starkly: "You're in love with David?"

"I think so—I don't know really. It's so dreadfully difficult to judge things calmly when one has been through a lot of emotional upsets."

"Did he ask you to marry him?"

"I didn't let him. Oh, Roger, I didn't let him. Her voice shook forlornly. "He wanted to, I know, but I cried and told him I couldn't bear any more. I wouldn't listen and yet really I think I wanted him to terribly."

"But my dear"—Roger's hand closed over hers. He was very gentle. "Why shouldn't you have let him?"

"It didn't seem fair. You see, I couldn't possibly have said 'Yes.' I mean, I couldn't leave Mummy, as things are, and he can't get a job at home, and I felt that if he hadn't actually proposed to me, wasn't actually tied, I mean, he would be free to love anyone else. Oh, don't you see, Roger, he's young, and why should he wait to be tied up for years and years—?"

"But Silva, that's absurd. Why should it be years and years? A year perhaps—I quite see you can't leave Margaret yet, but you could have gone out next year perhaps."

A queer, bleak look seemed to shut down on Silva's face, like a mask. Roger was to notice that curious, obdurate expression often on her face in the years that followed. "It wouldn't be fair," was all she said, and did not state whether it was of David, her mother, or herself of whom she was thinking.

It was just two months after that that Silva suddenly developed appendicitis. She was extremely ill, and on his first visit to her in the rather shabby little nursing home, which was all they could afford, Roger was appalled at the sight of her. She looked, he thought, like a Botticelli angel that had been starved. Her convalescence was very slow. Rather

surprisingly, Margaret became suddenly efficient. She seemed to throw all the energy she had previously spent on keeping the affection and trust of her charming but often difficult husband into caring for her daughter. Here was something definite ready to hand needing her attention. For the first time for months she was able to forget the nightmare of the past year. At first Silva, weak and tired, had been glad enough to relax into a coma of physical apathy, and thankful to find her mother so able to cope with the situation.

AT last Silva grew strong once more, and invitations to dance and dine came from people who had known the Dells in the days before their disaster. But these invitations did not often include Mrs. Dell. "So dreadfully awkward—one would not know what to say to her," people murmured vaguely, and, with an ease made perfect by much practice, dismissed the unpleasant subject with a slight shrug. With the girl Silva it was so different, of course. Besides, she was charming and amusing and young. She would have the tact not to refer to the unfortunate past. But with a man's widow—one could never be sure.

But Silva, suffused by a passion of gratitude for all that Margaret had done for her, refused these invitations until gradually she ceased to receive them, and ultimately there remained only Roger Thurston, and the weekly letter from Singapore. Besides, she was, she knew only too well, a different person from the Silva they had known in the past. She had come quite suddenly, up against realities, the existence of which she had at one time not admitted at all, and often now she was bitterly ashamed to think of the suffering she had in all probability brought to serious young men like Clive Alton by her very light-hearted failure to face facts. The pendulum swung full span, and there remained fixed. It was in vain that Roger tried to persuade her that her new perspective of life was almost as distorted as the old.

But whatever Silva's condition mentally, physically she was well again, however frail she looked and Margaret's days were empty once more, and there was time again to brood. To think bitterly of all the things that had once been hers, and to stare in the glass and see the reflection of a woman of forty-six, still pretty, and slim, and desirable, and to tell herself hopelessly, she was no longer of any use to anyone in the world.

Silva, watching her mother with anxious tenderness, started to feign slight illnesses, in order to see the quick, bright look of importance come back into her mother's eyes. So, slowly, two years went by, and then Margaret herself had a series of nervous breakdowns, and it was Silva's turn to succor and comfort, to run up and down stairs with patent foods and tempting dishes, to go without things in order that her mother should have the champagne and oysters and not-house grapes that seemed to them both after the prosperous years in the London square, the necessary and only food of all invalids.

THIS was pretty much now things stood that bright March day when Roger made his way across the garden, in order to think because he had suddenly realised to-morrow would be Silva's twenty-ninth birthday, and he was afraid she was wasting the best years of her life.

He found Silva alone in the pleasant, sunlit drawing-room that somehow still, in spite of the faded chintz and worn carpet, held an elegance that seemed the essential background to both the Dell women.

"Mummy is having tea in her room, she isn't feeling very bright to-day, but she'd love you to go up and have a little talk with her afterwards."

Roger frowned and put down his cup with a little clatter; his hand was shaking.

"Silva, I want to talk to you."

"Do you, darling?" Her brows drew together in a quick frown. "It's about us—about us—Mummy and me—there isn't really anything you can say that can alter things."

"But, Silva, you're young—I mean, you have a duty to yourself. It isn't good for you to be tied like this; your mother ought to see that."

"I'm not really tied, Roger, I mean, Mummy would do anything in the world for me. She's so sweet, she's always planning little surprise dinners and theatres when her dividends come in or we go away for weekends at Bournemouth or Folkestone so I shall meet people and get a change. You must see I can't leave her. She hasn't anyone but me—and, of course you."

Please turn to Page 26

YOURS for 2/- DEPOSIT

30 Model for 17/6

Don't miss this genuine offer. Charming frock in latest floral Spun de Chine. Sent on FREE APPROVAL to any address in the Commonwealth.

A dainty creation by our Fashion Expert, and designed particularly for Spring and Summer wear.

An attractive feature is the Smart Peter Pan Collar, with unusually effective piped lapels and jabot of self material.

The sleeves are short, with opening on top of arm, and round edge. Waist finished with belt of self material, and white tulle. But please form panel at front and back of skirt.

FULL PRICE, 17/6

(O.S. & X.O.S. 2/6 extra)

SIZES: S.S.W. S.W. W.

O.S. and X.O.S.

COLOURS: Blue, Pink and Green predominating

BARGAIN COUPON

Please send me, on approval, Short-sleeved Floral Spun de Chine frock at present bargain price of 17/6 (O.S. and X.O.S. 2/6 extra.)

Size Colour

I enclose Postal Note for 2/- as deposit, together with 2/- for postage, and will pay the balance either in one sum or in fortnightly instalments of 2/- until full price is paid. If not satisfied and I return frock unworn within 7 days, you will refund my deposit.

Enclose Coupon, with Full Name (Mrs. or Miss) and address clearly written on separate sheet.

No. 2 Women's Weekly—3/10/36—No. 25.

Post your order to:

FELIX ARDEN

A.C.A. Building, York and King Sts., Sydney

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Spring



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YOU are cordially invited to inspect... Ford V-8 styled for Spring. See this beautiful car in new colors inspired by latest fashion notes from London, Paris and New York... Interiors finished in harmonizing shades. And in addition, all the fine car features that have made Ford V-8 outstanding for safety, performance, comfort and economy... Safety Glass all round. All-Steel closed bodies. Super Safety mechanical brakes. Easy steering and gear changing. Centre-poise riding comfort. And the famous V-8 engine—the most

efficient and economical ever built by Ford; Ford-Philco Car Radio is also available. Here is your ideal car, styled for Spring, and designed to give you many years of luxury motoring. Easy terms.

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By means of "LE CHARME" special purpose creams these unsightly blemishes can be banished and coarse unbecomingly skin transformed into radiant, healthy loveliness.

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Blackhead Cream, Pimple Cream, and Freckle Cream, each costing 2/6, are obtainable at leading stores, chemists, and Beauty Salons. If you reside in the country, send 2/6 for preparation and add 6d. for postage to:

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I bring you LUCK!

Send me your name and birth-date and Postal Note for 2/6, and I will send you a MARVELLOUS PERSONAL NUMEROLOGY CHART. With every chart, I give FREE a most beautiful LUCKY CHARM—as worn by Eastern Kings to-day.

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To MAMOMMED EL-BAID,

Box 1441 JJ, G.P.O., Sydney.

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Mandrake the Magician



THE CHARACTERS IN THIS THRILLING SERIAL ARE:

MANDRAKE: A master magician, and
LOTHAR: His faithful servant, who meet with
SIR OSWALD: An Englishman returning home from a two
 months' hunting expedition. He invites them to ac-
 company him home, where they meet
JANE: His lovely daughter. They discover that in Sir Oswald's
 absence
SAKI: The world's cleverest thief and greatest master of dis-
 guise, has been impersonating him, and made off with

the Star sapphire. Mandrake sends for
INSPECTOR DUFFY: Who had captured Saki previously. Saki
 arrives disguised as Duffy, and it is only when the real
 inspector arrives, after Saki has left, that they realise the
 truth. Mandrake and Lothar following in pursuit are
 delayed by two Shropshire men, but follow Saki to a
 shack. Mandrake enters the back door, posting Lothar
 at the front. Even as Lothar waits, the door opens.
 NOW READ ON.

AS LOTHAR POISES, AWAITING SAKI---





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GOLDEN Silva

Continued from Page 24

"BUT, Silva, suppose you wanted to get married?"

"Time enough to worry about that when someone wants to marry me," she said, lightly enough, and smiled at him. "But there isn't anyone at the moment, and I'm really quite a contented old maid, you know."

Roger got up and walked to the window. He couldn't face the Silva, with the bright smile and the tired eyes. Soon, quite soon, she would no longer look young, unless life gave her something beyond this round of petty duties. He said, still not looking at her, "There is David. He still cares, doesn't he?"

"Yes, there's David." Her voice was flat and lifeless now. There was a little pause. He heard her catch her breath, and then she added with a rush: "I had a letter from him yesterday. He's getting leave at last. He will be due home in July."

She crossed the room quickly and stood at his side. "Roger, what can I do? I feel I can't bear it. Either way—"

"You mean—?"

"Well, if he finds I'm old and changed and he doesn't care for me any more, that will be dreadful, and yet, if he does care, it will hurt so frightfully to have to disappoint him when he has been so faithful." She sank down suddenly into a chair, leaning her head on her interlocked hands. "I feel I ought never to have gone on writing to him. I feel a beast—only I loved his letters so—I love writing."

Thurston sat down on the arm of the chair. He put his arm round her thin shoulders. He loved her still, intensely, but the aching desire to hold her to him had faded. "But, Silva, darling, why shouldn't you marry him and go back to Singapore with him?"

He knew the answer, of course, before it came. "But I've told you. I couldn't leave Mummy. You know I couldn't—you must see that. She was so sweet to me all those months while I was ill; she gave up everything for me, and she's such a—feeble, dependent sort of person. And it isn't as if she was a strong person. I think it would kill her to uproot her and take her half across the world, otherwise—"

He said, using the old, useless argument, "But if you were to die?"

"That's different; you know it is." She flung back her head suddenly, pushing her lovely yellow hair from her eyes; her face wore that closed, shut expression that Roger dreaded; he knew that it was quite useless to argue, that somewhere beneath that tender, sensitive exterior there was a will of iron, forced, by some religion he did not comprehend, to be straight and undeviating a path of duty as ever her grandparents had trodden.

She got up. "Come upstairs and see Mummy," she commanded, and he followed her obediently, with leaden feet. Margaret was sitting on a low chair before the fire. She was wearing a pink negligee, and there was an elder-down tucked round her legs. In the softly lighted room she looked as young almost as Silva, but she also was thin and brittle-looking; her long, delicate hands were stretched towards the fire, and Roger noticed with a queer contraction of the heart how loose now were the two heavy rings she always wore. She smiled up at him and then at Silva. "It's lovely to have you here, Roger. I don't know what we should do without your Fridays, do you Silva?"

Roger squeezed her hand in his for a moment, but he felt inwardly more depressed than ever. He had come upstairs determined to tackle Margaret and now something—the look of her



THE LINES of this lovely gown are symbolic of ancient Greece. It is fashioned from pale chartreuse crepe Elisabeth, and is worn by Gloria Stuart. The draped cape is banded in gold beading, and a triangle of the beading marks the waistline.

that sudden smile, perhaps—had undermined him.

David arrived home on the eleventh of July, a taller, better-looking, more confident David than the one who had gone away. He found Silva even more lovely than when he had last seen her, but the very intensity of his love warned him that he must "go slowly," that her nerves were strained almost to breaking point, and, for some reason he did not fathom, she was holding him away, driving herself with a cruel, impossibly tight, rein, for he had seen in her eyes she loved him, and although she had never said so in words, he had read it over and over again in her long letters answering his.

HE came for her nearly every day, to take her into the country in a car, to the theatre, to dinner, to dance, and Roger was surprised to find that Silva went with him without protest.

"I'm being weak," she told herself bitterly, "but I can't help it. Just for this first month I must have him. After that I will finish it, but oh! I must have something real to remember."

Roger, determined to help her make these days as carefree as it was humanly possible, came quite often to sit with Margaret in the evening, and occasionally to take her out to dinner or to a cinema or theatre. She was, he found, pathetically easy to entertain, grateful for whatever he planned, and eager as a child to see a play, or the latest film.

But as the weeks went by Roger realised that Silva had not weakened in her determination. He watched her with a compassion that was very near to alarm. She was quicksilver at one moment a young girl, her eyes full of dreams, and at another, when Roger came upon her alone, she was like a dead thing, utterly spent and inert, with black rings round her eyes, and trembling hands.

Roger loved her, and yet there seemed nothing he could do, nothing that would break down that inexorable bond to her mother, which now, knowing Margaret better than he ever had, he could almost understand.

Please turn to Page 28



Rashes spread quickly with little fingers scratching at the itching skin, and festering sores can easily be caused. So don't neglect a rash. Rexona Ointment brings quick relief. Itching stops at once and the inflamed, blotchy patches begin to fade. Soon baby's skin is clear and healthy again.

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NEW ZEALAND
SOUTH ISLAND

Franz Josef Glacier

What Women Are Doing

Not the Vogue Here!

THE vogue for attractive girls to act as caddies does not seem to have yet reached Australia. In New Zealand it is customary for well-known ladies to caddy for distinguished visitors.

When Lord and Lady Galway visited the Shirley Links, in Christchurch, for a foursome recently, there was quite a "rush" to see who would carry their clubs.

In Aid of Crippled Children

MRS. J. NORRIS, secretary for the Victorian Society for Crippled Children, is embarking on a huge transport campaign. She is bringing it home to Melbourne people how far they are behind Sydney in this respect.

At present the crippled children in Victoria are dependent upon stray lifts to and from the hospital school. What is needed to bring Victoria into line with Sydney is a system of regular transport. To accomplish this, Mrs. Norris is devising plans for raising money, and has already received considerable support.

Busy Secretary of W.A. Kindergarten

MISS MARJORIE SOUTHWOOD, secretary of the Free Kindergarten Union of West Australia, is a typical example of the efficiency of young women of the present day.



Miss Southwood.

Marjorie is in her early twenties, is a very popular girl, with one of the loveliest complexions in Perth, and although she moves gaily with the gay young people is seriously musical and connected with the Oxford Group movement. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Southwood, and a sister of Mrs. W. H. Evans, jun.

Miss Southwood organised the big annual appeal week of the Kindergarten Union this year.

It was a signal success, which it has to be, for the appeal—covering a week and including a flower day, shop window demonstrations of children working along kindergarten lines, a big bridge drive, a children's party and a public ball—is the only one the Union makes for public support.

Court Special

THE appointment of Mrs. F. A. G. Salmon by the Executive Council as a special magistrate for the Children's Court, Caulfield, Melbourne, is one that will give satisfaction to women's organisations throughout Australia. Efforts have been made by various associations of women for many years to achieve such appointments.

Mrs. Salmon has been interested in the welfare of children all her life, starting at an early age in kindergarten work, then as a teacher at her home town, Maryborough. She has also been associated with many organisations than made children their special care.

Hobart's New Team of Voluntary Aids

TWENTY-FOUR young Hobart women, under the leadership of Mrs. J. Oberlin Harris and Sister G. Coleman, have banded themselves together to form the first voluntary aid detachment in Hobart since the disbandment of the war-time services.

The detachment is the No. 1 Hobart; it is immobile, and its officers are as follows:—Commandant, Mrs. J. Oberlin Harris; assistant commandant, Mrs. Guy Freeman; medical officer, Dr. C. N. Atkins; superintendent, Sister G. Coleman; pharmacist, Mr. E. H. Stephens; section leader, Miss Phyllis Swan. Sister Coleman is a member of the Australian Army Nursing Service, and Mrs. Harris and Mrs. Freeman were army nurses during the Great War.

The detachment is preparing to hold a field day at Government House towards the end of the year, at which members will wear their new uniforms of powder-blue linen cut on military lines, with white cape and epaulettes and silver buttons.

Members are required to sign up for a period of two years, at the end of which a further period of service may be undertaken.

Touring Under Aegis of Broadcast Studios

MISS JANET AUSTEN, organising secretary of the 20th Australian Women's League, will shortly be more than usually busy acting as hostess to a party of at least 40 women who are visiting Sydney from Melbourne for a period of about 10 days from October 25, under the leadership of Miss Gwen Varley, president of the 3AW Women's Association of Melbourne.

The itinerary prepared by Miss Austen will consist of picture nights, golf and tennis tournaments, motor trips, launch picnics, and aeroplane flights, not forgetting, of course, bridge parties and competitions.

Advocates Baby Bonus For Aborigines

MISS FRANCES FRASER, vice-president of the National Council of Women of Victoria, has some optimistic views regarding the future of women.



Miss Fraser.

She illustrated this point by drawing attention to the resolution to be put before the annual meeting of the National Council this month, that a baby bonus be made available to all aborigines and three-quarter-caste women who are living under ordinary civilised conditions.

Miss Fraser is vice-president of St. Andrew's Women's Auxiliary, as well as president and founder of the Daughters of the Manse, and vice-president (honorary) of the Presbyterian Ladies' College Association. Her proudest achievement in her busy life, she claims, was when she wrote the words in 1889 for the Presbyterian Ladies' College song ("Sydney"). It has been sung ever since.

Written Novel With Tasmanian Setting

MISS IDA McAULAY, a sister of Professor McAulay, of Hobart, returned recently from a visit to England. While in Cambridge last July she completed a novel dealing with life in the Tasmanian mountains, which she hopes to have published in England.

Before returning to Tasmania Miss McAulay spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Daryl Lindsay at their country home.

New Federal President For National Council

MISS ADELAIDE MIETHKE's work for women has been rewarded with her election to the Federal Presidency of the National Council of Women in Australia.

As president of the Women's Centenary Council and on the State Executive Committee, Miss Miethke was president of the Women's Centennial Congress, which attracted so many influential and outstanding women to Adelaide during past weeks.

Miss Miethke is an inspector of girls' schools and Divisional Commissioner of Girl Guides in those schools. She has also organised the women's sections of the Royal Spring Show.

Miss Phebe Watson, with whom Miss Miethke has been closely associated for many years, has been made secretary of the N.C.W.

Bundaberg's Promising Woman Aviator

MISS DAPHNE PAGE has the honor of being the first Bundaberg girl to "go up" solo. She is the only feminine flier of the Bundaberg (Queensland) Aero Club, and has made wonderful progress since she joined the club.

She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Page, of West Bundaberg.

Musical Embarking On New Career

MISS NATHALIE ROSENWAX, well-known in Australia as a teacher of singing and diction, is embarking on a new career, that of travel consultant, with headquarters in London. She leaves Sydney this month.



Miss Rosenwax.

Miss Rosenwax hopes to plan tours to all parts of the world, and has many minor activities in view. Visitors to England will be met on arrival and shopping and other local tours will be arranged. One of her big schemes is to bring a party of American and English tourists to Sydney for the 150th anniversary celebrations in 1987.

Another ambition is to reorganise the Dominion Artists' Club, which she founded in 1923 for the purpose of assisting artists and musicians from overseas to get their work known in England.

North Coast Women at Annual Conference

THE North Coast group of the N.S.W. Country Women's Association is sitting in conference at Coffs Harbor this week, and the resolutions on the agenda prove how diverse and far-reaching are the interests of this organisation.

For instance, there is a resolution recommending that the C.W.A. badge, worn by many thousands of women in Australia, should be made with a shielded pin similar to a safety-pin so that mothers can wear them without fear of hurting their babies.

It is a far cry from safety-pins to the manufacture of munitions, but the latter subject will also be discussed, along the lines that vested interests are the cause of war.

These are but two of the resolutions; there are many more. Hospitals, transport, pensions, education and many such important matters are included.

The group president, Mrs. R. S. Perdriau, is presiding at the conference.

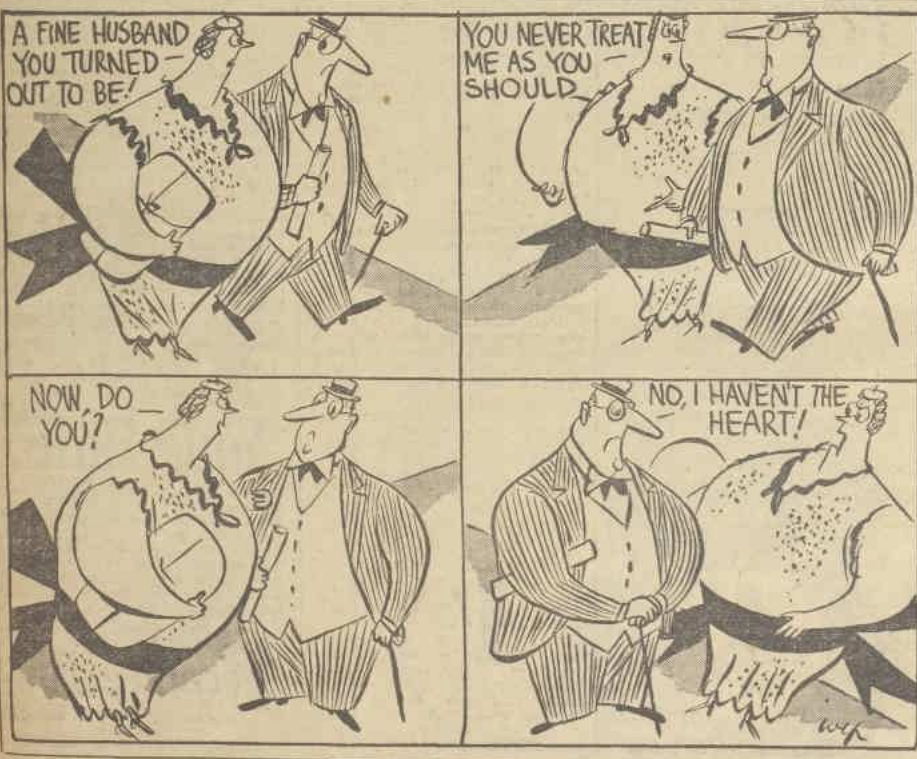
World Traveller For Y.W.C.A.

ALTHOUGH Miss A. E. Maud is on a health trip after her strenuous work in connection with the British Y.W.C.A., she is enthusiastically viewing the work of the association in Australia.

After passing through Perth and Adelaide she is now in Melbourne, and is the guest of Mrs. E. T. Clucas, at the Royal Mint. Miss Maud started as a voluntary worker, then became a student at Sally Oak, Birmingham, which is the chief training college of the Y.W.C.A., students attending from all parts of the world. She stressed that the international aspect of the college is a broad education in itself, and hoped that more Australians would find their way there. Miss Maud became general secretary of the Bradford association in 1919, then held the same position at Nottingham and at Glasgow.

Two years ago, as a delegate of the British association, she attended the Y.W.C.A. World Conference at Geneva. She is very much impressed with the work being done here, and although she has made no immediate plans for the future she feels drawn very strongly towards Australia.

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AND all the while, inwardly, Silva was counting the remaining days — nine, six, four, and then it would be the fourteenth of September, and David would go to Devonshire, to stay with his cousins, and there she would write to him and end it all forever.

Then one evening Thurston, walking away from the little stucco house, came upon them suddenly in the blue softness of a London summer night. They did not see him. They were walking very slowly, hand in hand. Silva wore an ethereal grey evening dress. Her yellow hair, with its deep, shining waves, was blowing a little in the faint summer wind, while beside her the sharp-cut black and white of David's evening clothes emphasised his broad shoulders, his deeply brown face. The two seemed to Roger as he looked at them to epitomise all romance and passion and youth, and in that instant he realised that at all costs he must do something for them, and then, in a flash, what that something must be.

It was four days later. Had he but known it, just two days before Silva's world was to come to an end, that he went to her on the little balcony behind the white stucco house, and told her his news. "Silva, I want you to congratulate me. Margaret has promised to marry me."

It was then for the first time that he held Silva in his arms, close against his heart, sobbing and laughing and kissing him, while an extraordinary happiness he could not analyse flooded through him like a great current of intoxication.

GOLDEN Silva

Continued from Page 26

"Do you really imagine, Roger dear, that I don't realise why you are marrying me?"

He looked up swiftly, the alarm in his eyes fading before the look in hers. "It was so that Silva could marry David, wasn't it?"

He did not answer. What was the use? She would not have believed him if he had attempted to lie; but for the first time he realised, with a little spurt of excitement, that he had been blind; that under the veneer of sweet stupidity, of helplessness, there was something bigger, a sympathetic understanding that had been in danger of being submerged in the first bewilderment of finding herself without a man to lean on. He knew now what had held Silva.

She went on speaking, her voice very low and unflinching: "You see, I knew, Roger darling, that you were in love with Silva, although you thought you were hiding the fact so well; but I knew you could never have her, and then I believed you had got over it. And so, you see, at first when you asked me to marry you I was terribly happy. Here was someone who cared for me, and didn't think of me as too old to be attractive, and then—perhaps because I was so happy—it opened my eyes, and I realised how selfish I had been with Silva, while all the time I had been pretending to myself I was doing everything for her; and then quite suddenly it dawned on me just why you had asked me to marry you. No, don't speak; let me go on. At first I was dreadfully upset, and I decided I would not marry you after all.

"I THOUGHT I would go away alone, to pretend to Silva I liked living in hotels, that I had more fun without her, and so leave her free in that way to marry David. You see, my pride was horribly dashed. And then, the very night I meant to tell you, you called for me and said we must go out to dinner and a show, and you were so sweet, and after a little while we found ourselves laughing quite a lot, and saying, 'Do you remember?' You, too, forgot you were only doing this for Silva; you were happy. We were contemporaries. There was something I could give you that Silva couldn't; we had all our memories in common, and I decided then I was going through with it after all. Because, although I have been a dreadfully silly woman in a lot of ways, Roger—selfish and blind, I can be—I know I can be a good wife—"

Her voice shook a little, although she smiled. "I was a good wife to Oscar, really I was— It's only—only that I need a man in the house, somehow, to make me pull myself together—to draw strength from. Oh! my dear—I can't explain." She broke off and fumbled in that blind, essentially feminine way for her minute lace handkerchief.

"Here, Margaret, take mine, darling," he said gently, and suddenly he found that he had miraculously become the strong, dominant male that he had always secretly longed to be. His heart thudded invigoratingly against his ribs. "There will always be strength for you to draw from now, my sweet," he said softly, and drew Margaret into his arms and kissed her.

It was amazing, he thought incoherently, to have this miracle happen again, after all these years; to know he wasn't middle-aged at all to Margaret, or she to him, and that they were to share this supreme adventure all over again, together.

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The latest reduction in price is due to public demand—because the public demand has been so great for Palmolive that the Company found it necessary to double the size and output of its huge factory. And we repeat once again that the savings so made have been passed back to you—the general public—as the users of the largest-selling toilet soap in the world... Palmolive!

12/448.

THE MOVIE WORLD

October 3, 1936

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page 29

CALLING Australia!

Moviedom News As It Happens

By JOHN B. DAVIES and
JUDY BAILEY

from Hollywood and London

Elephants Stampede

FOUR elephants stampeded through the "Tarzan Escapes" location, nearly killing Maureen O'Sullivan, and leaving a village and jungle in ruins. Cameras and microphones were broken, and the company of 150 were left pop-eyed and palpitating.

Maureen dropped from a twelve-foot height, hitting the ground with a thump, and fled before the excited pachyderms.

The cause of all the rumpus was one Skippy, a chimpanzee that had escaped

What's in a Name?

JOAN BENNETT had her day in court. After she and her author-husband, Gene Markey, took the witness stand, the Judge granted her a petition to change the name of her eight-year-old daughter, Diana Bennett Fox, to Diana Bennett Markey. The objections of Joan's first husband, Mr. Fox, were dismissed.

Joan explained that Diana has never known any father except Mr. Markey. "Mr. Fox abandoned me," she said, "when she was two months old, and he has never seen her except once in 1935."

from his cage and gone wandering through the artificial jungle. The elephants were waiting to make an entrance in a scene when they saw the chimp coming towards them.

They bolted. They upset a high camera parallel and down came Maureen, the cameraman, and director Art Smith. The entire company was in an uproar. They screamed, climbed trees, and ran in every direction seeking shelter. Then the trainers got the elephants under control and put the offending chimp under cover.

Elaborate repairs were necessary before the filming could go on.

As if this were not enough, Skippy took an unfair advantage of Benita Hume and bit her while her back was turned!

Lawrence for Screen

PRODUCTION starts next week on "Revolt in the Desert," the Lawrence of Arabia film which is expected to be such a sensation. British stage actor Walter Hudd will play Lawrence, and great things are expected of him.

Lawrence himself noticed his astonishing likeness to this talented young actor when he saw him in one of Bernard Shaw's plays. He mentioned it to Shaw. That was over two years ago. Since then Walter has been earmarked for this role.



A Striking Study of ANN SOTHERN

Garbo Gets Younger

A SOURCE of amazement and delight is the new Garbo in "Camille." She plays the part at nineteen as a gamine in the streets of Paris with such youthful gaiety and exuberance that she appears years younger than Robert Taylor, her Armand. All this, of course, before she grows up into the demi-mondaine.

M-G-M. spare no effort for authentic detail. They even have scouts out looking for a Paris newspaper of 1847. One of the gowns that Garbo will wear in "Camille" is almost too beautiful for anything but a museum piece. It is designed by Adrian, who imported 12 Mexican women to do the embroidery work.

New Films

MARY ASTOR'S recent fling on the front page causes an earlier release of "Dodsworth." In view of the great interest shown in Mary's private life, the picture should really be billed as MARY ASTOR in "Dodsworth" with Walter Huston and Ruth Chatterton.

The Dionne quintuplets are back again. Filming of their second picture, "Reunion," has started at 20th Century-Fox at Callander, Ontario.

For Eleanor Powell's "Born to Dance" there has been built a full-size battleship done in glass and chromium—which is really something to see . . . something new in tap dancing.

Naval Epic

PRODUCER Herbert Wilcox hopes to make British screen history with an epic about the navy. Special permission has been given by the Admiralty, and a complete production unit will sail with the Atlantic Fleet for the autumn manoeuvres.

The Admiralty—spurred on, no doubt, by the fact that in these films the Americans have been beating the world for years—has at last agreed to allow the big ships to be used as backgrounds for drama. Special liaison officers are being appointed to help the unit.

The film will not be merely a series of shots of the ships in action—there is a moving, dramatic story.

HOLLYWOOD'S HALF-WITS

Stars Who Make Gagging Their Pastime

By JEANNETTE MacMAHON

CAN you play the new game? No, I don't mean "Handies," that singularly absurd pastime whereby somebody does something with her hands and says it represents the quintuplets under the shower. Our latest is even more ridiculous, and it's been cleverly styled "Who Is It?" meaning "who is it?" by its masterful creators!!

The latest addition to favorite indoor sports is played something like this...! You knock on a chair! I say, coyly, "Who is it?" You say, "Sarah!" I then say, "Sarah who?" Then you say, all smart n' everything, "Sarah doctor in the house?" Simple, eh!!

BUT for another illustration, just so's you'll know what it's all about when some scatter-brain tries another "joke"! I knock! You say, "Who is it?" I say, "Anita!" You say, "Anita who?" Then I retort cutely, "Anita cigarette, gimme one, quick!"

Now, what do you think of that? You now are fully conversant with the new game of "Who Is It?", which, you may have already guessed, emanated from good ol' Hollywood.

Brainy Ideas

WHICH brings me to this week's talk to my very lucky (who threw that!) readers! What I propose to tell you is about the Nit-Wits of Hollywood... those fortunate screen players who are ever-ready with a cute gag or snappy come-back, and for whom Life itself is just one big joke, simply because they perpetually make it so. The game of "Who Is It?" is simply one of the many "brainy" ideas which continually germinate in the alert minds of such people as Carole Lombard, Bill Powell, Charlie Butterworth, Madge Evans, and Irvin Cobb. Life in the studio with these people is even more than it's wise-cracked up to be. You have my word for it!

Witty Powell

OF course, everyone in Hollywood who "is anybody" goes in for laughs, and so, after the day's work, there's nothing like a convivial gathering at a pal's house to disturb the neighbors by a little chinning and gagging. Bill Powell's house is one of the favorite meeting places of film-dom's wits and half-wits because Bill is an excellent host, and always in gay spirits and never without a snappy come-back!

I remember one occasion, when Bill and Carole Lombard were man and wife, that the two of them were motoring to Los Angeles for a preview. Suddenly, the radio in their car blazed out with "The Blue Danube." As quick as a flash Bill applied the brakes, and he and Carole were on the footpath, waiting to the strains of this immortal melody, whilst the traffic whirled about them, and passers-by stared incredulously. "You dance divinely," quoth Bill. "Do you think talking pictures are here to stay?" "No," said Carole. "I think they're only a fad." And the pair continued this nonsensical conversation until the wait finished and they were interrupted by the announcer talking about Goldstein's minks, with an extra pair of pants free!

Carole's stories are famous, so famous, in fact, that it's almost an impossibility to get near her dressing-room on the set between scenes. She regales all and

sundry with a running fire of sparkling wit, and Heaven help those who aren't mentally quick enough to cope with her repartee! But one of the biggest laughs I have ever had from the blonde charmer was the occasion when, after reading a newspaper, she stood up dramatically and announced, "Oh, at last I have found the way I want to die." We all bustled over, quite anxious and curious to learn what manner of extinction appealed to La Lombard, and following her fingertip read, "INDIAN WOMAN DIES AT 106!"

Which recalls to my mind the snappy come-back that Nancy Carroll gave me



A WRITER OF witty epitaphs—Irvin S. Cobb. Epitaph writing, by the way, is a favorite pastime with the more hard-boiled of the stars.

years ago when I was gathering material to write her life story. "And how do you want to die, Miss Carroll?" I inquired, all ready to jot down "at the very peak of my career." But Nancy shot back: "I want to die at 94..."

hit on the head by a jealous husband." One of the few occasions I have been under the same roof with Charlie Butterworth, who, off the screen, is just like Charlie Butterworth, was responsible for one of the



CLAIRE DODD looks a very serious-minded young lady, and yet she is known as one of Hollywood's most irrepressible joke addicts. But, while other stars don't mind the limelight, Claire prefers to wreak her practical jokes without anybody being able to trace the perpetrator—at least until a long time later.

longest laughs I've ever produced. It was at a party, where the hostess was one of those gushing, insistent women on the lookout for "something for nothing." She gurgled to Charlie: "Of course, I didn't invite you here as an entertainer, Mr. Butterworth, but couldn't you just do one of your sketches for us?" "Do you care what sketch I do?" asked Chas., solicitously. Then he proceeded to take off his pants, put them across his arm, and walk out of the room and out of the party. Nice work, Charlie!

And from this typical droll we come to more virile stuff! Much to my surprise, one of the funniest luncheons I have ever had in Hollywood was the day Max Baer and Killer Grey (who is George Raft's trainer and "body-guard") sat down at my table at the Paramount eating room. "That little runt," said Maxie with a contemptuous smile, "thinks he can fight." "Yeah," snapped back the Killer. "I could beat Carnera. I could even lick you." "You can't even lick your lips," shot back the Baer. "And besides, you got those cauliflower ears from calling up your girl on the phone."

And it went on like that for the best part of an hour.

But the man who takes the palm as the craziest wit in Hollywood is little Vince Barnett who, by reason of his screen parts, gives the appearance that butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. Yet when he's in one of those devastating moods of his, be careful.

That Tore It

VINCE used to have the unenviable job before he broke into movies of "a professional ribber." These particularly obnoxious people are unknown to any other place but Hollywood, but they were devised there by people who thought it would be a swell way to keep a party going. Well, to cut a long story short (thanks, says you), Vince was one of these. It was his job to stick around and annoy anybody and everybody. I recall one evening when he

saw a glamorous star with just the slightest rip in the hem of her evening dress. Quick as a flash, he'd bent down, seized the tear, and before anybody knew what had happened, there was a terrific rent right up as far as the waist. Can you imagine!

One of the best parties ever given in Hollywood was an epitaph party. Each guest had to write his or her epitaph on a slip of paper. Then the papers were collected, one person read them, and everybody had to guess who wrote which.

Irvin Cobb wrote for his own epitaph, "Here lies Irvin S. Cobb; not that it makes any difference."

More Epitaphs

LIONEL BARRYMORE wrote, "I've played everything but a burp." And Richard Arlen came through with, "Out of one depression into another." Madge Evans put, "At last, a perfect take." Incidentally, there's a girl who's like wild-fire when it comes to a snappy come-back. If you can stop Madge, you've done something to be proud of. A gossip column of one of the newspapers recently said: "It wouldn't surprise this correspondent one bit if Madge Evans and Tom Gallery were married." Whereupon Madge despatched a telegram which read, "Maybe it wouldn't surprise you, but it would me."

Before I end this ditty (yes, you get a lucky break sometimes), I must tell you about the most outstanding Hollywood insult to which I've ever been subjected. It came from no less a person than Charles Laughton. I had been assigned to interview him, and started off by telling him that he was one of my favorite actors... yes, I tell that to all the boys! He suddenly asked, "And what do you do?"

"I'm a fan-writer," I said. "Too bad," rejoined Mr. Laughton regretfully. "You seemed so nice, too."

So perhaps from the foregoing you'll realize that not only Eddie Cantor or the Marx Brothers have it all their own way... not by a long chalk!

MOVIE STARS Are Greatest Film FANS

Reasons Why Screen Favorites See So Many Pictures

By MARY OLIVIER

ARE the stars movie fans? Do they go to the pictures themselves? Or are they content just to make films and call it a day? If they do go to the pictures, how, where, why and when? No doubt you have often asked yourself these questions.

With well over 300 Hollywood films screening in Australia every year, of which the average person sees from 50 to 100, and the died-in-the-wool movie fan twice or three times that number, it is quite natural that you would wonder whether the stars, too, appreciate screen entertainment.

THE answer to the first and second questions is yes, yes, a thousand times yes. The third is solved in the following story.

Motion-picture stars are probably the world's greatest film fans. Despite the fact that they devote their days and many of their nights to working in the studios, most of their spare time is spent on a busman's holiday—seeing pictures.

Of course, every star, featured player, and actor, right down to the lowliest extra, sees every picture in which he or she appears. Here is one place in the world where you can see yourself as others see you.

Anyone who has ever had the experience of seeing themselves on the screen, even if only in a crowd scene, will know the uncanny feeling which comes when you hear yourself speak in a voice which doesn't sound a scrap like your own, and see yourself walk and gesticulate in a manner which you're quite sure even your own mother wouldn't recognise.

I was with Jean Arthur when she saw her first picture. We waited patiently until the end of the first reel, which was the point at which Jean made her entrance. Then, as her face flashed on the screen (it was a silent film) I heard a very audible gasp from my side, and everyone in the theatre must have caught her "What in Pete's Name! That's not me!" Yet it really was Jean,

as she always is, natural, composed, very true to life in appearance, deportment, mannerisms, but quite unlike the person she fondly imagined herself to be.

Kay Francis came to Hollywood direct from the New York stage. Taller in appearance than the average actress, Kay nearly died from shock when she saw herself

stretched out on the screen the first time. At her in-

stance, quite a number of scenes were cut from her first picture because she towered above her leading man. Now all is changed. By careful dressing, photography, and selection of men, Kay looks little taller on the screen than the average actress.

Apart from their entertainment, seeing pictures is instructive and helpful to actors and actresses. It is by viewing their own and other people's performances that they learn their deficiencies and can profit by mis-

take made by fellow players. When a new actor or actress comes to Hollywood, and before he or she is given a part in a film, no less than three weeks is spent, day and night, viewing pictures, studying the technique, watching camera angles.

Imitation is not encouraged; in fact it is frowned upon, but deportment, movement, composure, inflections of voice and correct timing can be studied to the newcomer's advantage.

Another very good reason for stars wanting to see other stars and players on the screen is to make comparisons. Every actor and actress in Hollywood fondly believes that he and she could have done a part so much better than the other fellow. Many a star has been tested for a certain role, only to lose it in favor of another whom the director considered more capable or suitable. You can imagine with what interest the disappointed and rejected one goes along

ELIZABETH ALLAN, who runs screenings in her own home.

★



to view and find fault with the work of the successful rival.

In the early days of talking pictures, when Hollywood's famous bitterly resented the invasion of the New York stage players, a well-known female star was cast in a very important and much-sought-after role. Everything was in readiness for shooting when the producer was given the option of using a brilliant New York actress, one with a wide reputation, who had appeared in the role on the stage many times. So negotiations were called off with the Hollywood lady, and her New York sister got the part.

All the film colony talked of for weeks was the last-minute change over. On the night of the premiere the Hollywood lady, much to the embarrassment of the New York actress, laughed loudly and heartily through several of the most serious sequences and criticised in a very audible voice, finally being requested by the management to leave the theatre.

The day of the big Hollywood premiere has passed, but those were the occasions one saw the stars who are real fans. A premiere now is a rarity and only accorded films of outstanding merit. Nevertheless they are opportunities for Hollywood to turn out en masse with diamonds and pearls, costly evening gowns, and chinchilla wraps.

Premieres are patronised mostly by screen folk, although a certain number of stars are available to the public. A premiere is always accompanied by a fanfare of publicity, with red carpets, spotlights, an M.C. who introduces the stars over the air as they arrive and asks them to sip a few words into the "mike." In the intermission they get together in the lounge, airing and exchanging opinions, and arguing. There Mrs. Hollywood can get a good look at her neighbor's new diamond tiara, or her rival's ermine cape, brought back from Paris, don't you know.

No Swagger

SERIOUSLY, though, Hollywood takes its premieres very earnestly. Even Garbo attends at times. She does not step out of a gorgeous limousine and swagger through the roped-off crowds of fans and sightseers but arrives, heavily disguised, to make her entrance through the back door, and invariably makes her exit the same way.

As a direct contrast to the ostentatious Hollywood premiere is the sneak preview, usually held at some unimportant, out-of-town theatre. When a picture is completed, its producers like to try it

out on an audience before sending it into the world to fight its own battles.

So, quite unheralded and unsung, it is exhibited for a single night only at one of these out-of-town houses. An audience goes into these theatres quite unaware of what they will see. Maybe one of the films is advertised, but the picture which is to be previewed is not announced. Coming unexpected, as it does, the producer and director, who of course are present, can get the reaction of the audience to the entire film, and especially any passages about which they have had their doubts.

Myrna's Hobby

ACCORDINGLY, they are able to gauge what should be left in and what should be taken out; if love scenes are impressive enough; thrill scenes sufficiently tense, and comedy getting the laughs.

Myrna Loy is probably Hollywood's greatest sneak preview fan. Through some unknown source she seems to get wind of almost every preview, and rarely, if ever, misses the first showing of a big picture. Myrna's method with her own films is to take about a dozen of her friends to a sneak preview, pair them off, and make them sit in various parts of the house. At the end of the show they report any opinions they may have heard expressed, and Myrna is thus pretty well able to determine her popularity with the public.

Nearly every star in Hollywood who has his or her own home owns a private theatre. These miniature picture-shows seat from thirty to a hundred guests, and are furnished with comfortable armchairs with footrests, electric fans, ash-trays, and every modern convenience.

Some of the better-known Hollywoodites who have their own shows are Norma Shearer, Marion Davies, Merle Oberon, Joan Crawford, Fredric March, Wallace Beery, Warner Baxter, Elizabeth Allan, and Bing Crosby.

In a place where people eat, sleep, and drink in an atmosphere of motion pictures, where the topic of conversation during twenty-four hours of every day is of practically nothing else but films, one would expect to find Hollywood folk only too glad to do something else in their spare time. Yet it is a well-known fact that when a star goes on vacation, has a day off or a night to spare, it is for the nearest picture-house that he heads.



ABOVE: Paul Cavanagh, who allows no serious picture to pass him by. The reason is that he likes to study the work done by other actors.

LEFT: Julie Haydon—sneak preview expert. Myrna Loy is the only one who can rival her in snelling these out.

★



JESSIE MATTHEWS

Collapses ON SET

Tragic Reason For Star's Serious Breakdown

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, our Special Correspondent in London, by Air Mail

Pretty little Jessie Matthews, pert-eyed idol of a million film fans, Britain's "dancing divinity," lies gravely ill in a London nursing home. She collapsed "in harness" and an £80,000 production has been shelved.

Only one thing had kept her going during the last eighteen months, her indomitable fighting spirit. That spirit is unquenchable. But a nerve-racked, emotion-torn body proved unequal to the terrific strain.

There is a tragic reason for the illness of little Jessie Matthews. Few know it, but her collapse is directly traceable to a shattering, irreparable loss. Though rich in the world's goods, she is poverty-stricken in the most precious thing of all . . . the heartbroken victim of frustrated mother love.



THE LION'S ROAR

(A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures.)

This week Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Annual Convention celebrates the Company's 12th Birthday.

It is fitting that the occasion be marked by the presentation of M.G.M.'s supreme achievement . . . "The Great Ziegfeld."

"The Great Ziegfeld," starring William Powell, as Ziegfeld, Myrna Loy as Billie Burke, Lise Rainer as Anna Held, Frank Morgan, and Virginia Bruce, commences at the St. James, Sydney, this Wednesday (Sept. 30th).

Here are a few of the unforgettable scenes in this great picture which will remain indelibly in your memory . . .

1. Ziegfeld's glamorous sidshow at the Chicago World's Fair.
2. Ziegfeld meets Anna Held as she sings "I wish you'd come and play with me."
3. The famous "Milk Bath" episode which introduced Anna Held to Broadway.
4. Romantic marriage of Ziegfeld and Anna Held.
5. Ziegfeld plans his first Follies.
6. He starts Eddie Cantor and Will Rogers on the road to fame.
7. The breath-taking staircase spectacle scene for "A Pretty Girl is like a Melody."
8. Entire show world attends premiere of Ziegfeld's Follies.
9. Largest and most beautiful boulevard in the world.
10. The Ziegfeld Fashion Parade.
11. Anna Held leaves Ziegfeld.
12. Spectacular Gaiety Club Ball at the Astor and Ziegfeld meets Billie Burke.
13. Anna Held hears of Billie Burke's marriage to Ziegfeld and with breaking heart telephones her congratulations.
14. Lions, tigers, panthers, dogs, in spectacular Animal Ballet starring Harriet Hoctor.
15. Ziegfeld Bankrupt.
16. Spectacular comeback as Ziegfeld starts Broadway with four shows at one time. "Rio Rita," "Whoopie," "Three Musketeers," and "Show Boat."

SPECIAL SOUVENIR BROCHURE. A 20-page Souvenir (with 4 pages in four colors) of "The Great Ziegfeld" will be posted to any address in Australia. Send 7d. in stamps to The Editor, Lion's Roar, M.G.M., 20 Chalmers Street, Sydney.

Yours for entertainment,
LEO, of M.G.M.

IN the West End of London, in the traffic-thundering Strand, ten-feet-high neon lights blaze the name of Jessie Matthews right across the facade of a super cinema.

Inside, on the screen, Jessie is laughing and dancing her way to new triumphs. She stars in a £80,000 Gaumont-British production, completed a few months ago. The film, "It's Love Again," had its premiere on a Saturday night. Sunday newspaper critics hailed it as her greatest triumph. They predicted that it would bring her legions of new admirers in this country; they agreed that it would enhance her already tremendous popularity in America.

In Hospital

LATER editions of the same Sunday papers carried on their front pages news that Jessie had collapsed on the set during the making of "Head Over Heels," the £80,000 production which is being directed by her husband, comedian Sonnie Hale.

And while the West End audience applauded, while the critics were uniting to sing her praises, Jessie lay practically unconscious in a dim, flower-scented room in one of London's most expensive and exclusive nursing homes.

And Sonnie, himself on the verge of collapse, paced the carpeted corridors outside the room—wondering, hoping, praying. Hour after hour he paced up and down. Finally doctors came with word that Jessie was out of danger. Then, and only then, did Sonnie relax. But the reaction was terrible. He was all in. The doctors had to switch their attention to him.

Sonnie is now resting, and Jessie grows a little stronger, a little more calm, every day. She will be in the nursing home at least a month. After that, a long convalescence and absolute quiet. A trip to New York on the Queen Mary has been cancelled. Broadcasts in America have been postponed indefinitely.

Her Career

JESSIE's own career has in it all the elements of a movie. Not the happy, sparkling kind of movie in which she herself always appears. Her own story is one of suffering, hard work, and sorrowing.

Jessie climbed from obscurity to the front rank, after a long and hard battle. As a little girl, she danced her way blithely through the by-ways of Soho. She danced because dancing was in her blood. The urge to dance was an unquenchable fire. And as she began to grow up that urge became more and more irresistible. Her parents managed to send her to a dancing school. They stunted themselves to do it. They wanted their little girl to have a chance—a real chance.

Good training did wonders; outstanding ability soon marked Jessie Matthews for a stage career.

But London is full of promising young dancers. Somehow the breaks just did not come.

Jessie worked harder than ever. She had made up her mind, and nothing would stop her. At last she managed to get an obscure part in an obscure show. Then she got another. And so it went on for weary, spirit-dendening months.

Marriage came. A romantic dream—then disappointment. Jessie plunged into the work with redoubled vigor. But still the big breaks did not come her way.

English Favorite Succumbs To Strain

Jessie Matthews, charming Gaumont-British song and dance star, who lies ill in a London hospital. The most tragic of all reasons caused her sudden collapse.



£25 CASH MUST BE WON £25

"SEARCH FOR FILM STARS" No. 6

Twenty-five Pounds cash will be awarded to the competitor with the greatest score obtained from the names below. In the event of ties, prize money will be divided equally.

Here is a splendid new competition consisting of ten surnames of film players, each name being jumbled, with the addition of one unnecessary letter. A code is set out below, in which the alphabet is numbered 26 to 1. All you have to do is to find the hidden names and substitute the letters for their corresponding values. For example, No. 1, with the letter "C" omitted, could be arranged to form the name "HOWARD," the letter values of which are 19, 12, 4, 26, 9, and 23—a total of 93.

When you have completed the ten film-players' names work out the total score obtainable from each as in the example. Write your list of names on a sheet of paper, place opposite each name its total score, add up the ten totals, and this will give you the final total score of your solution. Enclose a postal note for 1/- with each entry, and mail your solution, together with your name and residential address, not later than FRIDAY, 9th OCTOBER, 1936, to "FILM-STAR" COMPETITION, G.P.O. BOX 3831, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Prize money is deposited with Australian Women's Weekly. Results will be published in issue dated 24th October, 1936. Every name submitted is checked for verification individually. When no information whatever can be obtained about any name submitted, this name is not accepted as correct. In this respect the adjudicator's decision must be accepted as final and binding. This competition is sponsored by J. Montgomery & Co., G.P.O. Box 3831, Sydney.

All communication concerning this competition must be made to J. Montgomery, 1 Yorkville House, Spring Street, Sydney.

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

26 25 24 23 22 21 20 19 18 17 16 15 14 13 12 11 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

RESULTS FILM STAR COMPETITION No. 3

Twenty competitors submitted correct names, totalling 700 points, and they share the prize-money, each receiving £1 5/-: H. G. Topham, Killara; Mrs. L. Peacock, Nowra; D. C. Malone, Vaucluse; H. Connelly, Annandale; Emily Schwesche, Burwood; Richard Poynter, Burwood; Geoff. Todd, Burwood; C. O. P. Todd, Burwood; Miss E. Walker, Cremorne; Mrs. E. Meres, Tempe; Miss D. White, Mullumbimby; Mrs. E. Connelly, King's Cross; Mrs. A. Paton, Windsor; D. Cook, Haberfield; A. Sherwood, Melbourne; T. O. Storey, Elwood; Miss P. Harrison, Melbourne; E. S. Jelsman, Clare; Mrs. L. Foster, Loxton; Miss G. Bakon, Inverell.

WINNING NAMES

1. (Al) JOLSON
2. (Una) MERKEL
3. (Myrna) LOY
4. (Greta) MEYER
5. (Lew) AYRES
6. (Mona) MARIIS
7. (Jonathan) HOLE
8. (Jessie) MATTHEWS
9. (Carol) TEVIS
10. (Renate) MULLER

Continued on Page 34

"ZEE G'S" PICTURE



ZANE GREY ("Zee G." to his friends) came to Australia to fish and remained to make a picture—"White Death." The setting of the film is the Great Barrier Reef, and here are shots taken on location. Above left are John Weston and Nola Warren, the two juvenile stars. Next to them, Alfred Frith, the comedian, wags a serious finger. Grey himself (bottom left) does a bit of whittling and gives Nola Warren good advice. The abos form part of the background.



**Bewitching
undies
for a
shoe string
income**

In ciel,
had pink,
beach and sky

Maybe the whole thing is mental—but if these sophisticated young janas don't stir up your vanity and send you to bunkydoo dreaming of romance . . . !

They have the cheekiest little Shirtmaker front that's deliciously silly and ever so whimsical because it is made of lace—and lace is always rapturously lovely on Duladene. Recklessly expensive? . . . Oh no, they are not. You could hug the salesgirl when she tells you "Only 19/11."

Insist on seeing Bond's label attached to the garment every time you ask for Duladene. For Duladene is knitted from the very highest quality British rayon—and that is your certain guarantee of months and months of extra wear.

P.S. If you're an X.O.S. or X.X.O.S., and you've looked and looked in vain for bloomers with extra fullness, ask the salesgirl to show you Bond's Duladene. They're specially cut with ample roominess for all larger sizes. S.W., W., O.S., 2/11. X.O.S., 3/11. X.X.O.S., 4/11.

Bond's
DULADENE
Pronounced DULL-A-DEAN



Look for the Bond's label—it guarantees you more for your money.

HOLLYWOOD'S Only Blue Blonde

Miss Carroll's Hair

(By BARBARA BOURCHIER, Our
Special Hollywood Representative.)

James Montgomery Flagg, one of America's most noted illustrators, has just named Madeleine Carroll as one of the six most beautiful women in pictures.

So it was no wonder that I looked forward to the first glimpse of this famous visiting English star, who is just in the last few days of work on "The General Died at Dawn," the Walter Wanger production, in which she will star with Gary Cooper.

WHEN I saw her in her dressing-room between scenes she corrected me on the "English star" business. Madeleine, although she was born in Birmingham, England, has an Irish father and a French mother. Perhaps that combination of races explains her very blue eyes—Irish eyes—and that fascination of manner that so many French women possess. She was beautiful, even when I saw her, slightly dishevelled after working in a fog set on an extremely warm day. And her hair is blue-blond. She explained that instead of the platinum rinse so popular with Hollywood blondes, she has a blue rinse put on her hair which gives it a silvery look.

Her Disappointment

MADELEINE confessed that her first visit to Hollywood in 1934 was a great disappointment.

"I came in with a great fanfare of trumpets and Press adulation, and then faded out with a bad picture. They tried to make a second 'Cavalcade' with 'The World Moves On,' and it was a case of no story.

"This time," she smiled, "I hope to do better. The critics have received 'The Case Against Mrs. Ames' favorably, and I'm hoping that 'The General Died at Dawn' will be even a greater success."

Madeleine is looking forward to a vacation in England and Spain, and as soon as the picture is finished she will leave to join her husband, Captain Philip Astley. She plans to spend some time in Paris where she will buy her autumn wardrobe.

"I adore clothes," she said, her eyes lighting up, "but now that I know I'm coming back to Hollywood (she signed up for several pictures) I shall buy a different kind of wardrobe than I have heretofore. One doesn't wear the same type of clothes here as one does in London or Paris. The life here is so informal, you need more sports clothes and dinner suits than anything else."

"And too," she paused to laugh, "no one seems to know me when I get dressed up."

Favorite Color

RECENTLY, it seems, she was invited to a cocktail party by Adolph Zukor, one of the bosses of the Paramount Studios. She had seen him around the lot, but always in her working clothes for the picture. Came the day of the party. Madeleine dressed up in her Vionnet gown and her Suzanne Talbot hat, and sallied forth. She entered the room at the Zukor home where Mr. Zukor was receiving his guests. Everyone turned around to look at her and waited to be introduced. Mr. Zukor stood frozen in his tracks. Madeleine realised that he didn't know who she was in her Paris finery, so she walked up to greet him and murmured under her breath, "The name is Madeleine Carroll." And was Mr. Zukor's face red?

She wears a great deal of black and white, and royal-blue is her favorite color. With those blue eyes, why not? For years she has been a customer of Madame Vionnet, but had never met her. Madame Vionnet last year, however, discovered that Madeleine had consistently bought Vionnet's favorite models. She came in one day when Madeleine was being fitted. She didn't know or care that Madeleine was a well-known actress. Vionnet simply saw the superb Carroll figure as an ideal one on which to put Vionnet clothes. And since that day she has personally supervised Madeleine's wardrobe.

At last my interview was interrupted by a call to go back on the set, and I left her combing her blue-blond curls in preparation for facing the cameras.



MADELEINE CARROLL, with Scottie Beckett, the youngster who appears with her in "The Case Against Mrs. Ames."

Jessie Matthews Collapses On Set

Continued from Page 32

SHE met Sonnie Hale, Marriage again—but this time on a solid foundation for the dream: the rock-solid foundation of true companionship. And the breaks were coming at last. Slowly. A little bit in a film, a part in a better-class show. Then suddenly, in a spectacular blaze, Jessie Matthews floated into a world-wide prominence with a leading part in "Evergreen."

She sky-rocketed to international success overnight. And apparently she had everything a woman could desire—a happy marriage, wealth, social eminence.

But one thing was lacking: Friends knew that both she and Sonnie passionately desired children. Above all things, Jessie wanted a baby—a baby of her own. Both she and Sonnie realised only too well that the public is fickle, that it is the hardest taskmaster of all. They knew of too many promising young stars forgotten because they happened to drop out of the limelight for even a few short months.

But Jessie wanted a baby above all things. She decided that her career could wait.

So she and Sonnie built a new wing to their beautiful home at Hampton, Middlesex—a nursery wing. They put into it the most exquisite nursery furniture and fittings money could buy. They had a team of experts working on it. They had a special bathroom installed and a marvellous sun-room.

That was in 1934. In December, when snowflakes were whirling down on the sanded lawns and the trees were gaunt, spectral things, Jessie's baby was born—a boy. It died within a few hours.

That was the blow from which Jessie Matthews has never recovered.

Months afterwards, when the shy blossoms were bursting from the winter-

numbed limbs of the almond trees, Jessie came back to the world of the living. She was able to smile again. But nothing could banish the shadows of suffering from her dark eyes.

Tender green leaves thrust the blossoms from the almond trees. A tiny, gurgling mite lay in the silk-lined cradle in the nursery Jessie and Sonnie had built for the baby that lived only three hours.

This little mite, kicking away and smiling up at them, knew nothing of the tragedy that shadowed that lovely room; knew nothing, either, of the tragedy behind her own brief existence.

Jessie and Sonnie called her Catherine. They got her from the National Adoption Society.

THEATRE ROYAL

London's Gayest Musical Comedy.

"YES, MADAM?"

CHARLES HERSLOW, Nellie Barnes, Leo Franklyn, Marie La Varré, Ethel Morrison, Robert Choate, Tom and Laurie Devine (English Dancers, etc., etc.)

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JOYCE LODGE — RECITAL OF MODERN DANCE

AT THE SAVOY THEATRE, Tuesday, 6th October, '36, at 8.15 p.m.

ASSISTING ARTIST: ERIK THOMAS, Bartlett.

Musie by MARGARET CHALMERS, RONALD WILKINSON, ANTONIO SORGATO.

Place at Palace.

PRICES: 4/-, 3/-, 2/-.

(Plus Tax) — Group Concessions.

HERE'S Hot News FROM All the STUDIOS!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, BARBARA BOURCHIER, and JUDY BAILEY, Our New York, Hollywood, and London Representatives.

Maureen O'Sullivan happily announces her engagement to the Australian scenario writer, John Farrow. Maureen said that the Vatican had granted a special dispensation for the marriage. Farrow having been divorced some months ago. They will be married any day now, and will take a honeymoon trip to Maureen's home in Dublin.

The announcement of the engagement was celebrated by the "Tarzan Escapes" troupe with a dinner served in a jungle house on top of a 50-foot oak tree. Lucky the elephants didn't decide to cut capers during the festivities.

ANN HARDING is at last to make a film in which she is allowed to smile—and even laugh. In "Love From a Stranger" she is a typist who, through listening to the wooing of a tempestuous stranger is led into a series of romantic and mysterious happenings. It will be quite a relief not to see her in a "weepy" part—a relief, I hear, that she shares.

MARLENE DIETRICH, back from her Austrian holiday, is hard at work at Denham undergoing intensive camera tests, costume fittings and make-up rehearsals in preparation for her first British film "Knight Without Armor."

Robert Donat, who is co-starring, takes the part of a British secret service agent in Russia. It will be his first appearance in the studios since the illness which forced him to leave the cast of "Saboteur," surrendering his part to John Loder.

Jacques Feyder will produce the picture. He was host the other night at a dinner party at Claridges to welcome Miss Dietrich to England.

DOTS and DASHES

GARY COOPER all excited because his pet Sealyham won first prize at a dog show. ● New romantic combination—June Travis and Cesar Romero. ● Roger Pryor showing new watch-chain with pencil and locket on it as his birthday gift from Ann Sothorn. ● Frank McHugh complaining because the long underwear he had to wear in "Three Men on a Horse" itched him. ● Errol Flynn trying to make friends with a red setter. ● Irene Dunne drinking gallons of coffee while making a scene for "Theodora Runs Wild," at Columbia.

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW shows a lot of foresight for a youngster. He is planning for the day when he will outgrow his little-boy roles, and is taking lessons in tap-dancing and singing. In "The Devil is a Sissy" he will lift his clear voice to the strains of "God Save the King." He shows decided musical talent.

One way of gauging Freddie's importance at M-G-M. is that only he and Garbo are permitted to drive on to the studio grounds in their own vehicles—Freddie on his bicycle and Garbo in her limousine. No one else is permitted that privilege. Black slides have been built into the rear windows of Garbo's car to protect her from curious stares. Freddie comes right out in the open.

Sunday afternoon luncheon parties at the Fred Astaire are famous. They are rather intimate affairs, and all guests are close friends and fond of each other.

Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone were invited last Sunday. Fred, the proud father, had Junior brought in by the nurse. Joan, who adores little babies, insisted on holding him in her arms. The results were disastrous. Young Fred has no respect for great names or glamorous personalities.

ONE girl who is grateful to Hollywood is Martha Raye. The day before "Rhythm of the Range" was released, Martha's talents as an eccentric comedienne were entirely unknown. She walked into the Westwood Village theatre to see the preview unrecognised. As soon as she appeared on the screen the audience began to laugh, and it wasn't long before they were shrieking, stamping their feet, and applauding for Martha.

Martha sat there quietly and wept. She was mobbed when she left the theatre. She went home and cried some more. In the morning she got up and bought herself an ermine coat.

"They can say what they like about Hollywood," said the girl with the biggest grin in filmdom. "I think it's swell. It has given me a house for a home instead of a suitcase."

Martha wants nothing better than an audience that laughs at her. She hopes they always will.

ALL the gossip hounds can sit back and relax now as far as the Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond romance is concerned. For Jeanette is wearing a sapphire ring on her fourth finger.

Romance Okay

and the news of their approaching wedding was told at a tea given by Mrs. Anna MacDonald, mother of the M-G-M. singing star. Toher day it will be the first marriage for both of them. They are making plans for building a new ranch home, and both Jeanette and Gene are very radiant these days. Quite a coincidence that Gene's new picture for R.K.O. which starts this week is titled "Breakfast for Two."

When the "Libelled Lady" company left for location, Jean Harlow sent a 15-piece brass band to the railway station to bid William Powell good-bye. For Myrna Loy there was a huge bouquet of red roses. A close friendship has developed between the two girls.

Just to show you how kind-hearted is Jean. Her stand-in decided to give up her job and take up stenography, so at every available moment Jean dictates letters to her for speed practice.

THERE is so much mud slung at motion picture people that when one does hear a story of something fine one of them has done, it is a pleasure to repeat it. It so happens that Richard Dix's attorney is an old friend of mine, and he is the source of the story. It seems that during Dix's service in France in the World War he formed a deep bond of friendship with Anthony Galento, from Brooklyn, New York. Some years ago Galento and his cousin came out here and went into business handling imported Italian foodstuffs. Then, about a month ago, Galento's cousin disappeared. Galento didn't tell his old pal Dix about his troubles, but Dix found it out, and when Galento's business was auctioned off by the sheriff's office, Dix, through his attorney, bought the business and gave it back to Galento with a loan of 10,000 dollars to tide him over until he can get started again.

SCREEN ODDITIES

By Captain Fawcett



BING CROSBY

WEARS AN ODD EMBLEM. WHEN ASKED WHAT IT MEANS, HE ANSWERS, "THE MUSIC GOES 'ROUND AND 'ROUND' AND ALWAYS GETS A LAUGH. BING, BY THE WAY, OWNS A PART OF THAT VERY POPULAR SONG."

HENRY FONDA WATCHED LILY PONS FROM THE GALLERY OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE. FOUR YEARS LATER HE WAS HER LEADING MAN IN "I DREAM TOO MUCH."



BETTY FURNESS

RECEIVED A BIRTHDAY GREETING BY CARRIER PIGEON. IT CAME FROM A FAN IN KANSAS CITY, KANSAS.

JIMMY STEWART is having quite a time these days. Being one of the most eligible bachelors in Hollywood, the eyes of the Press are always upon him. He has been reported madly in love with Ginger Rogers, Eleanor Powell and Virginia Bruce, all in the past few weeks. He was a little annoyed about it all, but the final straw that broke the camel's back was the report that he had taken Eleanor Powell to a picnic. "I hate picnics," said Jimmy. "You get sand in your ears and ants in your sandwiches, and I'll bet Eleanor doesn't like them, either. Think I'll go and ask her." And with that away he went before I had a chance to ask him about the solitary that Virginia Bruce is wearing of late.

Rose, "Broken Blossoms," "Limelight," "Ourself Alone," "The Man Who Could Work Miracles," "The Gay Adventure," and "The Robber Symphony."

THE Maharajah of Mysore visited Denham the other day to see "rushes" of the film "Elephant Boy," which was made in the State of Mysore. His Highness lent his own men to assist in the greatest elephant drive ever seen on the screen—a high spot in the film. "Elephant Boy" is based on Kipling's "Tomal of the Elephants."

Edward Everett Horton, reputed to be the richest bachelor in Hollywood, is likely to lose his freedom. Rumor has it that an English miss whom he met on one of his previous visits here, and who is in no way connected with pictures, has turned his thoughts to the bonds of matrimony.



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You can do it by using Imedia. It restores the natural tint of your hair, no matter what the shade. It does it harmlessly, in a way that cannot be detected. Hair treated with Imedia can be permanently waved. Its suppleness, sheen, and fineness are not impaired.

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Stop that pill box habit! Makes constipation worse!

Regular habits come naturally with simple, healthful food.

Are you injuring your health with harsh purgatives? The more you take the more you need. Laxatives give only temporary relief—and weaken your system so that you can't function normally. Tired intestinal muscles fail under constant stimulation, often causing serious illness in later life!

Modern diet causes constipation. Laxatives make it worse. The real cure is to remove the cause—to provide the "bulk" lacking in modern foods. "Bulk" forms a soft, moist mass in the intestines. Its presence acts as a gentle stimulant, exercises and strengthens weakened, overstrained intestinal muscles and bowels, restores natural, healthful action.

Kellogg's All-Bran is rich in "bulk." It starts your system functioning normally right away. No pills, no laxatives are needed. Soon, you can forget they ever existed—because All-Bran supplies the one vital element your system must have—"bulk."



Kellogg's All-Bran is not a medicine. "Two twice the energy now I've got it is a food—and stopped using myself." It is a food—and therefore you eat it regularly, at meal-time. Two tablespoonsful of All-Bran covered with milk or cream, served daily for one week, will relieve constipation. After that, 3 servings a week will ensure regular, normal elimination, restore health and strength. All-Bran is delicious with fruit, or mixed with other cereals. It is the best way, doctors say, to relieve or prevent constipation. And, it's rich in Vitamin B and iron! Order a packet of Kellogg's All-Bran from your grocer to-day!



Woman tells of her amazing recovery from RHEUMATISM



Read her own story:

"I am delighted to be able to tell you that after about four years' terrible suffering from Rheumatism and Neuritis I am better than I have been for ages after only a short treatment with Schumann's Salts. I was unable to walk, much less do my work. Now all my swellings have gone and I am able to go about my duties."

(Sgd.) Mrs. J. O'Halloran,
Darlinghurst Sydney.

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Uric Acid can only accumulate in the blood when the internal organs are allowed to become sluggish—when the liver, kidneys and bowels fail to eliminate the poisonous waste from the system. This condition is invariably brought about by partial constipation of which the unfortunate victim is not aware. The surest way to prevent and cure such internal disorders is to take a small regular dose of the pure, natural aperient, Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts.

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Drugs cannot do more than temporarily stimulate an already over-casid system. In fact, their use definitely aggravates your trouble. To get ease and lasting relief you must first of all thoroughly cleanse the internal system and, for this purpose, there is no better natural system than the pure, natural ingredients of the world famous remedy—SCHUMANN'S MINERAL SPRING SALTS.

Follow the example of thousands of vigorous men and women—take SCHUMANN'S

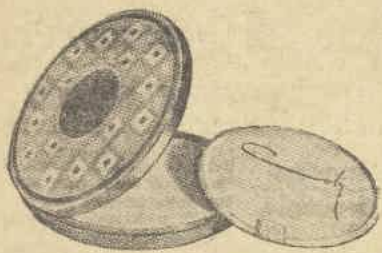
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PRIVATE VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

★★ UNCELVILISED

Dennis Hoey, Margot Rhys. (Expeditionary Films.)

DESPITE the weaknesses of this film—weaknesses apparent when it is compared with overseas productions—it still remains a picture which reflects credit on Mr. Charles Chauvel, the man who must accept responsibility for it.

"Uncivilised" is definitely one of the two best Australian pictures I have seen. In addition to coming as a welcome surprise to Australian audiences, it should make money overseas. The photography and background should make this certain. The film has something new to present to picture fans in England and America; and, after all, our abos are picturesque.

As for the story—and here lies the weakness. To say that it is weak is being charitable. It is wide open for all sorts of criticism, but I'll content myself with only two questions: Why does Mara, the white chief of a savage abo tribe, wear a clipped beard shaved in designs that would take him half his time to preserve? And, why, oh why, has Mr. Chauvel made him sing? The voice is O.K., but the idea is poor.

The acting generally is competent, the direction good, although the continuity is weak in spots.—Embassy; showing.

★ TO MARY, WITH LOVE

Warner Baxter, Myrna Loy. (Fox.)

THE one star on this picture represents a purely personal reaction; it will not, I think, be the verdict of a great number of picture-goers. Individuals may react violently and unfavorably—as I did—but battalions will simply revel in the emotional outpourings of Miss Loy and Mr. Baxter.

We have presented to us one married couple (Warner and Myrna), one silent but ever-faithful lover (Ian Hunter), and one determined blonde (Claire Trevor) whose sole aim and object is to capture the fascinating Baxter. These four play out a strong and tearful "drammer," the theme of which is the love of a beautiful, devoted wife for an attractive, weak husband (and vice versa), with Marriage, as an institution, emerging triumphant from the crucible of sorrow, financial ruin, and the demon grog.

Both Baxter and Miss Loy are unconvincing in the big heartache scenes (of which there are plenty). The former sheds a lot of tears; Myrna doesn't do much at all except ejaculate "Darling!" in tones of deepest anguish at frequent intervals. Acting honors, in fact, go to Ian Hunter and Claire Trevor, both of whom do capable work.

All of which means, of course, that the picture will make money; which, in turn, will mean that it will be a good picture; which will demonstrate, once more, that the critics are always wrong—except when they praise a good picture which fails at the box-office. In this case the public is wrong, and there's no justice in the world: ask any publicity man.—State; showing.

★ BIG BROWN EYES

Cary Grant, Joan Bennett. (Paramount.)

THIS is a swift-moving, slick production of the type Hollywood is so competent at. The story concerns the efforts of Danny Barr, detective sergeant (played by Cary Grant), to bring to justice a gang of jewel-thieves and murderers. Romance, not to mention wise-cracks, is injected in the person of Joan Bennett, the manicurist cum newspaper reporter, who does so much to help Dan demonstrate that crime doesn't pay.

As a one-star picture, this one ranks high. Not quite good enough to be called good, it yet provides an hour and a bit of entertainment that hasn't a yawn in it. Grant is his usual self—he still looks as if he wants a shave; Joan is as attractive as ever; Walter Pidgeon is a delightfully cultivated crook; and Lloyd Nolan and Alan Baxter are convincing members of the underworld.

To sum up: Not a picture to leave a sick bed to see, but one that won't disappoint you.—Prince Edward; showing.

★ PUBLIC ENEMY'S WIFE

Pat O'Brien, Margaret Lindsay. (Warners.)

THIS picture will provide f.a.g. entertainment for those who have not had a surfeit of gangsters and G-men. The story, while far-fetched in spots, has an unusual twist, and while the acting is not likely to get any of the cast an Academy award, it is, on the whole, adequate.

Margaret Lindsay plays Judith, a girl released from goal after serving a sentence for complicity in a crime committed by her husband, Gene Maroon,

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three Stars—excellent.

★★ Two stars—good films.

★ One star—average films.

No stars no good.

gentleman gangster. The latter is in for life, but threatens her that, although she may divorce him, he will kill any man that steps between them. Having been the innocent victim of one man, Judith determines to be sure before tying herself to another; but fate steps in, and she falls in love with a wealthy playboy, Thomas McKay.

The action now speeds up. Maroon, convincingly played by Cesar Romero, stages an escape. Pat O'Brien, as a G-man, becomes busy. There follow in quick succession a wedding, a mock honeymoon, an abduction, and some assorted shooting and water-wrestling. Needless to say, all ends happily.

There have been much better gangster pictures than this, and lots worse. If it won't move anyone to enthusiasm, it, at least, will not bore audiences to tears.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

★ RHYTHM ON THE RANGE

Bing Crosby, Frances Farmer. (Paramount.)

HERE is a picture that contains a lot more laughs than were intended by those who made it. Try, if you can, to imagine Mr. Crosby as a warbling cowboy. The thought is enough to conjure up a smile; actually seeing it is twice as good. But when he puts all his heart into lullabying a bull, when, after two verses and three choruses of plaintive chest notes, the massive prize-winner sinks down to rest like a little child, you'll shriek. This is rich.

There are all sorts of things in this film which, although they may be taken seriously by American audiences, will send local fans into hysterics. These things, intentional or not, however, make it worth the money. Who cares whether laughs are meant or not, so long as they're there?

Three hoboes, providing rough-and-ready comedy, queer-chested Martha Raye, as Emma, and Bob Burns, as Buck, are the main supports to Bing and Frances Farmer. They're all just fair.—Prince Edward; showing.

★ THE BORDER PATROLMAN

George O'Brien, Polly Ann Young. (Fox.)

ALL of us have our illusions. One of mine was that I had, at one time or another, seen the worst ham actors that Hollywood could present. This was my mistake. Drifting along to see this film, and confidently expecting to be called upon to view nothing more harmful to the nerves than two-fisted George O'Brien, I found, very soon, that Fox had slipped a swift one over me (and other sufferers) by including in the cast one William P. Carleton. You may not know him, but, believe me, once you see him, you'll never forget him. He's just too bad.

As for the rest of the picture, well, it's just an average adventure-romance in which the vicar George, as a patrolman on the U.S.A.-Mexican border, foils a gang of dastardly jewel robbers and smugglers, busts up a marriage between the head of the smuggling gang and an impossibly cantankerous and self-willed heiress, and pulls off the usual slashing hand-to-hand conflict with the villainous elements. He fades out clasping a willing and repentant heroine to his bosom, no doubt brooding ecstatically the while over the handsome reward he will get for restoring a stolen necklace and capturing a much-wanted gang of crooks.

There's no more to be said.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

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To make a delicious, crispy-brown covering for fish, meats, pies, etc., get a packet of Sniets Kuvva-Krisp from your grocer and use it as directed. It is economical and has far more flavour than breadcrumbs.

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"In penning up these few lines I am actuated solely by the desire to be of service to fellow sufferers. For quite a number of years I was in a most distressing state of health and seldom free from severe indigestion, biliousness or splitting headaches. I was beginning to lose hope of getting rid of the indigestion and its evil consequences when I was induced to try a bottle of Mother Seigel's Syrup. There was a decided improvement in appetite, digestion and general health before the first bottle was empty, and I was soon restored to full vigor and strength."

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Intimate Jottings



Have You Seen—

The emerald scaled crocodile brought from Honolulu by Mrs. Bouverie Anderson Stuart, with which Lady McKelvey adorns her hats?

The luxurious mink fur coat which is the crowning glory of the wardrobe Mrs. Gordon Robertson brought back with her from London last week?

Matrimony Versus a Career

SHIRLEY, pretty and clever daughter of the Leslie Scandretts, of Elizabeth Bay, signalled her coming-of-age this week with two momentous decisions. She decided to give up her career at the University (where she had already reached her fourth year in medicine) and also to marry Ken Grant of Strathfield in the near future.

As their future home will be "on the land," Shirley's medical knowledge may help her to do a bit of "vetting" in an emergency!

After a thoroughly enjoyable visit to England, Captain and Mrs. Ian McIntyre are returning home by the Orana, leaving London next month.

Merrymaking

LAST week the Kennie Kerrs gave a cocktail party at Sutton Farm—the cheeriest "do" imaginable.

The Henshawes were both there, and the Venour Nathans (Mrs. Venour "obliged" with an excellent cabaret turn), Captain Gerald Lassen and scores of other guests. Later, they all went on to a screening of "San Francisco" at the local cinema.

Mrs. Kerr's smartly cut apple-green costume was worn with matching shoes, no stockings, but the dinkiest little pair of rolled down socks.

The Hills have left their flat at Silchester, Bellevue Hill, and, while her parents are visiting her youngest sister, Mrs. Bob Milner Stephen, in Brisbane, Dorise Hill has decided to stay at Usher's Hotel—so handy to the Pickwick Club.

Endearing Gesture

THE staff of the big guest house which has been Richard Crooks' domicile while in Sydney has always credited him with possessing kindheartedness and consideration.

They received further proof of his thoughtfulness last week, when he presented tickets for his matinee to all of them who could wangle a few hours off duty, and rewarded him with the most enthusiastic applause.

While her husband and daughter are in Brisbane (they went on by the ship which brought them all from Europe), Mrs. de Dardel is staying at "52" and keeping her eyes open for a suitable house.

By Land and Sea

ONE of the Dangar clan who won't be in Sydney for the Dangar-Giblin wedding is Mrs. Henshawe. She is leaving here on October 17 by the Mooltan. While she is doing the trip by sea round the outer edges of the Continent, "himself" will be getting in touch with the great open spaces by trekking right across Australia per motor car.

Music Hath Charm

MR. and Mrs. Merewether and their young sons, John and Richard, have been staying with the Roger Fitzhardings at Annerly, Bowral. They've spent their days on horseback—all riding astride—and their evenings listening to Mrs. Merewether, who is a perfect wizard at the piano and can also sing anything from Schubert to the latest "song hit."

Bridal Array

WHEN Ruth Allen leaves by the Oran say on October 24, she will have her great friend, Nancy McNaught, as travelling companion to Colombo and as her only bridesmaid three days after she gets there.

Nancy was thrilled to bits when she at last wangled the parental consent to this arrangement. Ruth has decided to wear the conventional white satin bridal array for her marriage with T. G. Wilson and Nance has chosen a bouffant frock of dusty-pink georgette and a large pink crinoline hat.

After the wedding Mrs. Allen and Nancy will spend a week at the Galle Face and then trek a hundred miles up country to stay with the newly-weds.

Spring Matrimonial Stakes

SO Bill Hardy has got ahead of brother Dick whose wedding with Mrs. Braham doesn't take place till next month. Bill was married very quietly to Mrs. Remington a week or so ago.

They constituted a very happy looking foursome dining together at the Australia.

Rhona O'Gorman Hughes, who has been staying at Moss Vale as a guest of the Irving Tookeys, returned to town last week.

Happy Landings

THOSE two charming Americans, Honor Higgins and her sister, had Commander Charles Gifford as escort for their trip at the week-end and were met at the railway station by their host, George Falkner, complete with plane, to take them the rest of the journey to Haddon Rig by air.

Incidentally, they express themselves as "just in love with Australia."

many social gatherings.

The Queen Victoria Club, which has always shown a special interest, featured an "At Home" for music lovers in the big ballroom of the Australia Hotel. The Australian Broadcasting Commission, the Conservatorium and many suburban musical circles all take an active part. The climax is the big Music Week Ball at Farmer's.

Change of Domicile

THE Bob Baldocks, who for years past have spent much of their time in India, have decided to make their home permanently in Bombay.

They have sold Ellangowan and expect to be settled in India in December in time for their daughter Valerie's twenty-first birthday celebrations.

Everybody's Doing It

THE John Bruntons have no love for an English winter, so are arranging to just elude it when they go to join the Coronation crowds next year—by leaving Sydney in February and only staying away ten months.



A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH of Delphine West Scorer, whose wedding with W. Blackmore Wragge on November 18 is of interstate interest. The West Scorers now live at Moynan, but their home was formerly in Maryborough, Queensland.

Quiet Morning Wedding

AL and Betty Gordon are somewhat disappointed that their new home in Elizabeth Bay won't be ready for them for another three weeks, as they were keen to get in as soon as possible. Their wedding on Saturday morning was followed by a family gathering at Elizabeth Bay House.

Just ten of them all told—bride and bridegroom, bridesmaid and best man, Sir Alexander and Lady Gordon, Anne, Miss Shannon and the Holmes—grouped round the lunch table which was adorned with two large and lovely baskets of spring blossoms.

One of Betty's wedding presents was a fur coat, very acceptable with these chilly breezes a'blowing.

In America now, hostesses are not bothered with the thought of washing up. When they entertain they have plates, cups and saucers made of clear sugar toffee, so when guests have partaken of what they fancy they can then complete the meal by consuming the crockery.

Racing and Furnishing

THEIR new home at Newstead is nearly finished, even to the planting of the long avenue of trees, so the Geoffrey Bucknells are coming to town to choose furniture and view the Spring races before moving in at the end of October. Mrs. Bucknell was Bunty Black before her marriage earlier this year.

Mrs. Bob Godsall has left Tusculum and is convalescing at her Bellevue Hill home. Steamship sailings and travel leaflets are the subject of profound study at the moment, as the family have keen hopes of getting to England in the near future.

Late Afternoon Party

THE gaily colored invitations issued by the Fred Marks' for a party at their home, Keith House, Mosman, on October 9, are very novel. Adorned with a picture of two friends, glasses in hand, they carry the caption, "Come and have one with us," and tucked down in the corner is the time limit—5.30 to 7 p.m.

Mrs. Strath Playfair is to be matron-of-honor at the Braham-Hardy wedding.

Fishes Swimming Around

WHEN Dumtroom, in the Federal Capital, once more becomes a military college, the Federal Treasurer and Mrs. Casey will have to seek a new home.

They live in one of the homes planned originally for A.I.F. officers at Dumtroom, and Mrs. Casey, who has a passion for interior decoration, has put a lot of hard work into modernising it.

It is to be hoped its future tenants will appreciate the swimming pool which Mr. Casey built and his clever wife decorated with paintings of fish swimming around and around.

Have You Noticed—

Betty Balfe's new Soutyham (donated by Wang Osborne, and dubbed Tiger) and the outsize in oval sapphires surrounded by diamonds on her finger (same donor)? Betty not only looks blooming since her visit to her fiancé's country home, but has developed a no-hat complex, which gives the sun a chance to set her golden locks a'gliming.

Peggy Geill

POSTAL BARGAIN CORNER

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The last word in really scientific earphones, which can be easily inserted into the ears without fear of pain or injury.

CHICO INVISIBLE EARPHONES are NOT made of perishable rubber, but are so perfectly and scientifically constructed that they are guaranteed for your lifetime.

21/6 PER PAIR.

NO FURTHER COST OF REPLACEMENTS.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET.

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If you have had luck in the Lottery, Casino, Gaming, etc., then you should carry a pair of Lucky Charms. These charms are carried by such Oriental people as a powerful charm—one to prevent bad luck, evil, and misfortune, and the other, to attract much good luck, love, happiness, and prosperity. Packed by secure mail, price 4/6 the pair. Packed 2d. extra. Money refunded to 1 day if not satisfied.

Royalty Traders, Room 40 VB,

8 Castlereagh St., Sydney.

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MENT has an Australian record of over 30 YEARS' successful treatment of THOUSANDS of the severest cases of Epileptic Fits that have permanently recovered. Booklet from THE UNION MFG. CO., 299 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne, C.I.

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And join a Jolly Xmas Morning Party for a 4-day tour to Melbourne, then 3 days and 4 nights in Melbourne with full accommodation and sightseeing and 3-day trip for return via Canberra, arriving Sydney January 3, about 6 p.m.

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IT HAPPENED IN AUSTRALIA

Stories of little-known events that shape the destiny of a great nation.

Each Monday, Wednesday and Saturday at 7.50 p.m.

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WORLD BROADCASTING

WIDE RANGE MUSIC

The utmost realism in musical reproduction.

Hear it every night from 2GB

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A tale of pirate treasure in the South Seas, and of a youthful of boys who went in search of it. Every child will love this thrilling tale.

TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY AT 3.45 P.M.

GLOOM CHASERS

Little bits of philosophy, inspiring verses and happy music.

PRESENTED BY UNCLE FRANK.

Sunday Next at 2.00

2GB

"I've been sorry I did it," she said. "I was angry, and you know you gave me cause. But a woman alone, Charlie— the world's hard. I've been teaching in a school in London ever since, and when I saw in a Sydney paper that you were managing a plantation in these islands, I couldn't help longing for the loveliness and the peace of them. London! The school! You don't know what it's been."

"Oh, yes, I do," thought Seago, suddenly seeing a vision of the Gents' Hats. "I know, much better than you think."

They went down the coast together in the little schooner. Stormy weather met them half-way, and to Seago's great relief there was no chance of talking things out, as Cooke's wife evidently intended. He could see by now that she was puzzled; that she thought him considerably changed. But his ready acceptance of the situation, in words if no more, had kept her from suspecting the actual amazing truth.

As for himself, he was so busy running the ship and avoiding the numberless uncharted reefs of the Shebas that he had little chance of picking up any further information about her. One thing he did learn—her name. She was called Beth—probably Elizabeth.

There was time for thinking, if little chance of talk, during those long trips at the wheel, and Seago found himself fighting bitterly against what he could not but call the mean close-fistedness of Fate.

His classical education had been cut short, but he did remember that there was a Fate, or Fata, and that they were a pack of nasty, spiteful old women. Also that there was a Latin tag about "amari aliquid"—something those same cursed fates dropped into your drink, he thought, to make it bitter, when there was any danger of your liking it too well.

"The old chaps who wrote the Greek and Latin books knew a thing or two," he told himself. "Here, you beggars, ready about!"

In this manner they made their way to the port. Came to the little, hot house, and as a matter of course, were assigned by the half-drunken host to one room. Seago had meant to talk things over with "Beth," tell her the truth, or not tell it, as seemed best, anyhow pack her away again on the calling steamer. What else could you do, if you didn't mean to be a thorough cad?

But the steamer, like all island steamers, was running late. Would not come back for a day or two. Seago swore when he saw how he had been caught. He did not know what was going to happen next. He would get his letters from the mail—not that he expected any—go for a long walk, and turn up at the hotel in the evening so late that he'd have to camp on the verandah. And to-morrow—well, sufficient unto the day was the worry thereof.

THERE were letters after all. One, anyhow, addressed to Charles Cooke, and carrying the private mark that he and Cooke had agreed upon. Seago opened it.

It spoke, cautiously enough, of the Castle Emporium and the Gents' Hats. It intimated that Cooke was doing far better than ever Seago had done; that he was up for promotion and making his mark in the Hats. ("He would say that," commented Seago.) It chattered a bit about Sydney, about the "fun of the fair," the fine food, the good drinks, the picture shows, the theatres, the Stadium, the beaches. It came by degrees to something that made Seago spring from the seat he had taken on a fallen palm, wave the letter above his head and shout.

You may recall Irene who with her friend Viola ice-creamed herself out of the story at an early date. Well, Irene was not the sort of girl you could keep down, or out of anything, and she didn't know she had walked out of a story, so she simply walked back into it.

Cooke had "picked up with" Irene, whom he had admired exceedingly when he saw her on Bondi Beach. He was engaged to her, and would be married before the letter reached Seago.

"I was married before," he wrote, "and my first wife chucked me, divorced me by English law for all the usual causes. I suppose she was too good for me. Irene isn't, I reckon, and I will hit it off all right, better than I and Elizabeth did. "You'd better not tell anybody anything. Let things stop as they are. If you're content, I am."

"Am I content?" thought Seago.

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

AWAY from it ALL

Continued from Page 18

He laughed, thinking of that dusky shingled hair, those pansy eyes, in the hotel. "Am I? Have I got the better of the vile old Fates at last?"

He knew that he had not; that no man can in the end. But when you are still in the blessed twenties, who thinks of ends?

"I wonder," he mused, "how long it takes you to get married in this place? For back to the plantation I'm not going alone."

Two days later Elizabeth was married in her maiden name to the man commonly known in the Shebas as Charles Cooke, but entered privately on the register as Richard Seago. It was supposed by the officials that the bridegroom, like a good many island settlers, had reasons for changing his name; reasons not good, but doubtless sufficient. They asked no questions. They had known him for years, and he seemed to be a good deal improved of late.

To Beth, on the eve of their wedding day, Seago told the whole truth. "Do you think you can forgive me?" he shyly asked. "I wanted to make sure of you. And you did say that you were ready to remarry me—him—whatever you like to call it. And I was afraid to say anything, because I thought it would seem like nonsense to you—not knowing this queer place."

"It does," said Beth briskly. "It's

the most absurd nonsense that ever was dreamed of, and I don't believe anything of it from beginning to end, and no woman would. My dear—do you think I didn't know?"

"Know? When?"

"I don't know when, any more than I know how. But I was sure, almost from the first. And I was afraid—"

"What?"

"That I might miss you," she said, with her arms about his neck.

"RICHARD SEAGO"

of the Castle Emporium is very happy in the Hats. He is going to be moved to the Coats soon. "Irene" is his master, but that is good. "Richard," who is getting on well, but not so much liked in the Emporium as he used to be years ago.

"Charles Cooke," of Naruna Island, on the contrary, is better liked by everybody every year.

Both men have done what maybe you and I would like to do, but never, never shall. And because no one almost believes in these queer tricks of the Shebas, nobody is likely to do it again.

(Copyright.)

Amazing Success of New Treatment for SKIN DISEASES

Praised everywhere over the Radio and in the Press, the marvellous new treatment for

skin diseases discovered by Mr. R. Richard

Diamond, the well-known Bondi Chemist, has, according to

the latest reports, effected

amazing recoveries

from long-standing

skin complaints.

Hundreds of letters

from patients all

over Australia praise

Mr. Diamond's skill.

Typical cases are

those of a police

detective who suffered

for years with an

apparently incurable

eczema, and a well-known

who had wasted

months unsuccessfully

treating an infected

leg, and a young nurse

whose body

was cured within a

few days after years of

other treatments.

N.S. (Mandla, N.W.) writes:—"The

treatment you sent me for eczema has been won-

derful. My complaint resisted the treat-

ment of Chemists and Doctors for several

years, but after a month of your course,

it disappeared. This was almost two years

ago, and I have had no recurrence of the

trouble."

M. McM. (Bondi) says:—"I can never thank

you enough for what you have done for me.

A fortnight ago I had a septic finger, which

caused me untold agony and many sleep-

less nights. I was recommended to

your treatment by a gentleman you had

already cured, and I am now thankful

to say that my finger has quite healed.

What makes this treatment more remark-

able is that you cured my finger without

even seeing me. You may use this testi-

monial to any way you desire."

C.L. writes:—"I am writing this to express

my sincere and grateful thanks to you for

your treatment, which completely cured my

hand. I had been suffering from Tinea

for years on the hands, and I am pleased

to say that a few applications of your

remedy completely cured me. That was

two years ago—since then it has not re-

occurred."

Skin complaints successfully treated, both

personally and by post, include eczema,

psoriasis, germ-under-nail, ulcers, ring-

worm, cancer, acne, boils, pimples, pruritis,

varicose veins, and other irritating and dis-

figuring diseases. Every treatment is per-

sonal, and readers afflicted are advised

to write for free diagnosis to Mr. R.

Richard Diamond, Qualified Chemist, 111

Wall Street, Six Ways, Bondi Beach, N.S.W.



Your Child's EYES

THERE is nothing you can do to insure the happiness of your children more than to be certain that their eyes are cared for. We have organised a Medical Eye Service, at a moderate fee, by an Oculist late of Moorfields Eye Hospital, London. This means that you do not have to wait at the overcrowded public hospitals for attention, and it saves you the alternative of having to pay the usual specialists' fees now charged.

We have spared no effort to give you, at a moderate fee, this Medical Eye Service, which is conducted at their rooms, 378 Pitt Street, right opposite Anthony Horderns.

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(5 Doors from Commonwealth Bank)

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378 PITT STREET
(Opp. Anthony Horderns)

And at NEWCASTLE

A Wave like this for 10/6

See the delightful Ringlet Ends in this photo. We will wave your hair just like this and leave it beautifully soft and lustrous. This Machineless Non-Electric Wave is carried out by our expert Senior Australian. It is only because of our wonderful organisation, combined with the most modern up-to-date equipment, that makes it possible to offer this wave at only

10/6

The Bethesda Dual Vapour is a new and charming wave—a speciality of the State Beauty Salon—enthusiastically guaranteed this wave until replaced by new hair. Only

17/6

White, tinted, bleached or otherwise difficult hair, perfectly waved by the genuine Eugene Method. Now specially reduced to only

20/6

No extras. Our prices include shampoo before and after, set and trim.

STATE Beauty Salon



See our Living Model at entrance to State Shopping Block.

Suite 19 & 20, 3rd Floor, STATE SHOPPING BLOCK, Market Street, Sydney.

Phone: N2388.

OPEN ALL DAY SATURDAY.

"CAN I Borrow Your CARPET SNAKE?"

Some Housewives Lend Carpet Sweepers, But This is Different

Nobody gets a thrill when they hear one housewife promising to lend another her carpet sweeper.

But when she promises her **CARPET SNAKE**, that is another matter.

MRS. HUBERT DAVIDSON, of Flagstaff station, Cootamundra, N.S.W., startled her friends by saying she hoped to get hold of a carpet snake soon.

Her object is to give it the freedom of the station store-room, so that it will help to exterminate the rats and mice, or at least to frighten them away.

According to Mrs. Davidson, carpet snakes are frequently used as rat-catchers in grain sheds on stations, and she has heard one woman promise to lend another her snake for a while, much as though she were offering a cat or any other domestic pet.

When a team of men who were digging out rabbit burrows on the property caught several carpet snakes, she thought that at least one would be hers. But the men prized them too highly. They took them home to their own places.

Nobody ever kills a carpet snake round Cootamundra.

One neighbor has several in his barn, and regards them as domestic pets.

Snake's Car Ride

COUNTRY people frequently go to much trouble to capture such a snake. Mr. J. J. Leslie, of Yerra Yerra Station, Young, was travelling into town by car when he saw an 8-foot carpet snake on the road and tried to catch it in a bag. The snake evaded him, crawled under the car, and twined itself round the chassis frame.

Mr. Leslie drove the car into town, and placed it on a hoist at a garage.

Australian Girls Better Built Than Germans

LIPSTICK and make-up were conspicuously absent from the bronzed faces of Olympic swimmers Pat Norton, Kitty McKay, and Evelyn de Lacy, when interviewed by The Australian Women's Weekly on their return from the Olympic Games.

They were all enthusiastically in favor of modern Germany.

Kitty McKay said style was all bunkum and did not count when swimming fundamentals were acquired. "Olympic competitors had mainly a very ugly stroke, but a marvellous kick, good pull, and wonderful glide," she said.

The Dutch representative, Will den Ouden, was the prettiest girl out of the water. She is small, fair and bronzed. The Argentinian, Jeannette Campbell, is striking, tall and fair. None thought German girls equalled Australians for attractiveness.

"They are very healthy, but unindividual," said Kitty McKay.

"Their figures are not as good as Australian, and they are not smart like the French," said Evelyn de Lacy.

With the help of another man he then dislodged the snake, which is now doing duty as a rat-catcher in his grain shed.

An authority on reptiles, however, says that for rat-catching he would prefer one good cat to half a dozen snakes, and they are much cleaner things to have about the place.

As reptiles in their natural state live mainly on birds, they would not have such a keen taste for small mammals like rats. He added that as most snakes hibernate during winter, there must be a long period when they are no use at all.



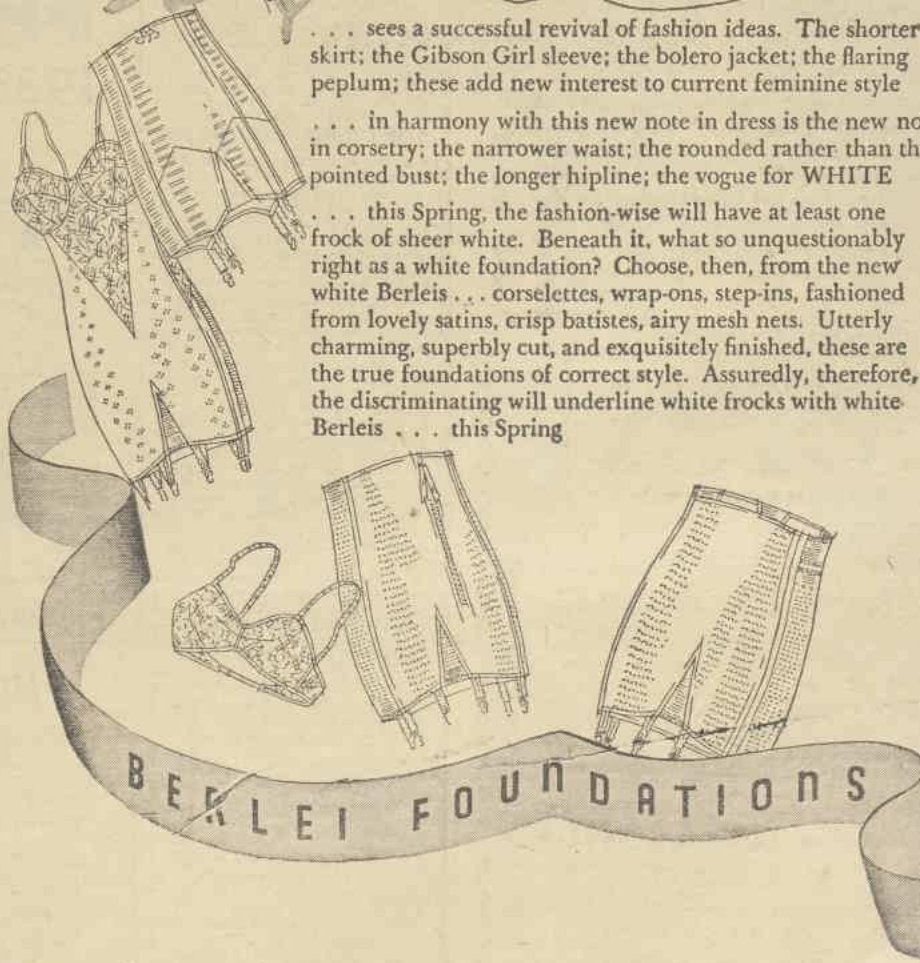
This Spring -



... sees a successful revival of fashion ideas. The shorter skirt; the Gibson Girl sleeve; the bolero jacket; the flaring peplum; these add new interest to current feminine style

... in harmony with this new note in dress is the new note in corsetry; the narrower waist; the rounded rather than the pointed bust; the longer hipline; the vogue for WHITE

... this Spring, the fashion-wise will have at least one frock of sheer white. Beneath it, what so unquestionably right as a white foundation? Choose, then, from the new white Berleis... corselettes, wrap-ons, step-ins, fashioned from lovely satins, crisp batistes, airy mesh nets. Utterly charming, superbly cut, and exquisitely finished, these are the true foundations of correct style. Assuredly, therefore, the discriminating will underline white frocks with white Berleis... this Spring





GOSSARD LINE OF BEAUTY

Perfect grooming
begins with Gossard

Time spent at the dressmaker's and in the beauty shop is lost if figure lines are anything but sleek and firm and youthful. The one-piece foundation illustrated ensures poise and grooming for the tall and heavier figure—its firm elastic moulds the hips to slimmest and the new Gossard built-up shoulders smooth the lines over shoulders and chest. Of figured brocade and elastic with net-lined lace bust section.

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Farmer & Co. Ltd. McDowell's Ltd.
Anthony Horden & Sons Ltd. Grace Bros. Ltd.
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Modess (SANITARY NAPKINS)

The finest
made... Yet
costs only

1/6
PKT. OF 12

Modess is softer, safer, inconspicuous, disposable—altogether a fine quality product. Yet with all its quality, Modess is the lowest priced sanitary napkin made. A product of Johnson & Johnson.

M2.36

Revel in the sunshine

Revel in

"OPALSHEEN"

Whether you take your summer sports as spectator or participant—or both—the cool comfort of "OPALSHEEN" Knitwear will add zest to your game and chic to your wardrobe. And—there

are wools for those who contrive a whole year's outfit at a fraction of what it would cost ready-made—"Ayrwave," "Mystic," "Seal," "Quilt," "Antler," "Envoy" etc. all in complete ranges of distinctive colours and shades.

ask at your store for

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Sole Agents: MESSRS. McROBERTS & OAKLEY,
SELBY HOUSE, 319-321 FLENDERS LANE, MELBOURNE C.I.

AUSTRALIAN Dancer was Pavlova's PUPIL Shelanoff's Radio Interview

Thousands in Sydney are looking forward to the season of the Russian ballet, but to the Australian Shelanoff it brings memories of the past when she herself danced with Pavlova.

Shelanoff (Miss Sheila Whytock), who received her stage name from the great Diaghilev, is living here in our midst at Manly, and on Monday, October 5, at 11.45 a.m., 2GB listeners will hear her in a radio interview with Dorothea Vautier.

WHEN the Russian Ballet opens its season in Sydney Shelanoff will meet former companions of her ballerina days. Her story commences, when as a very young girl she went to Ivy Lodge at Hampstead, London, as a pupil of Pavlova.

"Pavlova was a hard mistress," she says, "but she could teach us more in one day than we could learn in six months under another artist."

Miss Whytock is now busy passing on the art of Pavlova to Sydney children, and is living for the day when Australia, too, will have its school of ballet.

"It would be splendid to see Australian artists designing for the ballet as Rus-



SHEILA WHYTOCK, Australian dancer and pupil of Pavlova, who will be interviewed at the 2GB microphone by Dorothea Vautier.

sian artists do," she said. "However, let us hope it will all come some day soon."

On Monday, October 5, at 11.45 a.m., Miss Whytock will tell you about her days with Pavlova, Diaghilev and the Metropolitan Opera House Ballet.

Australian Composer

ON a recent Friday, Jack Lumsdaine presented a quarter of an hour of his own songs and compositions over the air, and received many hundreds of letters of appreciation. Now it looks as though he is to be as well known to the audiences of the B.B.C. as he is to the listeners of 2GB.

Recently he received a letter from one of the largest theatrical agencies in London asking him to send by air mail copies of his compositions, as they wished to place them with the B.B.C.

The manager of this agency, incidentally, is Harry Hilling, of the old Tivoli theatre.

Radio for the Abos.

ON a recent tour north Albert Russell and Reg Morgan, 2GB's Happiness Boys, were invited to visit the Bellbrook Aboriginal Settlement. They were greatly impressed by the intelligence of the inhabitants and by the happy, laughing children who made the most of their lives even though they did not have the advantage of the white children's toys.

Our Radio Sessions From 2GB

(Featured by Dorothea Vautier)

WEDNESDAY, September 30.—
11.45 a.m.: "London Calling."
2.30 p.m.: "The Fashion Parade."

THURSDAY, October 1.—11.45
a.m.: "People in the Limelight"
3.30 p.m.: "Selected Music."

FRIDAY, October 2.—11.45 a.m.:
"So They Say." 3.30 p.m.:
"Musical Moods."

SATURDAY, October 3.—6.15
p.m.: "The Music Box." 9.30 p.m.:
"The Works of Noel Coward."

SUNDAY, October 4.—6.10 p.m.:
Ellis Price and his players.

MONDAY, October 5.—11.45
a.m.: Interview with Miss Why-
tock, pupil of Pavlova. 3.30 p.m.:
"Highlights of the Week."

TUESDAY, October 6.—11.45
a.m.: "News and Reviews." 3.30
p.m.: "Things That Happen."

Beauty Specialist's Grey Hair Secret

Tells How to Make Simple Remedy
to Darken Grey Hair at Home

Slater Hope, the popular beauty specialist, recently offered this advice about grey hair: "Anyone can easily prepare a simple mixture at home, at very little cost, to darken grey, streaked or faded hair and make it soft, lustrous and free of dandruff. Mix the following yourself to save unnecessary expense:—To a half-pint of water, add tea of Bay Rum; a small box of Orica Compound; and 1/2 oz. of Glycerine. These can be obtained at any chemist's. Apply to the hair a couple of times a week until the desired shade results. Twenty years should fall from the appearance of any grey-haired person using this preparation, which actually penetrates the hair cells and so dries dandruff. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, does not rub off, and cannot affect waving of hair." ♦♦♦



UNLOCK the door to a thousand delights with a new Philips Radioplayer—the Key to the World. The 1936 Radioplayers are the finest range of models yet offered to the public. You'll be amazed with their performance, fidelity of reproduction and beauty of design.

PHILIPS MODELS FROM
£15-15-0
1936 radioplayers



BOTH "Regular"
... BUT BOTH
CONSTIPATED

Don't let regularity deceive you. Most headaches, most fits of depression, and loss of "pep" can be traced to constipation. If your bowels are not THOROUGH as well as "regular" you're constipated—and need Chamberlain's Tablets.

**CHAMBERLAIN'S
TABLETS**
they tone and strengthen stomach and liver.

The "Home" Train

Work over for the day, man and maid, young and old, are intent upon "getting home." All day they have been concerned with business, mostly someone else's business, for the majority of the homeward-bound travellers are salary or wage-earners.

Have they—have you—found time for personal business?

The Commonwealth Savings Bank is open all day in City, Town, Village, and Country Post Office, and its convenient services are therefore easily available to all.

Opening a Savings Bank account—and using it—costs little time and no money, and it will pay you well in the long run.

Commonwealth Savings Bank of Australia
(Guaranteed by the Commonwealth Government)

WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President of the Astrological Research Society

People who Should Cultivate and Welcome Hard Work

During the next few weeks Libra people—those whose birthdays fall between September 23 and October 24—will be rejoicing over the fact that their affairs seem to have taken a turn for the better.

For while the zodiacal sign "Libra—the Balance" governs the heavens, it is likely to bring opportunities, pleasures, changes and promotions to many of those over whom it rules.

NOW is the time for all Librans to cultivate hard work; to welcome it in either the home or the office. And many of them are sure to do so, for they intuitively understand this Science of the Stars, and are keenly alive to the advantages of astrological advice wisely used in their lives. Among them, too, are found many enthusiastic (even if amateur) astrologers.

The zodiacal sign Libra is astrologically symbolised by the figure of Justice holding a pair of scales. This represents the element of justice, balance and comparison which forms the basis of the Libran character.

In fact, it can be said that these people really "live by comparison." They judge and weigh everything. They systematically compare the merits and demerits of the people they meet; the opinions they hear; and the things—whether animate or inanimate—which they see. They even weigh their own emotions and reactions.

Unlike those of most other signs of the zodiac, they do not fall in love indiscriminately. I have a letter from a Libran lad informing me that he cannot marry the lady of his choice, because she is the daughter of a doctor, and, as he can never hope for a professional career, he knows he would disappoint her. He wanted to know the birthdate of the girl he should marry—information which I cheerfully gave.

Libra people have a strong sense of right and wrong, and usually live upright and kindly lives. Yet should their jealousy be roused, or should they suffer from unjust treatment, they can be both bitter and vindictive.

If you are in doubt about a project or worried about any matter needing wise and unprejudiced judgment go to a Libran and tell him your tale of woe. Then leave him strictly alone for an hour or a day. At the end of that time he will usually give you some excellent advice.

Valuable "Hunches"

It is essential, however, that Librans cultivate the habit of solitude when any important decision is to be made. For they are sensitive to outside influences.

If Librans want success and happiness in life, they must first realise that their own intuitive judgment is much better and wiser than that of most of their associates. They have "hunches" which they cannot explain, but which they should follow.

They must conquer their inherent lack of self-confidence and forcefulness if they wish to get on in the world. They can even become a little self-opinionated and "tough" without doing any harm, for these traits will help them to become decisive and determined, and greater success will seem to come their way from the moment they learn to assert themselves.

The Daily Diary

TRY to utilise this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES PEOPLE (Mar. 21 to April 21): Live cautiously this week. Attempt no new ventures.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Nothing spectacular. Oct. 2 (late), 3 and 4 fair.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 21): Be cheerful and optimistic. The 4th (night), 3th and 6th favor you. Consolidate your opportunities.

CANCER (June 21 to July 21): Live very quietly. Follow routine work. Try to guard against delays, annoyances, upheavals, and worry, especially on Sept. 30 (night) and Oct. 1 and 2.

LEO (July 21 to Aug. 24): Fair on Oct. 1 and to dusk on 2nd.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 to Sept. 23): Fair on Oct. 2 (night), 3rd and to dusk of 4th.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Work hard. Go after opportunities. Seek advancement, make changes, especially on the 4th (night), 8th, and 6th (to dusk). Do not be venturism on Oct. 1 and 2.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Sept. 29 and 30 fair. Oct. 3 and 4 poor.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 23): Quite fair on Oct. 1 and 2.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23 to Jan. 20): Be cautious. Attempt no new or important matters. Specially on Oct. 1 and 2.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Good news or most of you. Be confident but not rash. Avoid overwork, but keep busy, especially on Oct. 4 (after 4 p.m.), 5 and 6 (to dusk).

PISCES (Feb. 19 to Mar. 21): Routine tasks. Sept. 29 and 30 fair.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.)

SNIETS KUVVA-KRISP

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2/6

MUSICAL TREATS *Provided* By DR. SARGENT Third Concert Was Splendid Highlight of Music Week

By STEWART HOWARD

When the last resounding chords of Berlioz's "Hungarian March" died away in the Sydney Town Hall last Saturday night, Dr. Malcolm Sargent turned to acknowledge the unrestrained applause of as large an audience as has ever been crammed into the building.

That applause, that spontaneous demonstration of enthusiasm, was a magnificent tribute to the most important highlight of Music Week. While an acknowledgment of the splendid musical treat that had been given that night, it was yet more than that.

It was an appreciation of all three of the concerts Dr. Sargent has given: a trilogy of orchestral recitals that will not soon be forgotten by any of those who heard them.

The work of the orchestra has been the highest tribute Dr. Sargent could have paid to him.

Although people expected a great deal of this conductor, very few were prepared for the excellence—the delicacy and controlled enthusiasm of the playing—that was a feature of the first concert.

The playing of the "Till Eulenspiegel" and, in direct contrast, the Dellore "On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring," was a revelation.

That excellence has been maintained. The Mozart symphony, in the second programme, was beautifully done; the third concert, in which the Brahms No. 1 Symphony was the big event, was a suitable and impressive conclusion to what has been an orchestral treat.

Rose to Heights

BEFORE leaving for Saturday night's performance I listened to the Brahms as it was recorded by the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra under Leopold Stokowski. The comparison was interesting. Sargent's reading of the first movement is less spectacular, less dramatic, but much more subtle.

The second movement he took very slowly; too slowly, perhaps, for some tastes.

The third movement was satisfying, but in the last the orchestra rose to the heights. It was something to be present at and to listen to.

It will be a long time before music lovers here will be given anything to equal that performance of Brahms.

In the Chausson "Poeme" for violin and orchestra Mr. Ernest Llewellyn played in a manner which, if not inspired, was technically very praiseworthy for so young a violinist to whom opportunities for this kind of work have been few.

Commencing somewhat nervously, he rapidly gained confidence, displaying a nice mastery of his instrument and an attractive warmth of tone.

Rimsky-Korsakov's "Coq d'Or" suite, beautifully handled, and Weber's "Oberon" overture—well known, but none the less enjoyable as it was performed under Dr. Sargent—completed the programme of the third concert, which, fortunately, coincided with the celebration of Music Week.

What Now?

AND now, looking back over these three performances, we find ourselves asking, as we have asked so often: what happens next?

The Broadcasting Commission, it is generally recognised, has done a terrific lot for music in Australia by making it possible for Dr. Sargent to come out here. The continuance of this policy will be of incalculable value.

But more is needed. Given a musician of Sargent's ability, comparative youth and personality, there could be built up in Australia an orchestra that could vie with the world's best.

It is too much to expect the Director of the Conservatorium to do this job; he is an executive whose first care must be the institution he controls. The A.B.C. can hardly be expected to do it; the Commission's function is to provide general entertainment.

In America music has its patrons, members of the rich who perform a cultural service to the community by

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DR. SARGENT

ences Dr. Sargent has drawn. That the material for an orchestra of first-class world standing is here has been ably demonstrated.

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Concluding

RISEING STAR

BY ... Alice Duer MILLER

I DESERVE to be killed for saying that to Gloria," said McRea. "Telling her she was no good for the films." "You certainly do." "But I've a quick temper. I lost my head when she called me a cheat. I give you my word, Mr. Beach; it wasn't my idea that she should put money in the picture—it was hers. She was mad keen to do it, and—well, to be honest, it was a temptation, for I needed the money cruelly."

"Just what does the contract provide?" Leonard asked sternly. Felicia saw with horror that they were actually going to settle down to a business talk. She stepped through the long window.

The garden was lying all bathed in moonlight, giving off cool night odors of green things. For an instant Felicia saw no one; then she glanced down to the lower terrace. Gloria was standing at the head of the steps that led into the pool. The water was touching her slippers, but she was standing still, her head thrown back, her face turned up to the stars—a last look.

Then Gloria began to move down the steps, slowly, as she usually moved, and Felicia called to her: "Mrs. Beach!" She ran down the grass steps of the terrace and caught the older woman's arm; her own green draperies swishing into the water unheeded.

She never forgot Gloria as she stood there, the water about her knees, nor her low voice as she answered:

"You fool—you silly, interfering little fool."

For the first time, Felicia spoke without restraint. "Don't think I wanted to save you!" she panted back. "I wanted to let you drown!"

Gloria did not answer at once. She walked slowly up the steps of the pool and stood on the marble rim, wringing the water from her long draperies. Then she said, without looking up, "You should follow your first impulses."

Felicia did not make any reply, and presently Gloria moved toward the basement of the house. "There's no use in our making ourselves any more ridiculous than is necessary," she said.

The two wet, silent figures stole

said, almost angrily—almost as if it were Felicia's fault.

Felicia held the brandy to her lips. "You've had a great shock, you know," she answered in her best professional manner.

Gloria frowned. "Don't you know what's happened to me?"

Felicia shook her head. "I've been fool enough to fall in love with him."

"With Mr. McRea?"

"Yes, with Marc."

"I'm sure he must love you," said Felicia. "He was so dreadfully upset this evening."

"You don't know anything about it," answered Gloria. "He pretended to love me because he needed my money for his picture. He got me in and then threw me out. He can only love empty-headed little girls who make him feel like a god. I dazed him a few minutes, but he saw an opportunity of making a fool of me and he couldn't resist—a fool of me before the whole world. I wish I were dead. I would be if it hadn't been for you."

FELICIA, being a woman who cried easily herself, could not help admiring a nature that became so fierce and clear-sighted under suffering. One might detect Gloria, but one could not quite despise her. Felicia did not sleep at all. She made no effort to sleep. She was due at the studio at eight for some retakes of a minor scene. At six she went down to the deserted kitchen and made herself a cup of coffee. She heard a footstep on the stair, turned, prepared to apologise to the cook for this invasion of her domain, and found herself staring at Leonard.

So much had happened to her since she saw him that she could hardly believe it when he came to her and took her, coffee-pot and all, into his arms, as if nothing had occurred to part them.

"Oh, my darling," he said, "it makes me think of that disgusting glass of malted milk you made me drink." She pushed him away. "Don't," she said. "It can't be. We were crazy. You can't desert her now. She's desperate." "Let her be desperate," he answered. "She's made a flop and she's lost her money. What is that to us?"

"Just this to us—that it puts an end to everything."

She had the kitchen table between them now, and he looked at her sternly across it. "Now listen to me, Felicia," he said. "Nothing can put an end to it. It isn't only that I have fallen in love with you, but you are the only thing that has ever given me happiness. I've had a lot of money and a beautiful wife and a nice child, but I have never been happy until last night, when I held you in my arms. If you think I'm going to give that up for the sake of a vain, selfish woman who never cared—"

"Stop, Leonard. Last night she tried to drown herself; she'd be dead if I hadn't gone out just when I did." "You risked your life?"

"No; there wasn't any risk. But don't you see what it means? She wanted to die—she still does—only I told her she had something to live for—you and Betty."

"Liabilities, my dear, from her point of view."

"No, Leonard, she clung to that idea. And I gave you back to her. I gave her my word—and even if I hadn't, I couldn't do it—I couldn't."

HE didn't answer. She saw that he was taking in slowly the agony of mind that had led Gloria to such a step, and she pressed on: "You must take care of her."

"And what about you?" "Oh, I'll keep busy. You see, it never crossed my mind, Leonard, that you cared for me until last night. I've grown used to being unhappy. I have my work."

His brow darkened. "Your career, I suppose." She knew he was thinking of Perry and the garden cottage. "If you loved me as I love you, you wouldn't even suggest my going back to Gloria."

This was a horror that she hadn't thought of—his being angry at her for doing so obvious a duty. She really had believed that he would see that he couldn't abandon a desperate woman—perhaps he did see it—and yet they

were quarrelling now, not parting like tragic lovers.

Before she had said half of all she wanted to say, the kitchen door was kicked open, and Ellen came in, bearing over her arm the wrecks of what had once been Gloria's turquoise tea-gown and Felicia's green chiffon.

"Good morning, Miss Alderby," said Ellen gaily. "What's this I hear about you and the madam falling into the swimming-pool? . . . Oh, I beg your pardon, sir. I didn't see you."

FELICIA worked all the morning at her retakes. She had asked Ellen to have her things packed and sent to an hotel. She felt utterly homeless and idle. Weeks stretched ahead before her next picture would be ready.

She made up her mind to take a

house—Perry's, probably. She thought she might get off that afternoon in time to look it over. But while she was lunching Selby appeared and hurried her to Gallup's office. The great man had something of immense importance to say to her.

He went, as usual straight to the point. "Look, child," he said. "I have a new job for you—at least, if you want it, and I think you ought to. That crazy man McRea has been wasting my time all the morning trying to get me to release Ivetta to do 'Helen of Troy.' I can't do that. Ivetta is booked for three pictures, and then she's going abroad. But I sold him the idea of taking you instead."

"Oh, Mr. Gallup, I couldn't do Helen."

"Wait a moment."

"I'm not beautiful."

Please turn to Page 44



Stop treating Symptoms GET PERMANENT RELIEF from NERVES

The story illustrated here is not made up. It is TRUE—and true, not only of one woman, but of hundreds.

All over Australia, tired-out, run-down women are suffering—needlessly—from NERVES. Some of them do nothing about it. Some waste time and money on "half-cures," that cannot possibly give lasting relief, because they do not contain the necessary ingredients.

If you feel depressed, nervous, irritable; if your blood is poor and you can't sleep; if you're never really fit, yet never really well—one thing is certain. You need CLEMENTS' TONIC. It gets straight to the root of the trouble, strengthening and calming your nerves, revitalising your whole system. Clements' Tonic gives permanent relief, and prevents your trouble from recurring.

The harmless, non-habit forming ingredients in Clements' Tonic include Phosphoric Acid, Tricalcium Phosphate, Potassium Phosphate, Potassium Phosphate Anhydrous, Sodium Phosphate Cryst., and Quinine Sulphate Cryst. All of these are absolutely necessary; each has a definite, positive effect, and is included to give the very best results without in any way pandering to the palate.

Take Clements' Tonic and see what a marvellous—almost unbelievable—difference it will make! Your whole outlook will be changed. You will feel full of life and energy; household work will no longer be a trouble! You'll feel—and look—10 years younger.

Don't spend another day feeling only half-alive. Buy a bottle of Clements' Tonic and start taking it NOW!

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Stop saying "I can't help worrying." It's your NERVES that make you feel that way. But Clements' Tonic will get to the cause of the trouble in no time. Remember, Clements gives permanent relief. No half-measures there! A course of Clements' Tonic will make you a different person.

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You'll be happy if you're healthy. That's a worn-out saying—but it's TRUE. Prove it! Take Clements' Tonic—Nature's great remedy—and see for yourself how bright and happy you feel—how full of life and energy—when Clements' Tonic has made you free from NERVES. Thousands of people during the past half-century have gained undreamed-of health from Clements' Tonic. What Clements has done for those people it can—and definitely will—do for you!



(The above is an illustration of a testimonial received from Mrs. B. M. N., of Leichhardt, N.S.W.)

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Without them you could not move an inch; you couldn't see or hear; nor could you taste anything, nor digest your food. If you suffer from any of the following:—

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then a course of Clements will set you up in the full vigour and health Nature intended you should enjoy.

Prices in all Capital Cities in the Commonwealth:
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There is no substitute

GIRLIGAGS



TO get a man all wet, just tell his friends that he dries the dishes.

through the empty lower corridors, up the back stairs. The servants had evidently long ago gone to bed. No one saw them. They parted without a word at the head of the stairs.

Felicia began to peel off her clothes, looking with thrifty regret at the dress for which she had paid more than for any garment she had ever had. She had hardly slipped into a dressing-gown when a knock came at her door. Gloria was standing there shaking, her teeth chattering together like castanets.

"Do you think," she asked, "that you could go downstairs and get me a little brandy without rousing the whole house?"

Well, of course, Felicia knew what to do for a person in a nervous chill. She put Gloria to bed under heavy blankets, with hot-water bottles about her, then stole down to the dining-room, where a decanter of liqueur brandy was standing on the side table. She came back to Gloria, lying perfectly still, with the blankets about her chin—perfectly still, except for her lower jaw. Her magnificent yellow-brown eyes looked up at Felicia.

"I can't stop this chattering," she

RISING STAR

Continued from Page 43



Only
a Jantzen can stand
this true
Fashion Test

Probably you've always chosen your swim suits because you liked the cut, or the color, or some new gadget that intrigued you. They probably looked well on you, too—that first day in the fitting room. But weren't they often a disappointment later in the season—losing their shape, stretching or shrinking, looking "old before their time"? Now you can test your swim suit before you buy it! Test its smartness by testing the permanence of its fabric and fit!

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You'll be thrilled with the season's new designs—new fabrics—new colors. See them right away!

The sleek Jantzen illustrated is made of fancy fabric with regular fabric-trunks underneath, to avoid bulk. The straps form a neck cord, tying in front. (Style 41.)

"WELL, you're not a great white heifer like that old dame he tried to put in the part. I told him not to, but he never listens to anyone. . . . As if I didn't know more about casting than Marcantony McRea."

"Oh, Mr. Gallup, let him have Miss Ray."

"I can't; it's out of the question. You'd be good, Felicia; take my word. He'll give you a thousand a week."

She stood hesitating. If she could save Gloria's money—if she could do that for Leonard—she might never see him again, but she could do that for him—perhaps she could.

"Oh, J.D.," she said, "if I took this part would you help me?"

He laughed. "That would please McRea, wouldn't it—to have me butting in?"

"It would be a secret; you could go over the script with me and tell me how to act it."

The proposal was not disagreeable to Gallup—men do not become great producers without a self-confidence that makes them enjoy teaching. He agreed to help Felicia, and she went off that very afternoon and signed her contract with McRea.

In the meantime Leonard's day had not been without incident. After Felicia left him in the kitchen he went gloomily upstairs and dressed, and about ten o'clock paid a visit to his daughter; led, not only by parental love but by the hope that he was more likely to find Felicia there than anywhere else in the house.

Betsy was distinctly on the mend; her mind was active. She wished to discuss several matters on which she had been ruminating during the long hours of the night—such as whether everyone felt the same sort of pain, and why anaesthetics made you unconscious. Leonard answered that these were questions she had better put to Miss Alderby.

"Miss Alderby?" said Betsy, looking pitiful. "Oh, father, didn't you know she'd gone away? She has to go and get a house for her mother."

A house? Len's fists clenched. A garden cottage? At that moment the door opened and Gloria entered. Her eyes were like bright sparks in two deep caverns; her face was like a skull masked by pure white velvet. "Gloria," he said, "are you ill?"

She answered quite casually: "I didn't sleep very well. I want to speak to you, Len." He followed her out of Betsy's room, through the little ante-room where, the evening before, he had lingered for that enchanted interval, and into Gloria's great, spacious, sunny bedroom, where she shut the door.

"Len," she said, and though her words were not very gracious, her manner was gentler than usual, "I know better than you do that I've been a fool, and I'm sorry. If you can, forgive me. I want you to do me a great favor."

His heart did not soften. "I don't know that I have anything to forgive. I gave you some money, and you've lost it. There isn't anything more to it than that."

"Len, I want you to take over this investment of mine—to buy me out."

For a second he stared at her, and then he laughed. "A fat chance of that," he said.

"You can't know how much this means to me. It isn't just the money—"

"Well, it is just the money with me. What did you put in? Three hundred thousand? Well, I haven't three hundred thousand."

"You could borrow it."

"I dare say, but if I did I should invest it in something a little sounder, I hope."

"This is a sound investment. He'll get Ivette Ray; she has great drawing power. You'll make money out of it."

"I won't consider it."

"Len, Len," she began; but he cut her short.

"No use, Gloria, and let me say I think it's colossal effrontery for you to ask me."

He expected her to burst out in contempt and anger, but instead she stood there before him, clasping and unclasping her hands. "If you must know," she began, "I love that common four-flushing brute who has done this dirty trick. I who might have had better men—honorable, able, important men—if I had wanted."

He could hardly believe his ears: "You're in love with McRea?"

She nodded.

"Oh, yes, he knows it. He would assume it anyhow. He thinks all women love him, but he knows I do. I want never to see him again, Len. Save me from that. Save me from having any contacts with him—get my money away from him somehow."

He saw, with amazement, that she

was crying, not shedding gentle lovely tears such as Felicia shed. Gloria's tears were like the sweat of agony. She clung to him, not conscious of his repugnance, and he held her as he might have held a wounded animal.

He was grateful for the activity of the next few days. Gloria was eager to go East as soon as Betsy could be moved. Leonard made the arrangements for closing the house and disposing of the car. He took Gloria's contract to a lawyer and went over it clause by clause. It wasn't ungenerous. McRea had evidently meant more honestly than Gloria had thought. She was assured a third of the profits, even though the expenses of the picture should exceed the estimated cost. Finally, he made arrangements for borrowing a sum sufficient to pay her back and take over the loan himself.

But before he actually signed the papers, he made one final effort to see Felicia.

He went to the Five Star lot, expecting to find her; and hearing

merely that Miss Alderby was not working there at present, he pursued Gallup to a remote jungle at the extreme end of the lot. Here, by a swooning stream hidden under tropical lilies and hanging branches, he found the great man, directing a live elephant, an Indian prince and a stuffed tiger. He appeared to be too busy to do more than give the necessary information: He had loaned Miss Alderby to the McRea production. He had loaned her, Leonard felt outraged at such form of words.

Felicia was a woman unaware of her rights, but she had stepped into Gloria's shoes, and Gloria always knew what was due to her—a star on the lot where McRea was now working was given a suite in a bungalow—a white suite with Venetian blinds and salmon-pink curtains.

Approaching this miniature building with a pounding heart, Len opened the door and found himself face to face with Peter Perry. He had evidently just come from the polo field; he sat sideways in a deep chair, one arm over the back.

Please turn to Page 45



He loves me . . IN HOLEPROOF SHEERS

Spring . . . Cloudless skies . . . Cloudless Holeproof sheers on your legs . . . and admiration in every male eye — no need to pluck daisy petals to tell that! Three cheers for Holeproof for creating three, four and five thread sheers . . . each one designed for a special purpose . . .

3 thread, **BLACK MAGIC** — the gloriously bewitching sheer — for wear when you want to look your loveliest.

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RISING STAR

Continued from Page 44

HE wore beautiful white riding breeches, a short-sleeved shirt, and his helmet was on the ground beside him. Felicia was not there; the two were alone.

It did not occur to Leonard that the instantaneous dislike he felt to Perry was anything but a very fine feeling—a wish to protect Felicia from this oiled, virile young man, who, quite obviously, came into any woman's life trailing clouds of glory from many previous conquests.

He said stiffly: "I thought Miss Alderby was here."

Perry rose easily to his feet—he was tall and slight—much taller than Leonard.

"She'll be here any moment," he said reassuringly. "I'm waiting to take her to see a house of mine that she's thinking of renting."

"I hear it has many attractions," answered Len in a tone such as a poison adder might use if it could speak.

Perry didn't get the venom. "Well, yes, I believe it has," he answered. "It's compact and convenient, and I give the use of my pool and tennis court to my tenants, if I like them."

"And I assume that Miss Alderby—"

"Oh, of course," said Perry. "I like her as a woman and admire her as an artist. She has an intimate charm. I can see her becoming a second Janet Gaynor, or perhaps I might even say Miss Pickford at her best."

Fortunately, perhaps, for the peace of the world, Felicia herself entered at this moment. She wore gold tights in her hair, a soft white dress banded in gold and showing every curve of her pretty figure, and when she saw Leonard she clasped both hands against her breast and gave a little cry.

Leonard said formally: "I wanted to speak to you, Miss Alderby, on a small matter of business, but perhaps this isn't a very good time."

A FEW moments before, Felicia had been saying to herself that she wouldn't see Leonard again, no matter what happened, but now she instantly hurried Perry out of the room, asking him to wait for her in his car. He went sulkily. He was not accustomed to being asked to

wait in his car while another man took his place.

"Oh, Leonard, you shouldn't have come," said Felicia. "It's very wrong of you." But she took the sting out of this reproach by throwing herself into his arms.

For a few moments they were conscious of nothing but each other, and the world seemed a simple and happy place. Then Leonard spoke:

"My darling, I tried to do as you told me, but I can't. There's no use. I love you too much. Let us go away now, at once."

Felicia freed herself from his arms. "I thought it was settled," she said. "Betsy told me you were going East in a few days. I thought this was just good-bye."

HE followed her. "I thought so, too, but it isn't possible. We can't part, Felicia. We'd never stay apart. Why should we?"

At last she gained sufficient time to tell him her great plot, which, in her innocence, she thought would be enough to reassure him. "Listen, Leonard, dear—dearest, if this picture is a success, and Mr. Gallup says it will be, I shall make back all Gloria's money, and then, if she wants to leave you—"

He was very cold: "Oh, I see; you're doing it for my sake. Well, that makes it all very simple. The money is now mine. I have taken over Gloria's investment, and I don't want to be repaid. I want you to drop this whole thing and come with me, now—anywhere."

"But I can't—I can't. I have signed a contract."

"They were back just where they had started."

Mr. Perry waited some time in his neat roadster, with the polo mallets sticking out of the rumble seat. Then he saw Leonard approaching through the clear twilight air, and called gaily: "Do you think Miss Alderby has forgotten all about me?"

Beach looked up, startled, as if he certainly had forgotten the existence of such a person, and then answered politely: "No, I'm absolutely confident that she has not."

Marcantony McRea had always attracted publicity as a magnet attracts iron filings. Although younger men shrugged their shoulders and called him a has-been, he remained to the public one of the magicians of the screen.

The story of Gloria's withdrawal from "Helen of Troy" broke like a wave through the Press. All sorts of stories were current: That her rich and jealous husband had come on from New York and had put up a million dollars to get her out of her contract; that McRea had turned her out and she was suing for a half a million; that Felicia, a friend and dependent of Mrs. Beach's, had slyly insinuated herself into the part. "Well, it doesn't do the picture any harm," McRea said, when Felicia rather tearfully complained of the treatment she was receiving.

MRS. ALDERBY arrived in the midst of all this excitement. "You can't touch pitch, my dear," was her only comment.

To Felicia's surprise, she settled down very happily in the garden cottage. She liked California, not so much for its climate and natural beauties as because the neatness and convenience of the small houses appealed to her. To Felicia's embarrassment, she and Peter Perry took a fancy to each other. Neat, white-haired and rigorously virtuous, she seemed to him the ideal mother—the mother he deserved to have had.

Working with McRea was different from working with J. D. Gallup—no calm, trance-like concentration—Marcantony put on a better act than any of his company; he shouted and stormed and praised, and even prayed, that they might improve. "He plays every part—even the camera," Peter Perry said one day as he drove Felicia home.

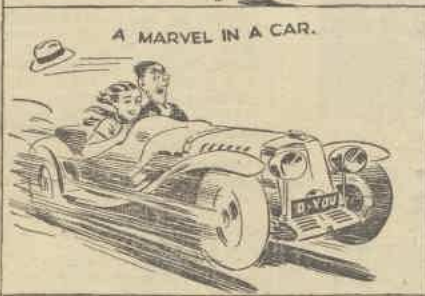
Two days after her final parting from Leonard, she was ashamed to remember that she had called him up—to find that he and Gloria had flown East that very day. Betsy and the trained nurse and Ellen followed by train. That day her mother said: "I hope, my dear, you are not falling in love with this Mr. Perry—though I shouldn't blame you much if you did."

"Must I be in love with someone?" said Felicia coldly. But in her sadder moments she knew that there wasn't much use dealing like this with her mother.

"I really couldn't say about that," said Mrs. Alderby. "I merely pass on to you to information that Mr. Perry told me yesterday that he is not a marrying man."

"How very interesting," said Felicia crossly.

Please turn to Page 46



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SHE resented being so transparent. Even the great J.D. offered her a warning. The evening of the secret preview of "Helen of Troy," Felicia, rather disloyally, told Gallup about it, and he drove her down to the little picture house in Santa Monica, where, after the regular picture was over, an uncut version of McRea's masterpiece was to be shown to an unsuspecting audience—the "sneak preview," as it is called.

Suddenly, in the quiet darkness of his great English car, she heard Gallup saying: "Felicia, my dear, I'm not only fond of you but I'm responsible for you—to a certain degree. I want to say something to you. If I know anything of the world—and I think I do—within a few days you will receive a proposal from Peter Perry to go to Spain, or Hawaii, or what have we, with him."

Felicia, who was thinking entirely of the picture, or rather of what would happen if the picture were good, said: "And what of it?"

"Nothing; only I wouldn't go." There was a silence, and he added, "Are you angry?"

"Yes, I'm angry that you should think I could fall in love with a man like that."

"He's attractive to women." "Not to me—not to me," said Felicia, and then suddenly, because it was intolerable that anyone should think it possible for her to love anyone but Leonard, she went on: "Oh, J.D., the truth is, I'm terribly in love with someone else."

They were at Santa Monica, and Felicia hadn't been able to explain; he wouldn't listen to her, and she didn't want to listen to him, saying those things that she never said to herself—that if Leonard had only insisted—

The picture seemed, even to Felicia, incredibly good; the audience was enthusiastic.

McRea would have been furious at Gallup's presence if the reaction to the picture had been bad, but was now delighted to hear his praise. They talked technicalities: A little cutting in the great marine scenes of Paris' galleys rowing a few too many miles with Helen standing at the prow; a retake, perhaps, of one of the battles.

"When are you opening?"

"In New York on October twenty-fifth, at the Miracle Theatre." He turned to Felicia. "You must go East for it."

"Oh, I couldn't, Mr. McRea."

"Nonsense. Fly on; back in four days, if you want. You must be there for the opening—good publicity. In fact, it's in your contract. Broadcasting the night before—how it feels to become a star in six months."

She hardly heard him. New York? Leonard—one person out of seven millions. She probably wouldn't see

RISEING STAR

Continued from Page 45

him at all; he probably would never even know that she was there. October—he had once said that he liked to take his holiday in October.

IN the end, she did go. She and Perry and Gallup, who had discovered some necessary business to be done in New York. They all flew on together. McRea had been gone some weeks, working up the final publicity. Already articles about Felicia were appearing at the right moment in screen magazines. Now her picture was in every rotogravure section. There were photographers at Newark as they got off the plane; photographers in the lobby of the hotel; reporters and interviewers in her suite, filled with flowers and thirty stories in the air. And she had thought that Leonard would not know she was there; he would get the impression that she was travelling alone with Peter Perry.

Leonard did get exactly that idea. He financial interest in the picture kept him informed about it, and he had even contemplated going to the opening, but when he actually began to see Felicia's name in every paper, he suddenly felt that he would rather die than see it.

In the morning before he went downtown, he went to Gloria's room. She was reading the papers, and flung them aside as he entered.

"Felicia is certainly spread all over the front page," she said. "I wonder if she ever remembers that she wouldn't have had a screen career if it hadn't been for me."

"Gloria," he said, "do you really want to go this evening?"

SHE stared at him. "Of course, I'm going."

"Well, I'm not. I hate this sort of thing."

She raised her shoulders. "Do as you like," she answered. "I suppose I can find someone else easily enough. Everyone wants to go to a big opening."

In the old times she would have tried to force him to go. There wasn't much change in Gloria, but there was some.

She caught up the paper again. "I don't really believe that they're secretly married, do you?"

"Who?"

"Felicia and Peter Perry."

"I couldn't form any opinion."

Gloria didn't notice his tone. "From what I heard out there, he has made up his mind never to marry—not that that seems to interfere."

The door closed behind her husband. It was a busy day for him, but all day long as he worked

the idea that Felicia was within reach of him kept obtruding itself. "If we find it necessary to call the loan—"

Yes, but Felicia is in town. "The board would be strengthened by the election of a man who—" Yes, but Felicia is in town. He had only to take up the receiver and call her hotel— Yes, but Peter Perry also is in town.

He hadn't called her when, at six o'clock, he let himself into the flat and went straight to Betsy's room. Betsy felt pretty bitter about not being allowed to stay up and see the opening. She was to be taken the following Saturday, but that wasn't enough. "After all, father," she said, "Miss Alderby is more mine than yours or mother's." He was obliged to admit the truth of this. Then Sims came in and said that Mrs. Beach wished to speak to him immediately.

He went to the sitting-room; the room he never entered without remembering the evening when Felicia had made him out his budget, and found Gloria standing as erect as a pillar before the fire.

Please turn to Page 47



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RISING STAR

Continued from Page 46

"LEN," she said in her hard, clear voice, "I have something dreadful to tell you."

He knew what it was—Felicia was dead, or married; only, fortunately, he did not say this, and Gloria went on. "After you went downtown this morning, Marc came to see me."

"Marc?"

"Yes I telephoned him, but he was coming anyhow. Len, he loves me."

The announcement was full of such tremendous meaning to him that he stared at her with a stern concentration, and she, misinterpreting it, went on hastily. "Oh, Len, I know I haven't behaved well to you. I appreciate all your kindness to me during these last months when I've been so unhappy. Len, I would love you if I could, but I simply can't. I have never loved you. It hurts me to say it, but I must ask you for a divorce."

"Are you quite sure Marc wants to marry you?"

She drew herself up. "How like you to ask that. Yes, I'm sure. He hesitated to come to me before because he had no money, but now he's sure this picture will make a fortune. You'll get your money back."

"That's rather an ungenerous crack, Gloria."

"You make me ungenerous, but I'm not ungrateful—really I'm not. If you will set me free without making trouble"

"I won't make trouble for you, Gloria, except that I will insist on having Betsy."

"Entirely?"

She glanced down. "I suppose, considering what I'm doing to you—yes, of course, anything that can make your life any happier."

He smiled. "I don't want to take anything under false pretences, Gloria. I shall take Betsy because I want her, but to be candid, this break does not come as a shock. I am very glad. I am delighted to be free myself."

"Len, you don't mean you don't love me?"

He shook his head. "And when you come to think of it, why should I? Beauty isn't really so much when once you grow used to it and you, Gloria, have certainly given me nothing else."

"You're in love with someone else," she said.



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He nodded pleasantly. "Terrifically." She laughed with all her old insolence. "Of course. What a fool I've been. You don't want a woman like me; you want some timid inferior little creature."

"One doesn't always get what one wants."

"Like one of those little stenographers in your office, or that cousin of yours, who used to come round with a shawl over her head, and a basket—mentally speaking, I mean. Who is it, Len?"

"I'll see the lawyers to-morrow. We'll lose no time."

SHE smiled her strangely irritating smile. "You must tell me who your girl is, Len, or did you just make her up in the hope of winning me back?"

Anger is sometimes the only emotion that stirs some people to speak their minds in full. "Win you back, Gloria," Leonard said. "I don't want you. I consider that I have treated you well—superbly, even. I haven't done this because I loved you, or even because I was a sap—as you believe—but because that's my idea of how a man ought to treat his wife. Now that you are in essence not my wife, let me tell you that for a long time I have disliked you; that you are, in my opinion, a vain, insolent, thick-skinned woman. I advise you, in your new marriage, not to keep on assuming that you need contribute nothing to a relation but beauty. It is not enough. I shall move out to-night, and if I never see you again that will be all right with me."

He felt so enormously stimulated by this effort of the will that he went straight to the hotel where Felicia was staying and asked to see her. Word came down that Miss Alderby was resting and could see no one.

As a matter of fact, Felicia was not resting, and had not been told of Leonard's visit. She was engaged in putting on a scene—the first of her career. She was telling McRea that she would not wear the dress he had selected for her to appear in at the opening of the picture. The whole three days had strained her nerves; she hated being photographed and interviewed; she hated broadcasting; she hated the feeling of being a prisoner in her suite, with a crowd waiting to devour her even in the corridors of the hotel. To be honest, the crowd was more interested in Perry than in her, but their suites adjoined and autograph hunters were willing to accept hers if they couldn't get Perry's. The day she arrived she had gone with McRea to a great dressmaker and had ordered a white satin dress which appeared to her magnificent, but McRea had not been satisfied at the time and had gone back to the dressmaker's afterwards and ordered something entirely different. This had just come home, and Felicia, on seeing it, refused to put it on, stamped her foot, said it was vulgar and awdry, and that she was not McRea's slave, behaving in a way of which she knew her mother would be intensely ashamed. The new dress was as heavy as lead, made entirely of diamond chains and fur.

INSTEAD of being abashed, McRea was delighted; this was the way he expected women to behave; this was the sort of woman he was accustomed to bullying. He shouted at Felicia and she shouted back, and she ended by going into her own room, locking the door and bursting into tears. At this point she happened to notice a pencilled note left by the secretary on her dressing table. "A Mr. Beach called. Said you were resting."

Felicia sprang to the telephone and called the never-to-be-forgotten number of the flat. Sims' voice answered. No, Mr. Beach was out. Then he recognised Felicia's voice, and some minutes were spent in congratulations. Then she heard that Leonard was at the club; would be at the club for some time. Sims was just packing his things. Felicia called the club. A cold uninterested voice declined to make any statement as to whether Mr. Beach was or was not in the building; a clicking of connections and then Leonard's voice. "Hello," Felicia said. "Oh, Len, I just heard you had been here. Has anything happened?" Had anything happened! The whole face of the universe had completely changed. She ended by hastily promising to meet him at the door in fifteen minutes. She hung up the receiver slowly, and, looking round the room, remembered that she really was a prisoner. If she attempted to go out through the sitting room, McRea and his publicity man and his secretary would not stop at physical force to prevent her. If she went out of the other door that gave directly on the corridor, there would be people waiting to see Perry, whose suite opened there; they would recognise her; they might detain her long enough for McRea to catch her. She sat and thought.

Please turn to Page 48



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In her luggage was the cape of her old uniform as a trained nurse. In a generous impulse, she had brought it East to give to a friend of hers, assuming that she herself would never need it again. It was there at the bottom of her trunk—the dark cloak, and the hat, too—no one would recognise her in that. A smile wreathed her face.

She was half in it when a knock came at the door. McRea's voice said: "Felicia, I want to speak to you."

"Go away, Marc."

"Felicia, just let me see you in that dress. Perhaps I won't like it either."

Even in this crisis, she couldn't lie and tell him that she was resting. She said: "Come back in half an hour." It was already after seven o'clock.

A few minutes later she softly opened the side door. Reporters and mere onlookers surged towards it, and a group of children whose parents lived in the hotel, dashing under the elbows of grown-ups, surrounded her for a second with open autograph books. Then one shrill, piping voice announced: "No, it's no one; just a nurse."

She slipped past them to a door that led to the staircase. She walked down a few flights, took the elevator from a lower story, and arrived at the side entrance of the hotel. Even Leonard, looking for a more dazzling figure, did not recognise her. He was standing there with his hat slightly over his eyes, looking as he had looked that day in the train when she had told him she loved him. Oh, if she could only have known then that this hour was coming. She put her hand on his arm. "Leonard."

"Felicia." He hurried her into a waiting cab.

"Where to?" said the driver.

RISEING STAR

Continued from Page 47.

"Just keep going," said Leonard. The driver, a man of some experience, took them straight to the park. They drove round and round it. They had so much to say—those things that all lovers say. A comment on the miracle of ever having met, of loving each other, of being happier than any other two people have ever been. Then time, that element so alien to the natural animal, suddenly entered into their consciousness—the picture—they were going to be late. Leonard told the driver to get to the theatre as fast as possible.

As they approached they could see the sidewalk blocked with a surging crowd, kept in order by mounted police; flood lights punctuated by the wilder glare of calcium flares. A large, handsome patrolman, keeping an aisle open between the cars and the door of the theatre, kept repeating: "Show your tickets. Have your tickets ready."

"Good heavens!" said Felicia. "I haven't any ticket."

THE policeman smiled at such sheer idleness and began with a steady pressure to push them back into the crowd.

"Roosevelt couldn't get in without a ticket," he said.

Leonard tried the impossible. "But officer, this lady is the star of the picture."

"Yes, and I'm Mussolini," said the officer, and began to repeat: "Show your tickets. Have your tickets ready," while a clever police horse, menacing them with a sort of hobby-

horse prance, managed to cut between them and the entrance.

They stood a moment clinging together, long enough to see the next car draw up—one of those great, heavy, glossy cars that can be hired in New York—and out of it stepped McRea, gorgeous in high hat and white tie, followed by Gloria in white fur, with a long spray of vivid purple orchids on her shoulder.

"The gift of the groom," Leonard murmured in Felicia's ear.

There seemed nothing further to do, so they wandered away down Broadway, hand in hand, and finally remembered that they had had no dinner. So they stopped at the first restaurant they saw, and had scrambled eggs and griddle cakes, sitting on high stools far below the street level, still talking and laughing and looking straight into each other's eyes.

It must have been nearly eleven o'clock when something Leonard said reminded them that not all barriers between them had been cleared away.

"Let me see," he said. "Gloria will go straight to Reno. In three months, Felicia, we may be married and back in the flat." He stopped; his heart stood still. She was not agreeing.

"But, Leonard, I have a five-year contract with Five Star."

"You want to fulfill it?"

"No, but—"

"But what?" He had grown as hard as ice.

"But I'll have to see J.D. and get out of it, if he'll let me."

They decided to go and see him at once. Do what she would, a cloud had risen between them. "It isn't my fault, Len."

"Of course, dear. I know it isn't."

Five minutes before, it would not have seemed possible that they could ever be as grave and remote from each other.

No, the clerk said, Mr. Gallup was out, but he thought the secretary was up in the suite. Presently Mr. Selby appeared out of a descending elevator, looking just as neat and golden-haired as ever. Wouldn't they come up? Mr. Gallup was at the opening, but would be back at any moment. He evidently assumed that Felicia had just come from the theatre. Felicia went up to the suite, but she made Selby take Leonard away. She wanted to see Gallup alone.

She waited some time. What could she do if he refused to release her? Would Len ever believe that she had wanted to be free? She stood staring out at the park with its festoons of lights. Then there was the sound of a key in the lock, and J.D. came lumbering in with that quick, heavy walk of his.

"WELL," he said on seeing her. "Congratulations. A big bit, a good job. I'm proud of you. Wiggins, of the 'Courier,' says he is going to do a rave notice of your acting. Don't forget, though, young lady, you're signed up to Five Star."

"Oh, J.D., that's what I'm here about. I want you to let me out of my contract."

His bright little eyes fixed on her menacingly. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, please, please, J.D., I want to be free."

"Somebody's offered you something better?"

"No, no—well, in a way, yes—a lot better."

He turned away from her. He said, "You're just like all the rest. You haven't an atom of gratitude, or honor, or even common sense." He sank heavily into a chair.

She came and knelt down beside him and took one of his large, thick hands in hers.

"I'm not like the rest, J.D. I'm entirely different, because I'm just in love—more in love than anyone you ever knew."

"With that ass, Perry?"

"With Leonard Beach, J.D. And he needs me—he wants me."

"Nonsense. Men say things like that when they're safely tied up in a marriage."

"His marriage is ended. He and I can be married very soon."

"Do you mean to tell me," he said, "that you are going to sacrifice as glamorous a career as a girl could have—"

He didn't hear the door opening, but Felicia did. She rose to her feet. "Sacrifice," she said. "What a silly word, J.D. Weren't you ever in love?"

At this point he, too, saw Leonard standing behind her. "You're being very foolish," he said. "You'll regret it. No man is worth giving up what you're giving up."

Leonard put his arm about her shoulder. "You're so right, Mr. Gallup, but, just the same, I'm going to ask you to tear up those contracts."

"I won't tear them up," said J.D., still scowling. "I'll tie them away. We might need them some day. You never can tell."

THE END.

(Copyright)

NEW PLASMIC

America's Most Talked Of Skin Preparation



Actual Photo. Mrs. Marion Beliner, Age 53, Darlington, N.S.W. Taken Dec. 16, 1935.

Absolutely removes almost instantaneously all WRINKLES, LINES, BLEMISHES of the skin, Pimples, etc., developed by Old Age or Other Causes. NEW PLASMIC ACTS LIKE MAGIC

The Very First Treatment produces Undeniable Results. Restores permanently to old or middle age the skin and complexion of youth.

OLD FACES MADE YOUNG. YOUNG FACES KEPT YOUNG. BLEMISHED SKINS MADE PERFECT.

THE LATEST AND MOST GENUINE DISCOVERY. TRY IT—YOU WILL BE AMAZED.

Call for FREE DEMONSTRATION or large Tube sufficient for twelve treatments posted free to any address for 5/-.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. Ladies, consult us for a FREE DEMONSTRATION can have a TRIAL TUBE posted to them (with full directions) for postal note of 1/- and two penny stamps.

JOHN AFRIAT, Radio House, 396 Pitt Street, Sydney.



You've always wanted luxurious undies, but often you've resisted buying them because you've been afraid they wouldn't wear well. Now you need resist no longer—you can choose the loveliest of all, made of Courtaulds lovely smooth Rayon—and they wash and wear perfectly. Leading Australian underwear manufacturers have designed these undies for you in the newest styles. You can buy the most exquisite panties, camiknicks, slips and brassieres made of Courtaulds lovely smooth Rayon. You identify them by the Courtaulds Housemark—it stands for quality, washability, long service, and the smartest economy.

Courtaulds

SOLD AT LEADING STORES

NEW HEALTH from Yeast



The sensational discovery of modern times is that certain substances will produce a magic RAPID change from pain, weakness and ill-health to Smiling Sparkle and Vigour—often in a few minutes! The health-combination known as "Cream of Yeast" will stop aches and pains quicker than ordinary "pain-killers," while depression, tired feeling and melancholia go almost instantly, being replaced by an immediate feeling of fresh re-vitalised exhilaration! "Cream of Yeast" is not only a marvellous quick tonic pick-me-up, but it gives a steadily increasing fitness—better results than are secured from many expensive drugs. "Cream of Yeast" is ENTIRELY HARMLESS and may be taken with every confidence. . . NO BENEFIT—NO COST!

What Causes Ill-Health?

It is known that the brain, nerves and blood suffer noticeably from certain attacks. Whether these be due to germs, acids or enfeeblement from past illnesses, "Cream of Yeast" gives brilliant results. This modern remedy acts restoratively on the very foundations of health and vitality. Without such aid as "Cream of Yeast" provides, continuous good health is often impossible. Yeast contains an element of amazing restorative power—but certain types of yeast are less useful than others. The outstanding value of corrective medicated yeast is clearly shown by "Cream of Yeast." See, when you take it, sickness and gloom swiftly disappear; see how quickly the nerves calm; how, instead of being weak, pain-racked, dull-skinned, and tired out, you regain splendid aim, vitality, and good looks!

Virtual Unfailing Results. Before perfecting "Cream of Yeast," The Amalgamated Laboratories made many experiments. Results of Yeast-Treatment on Birds and Animals were carefully studied. The use of antipyretics and other medicinals to augment the Yeast's action was investigated. In "Cream of Yeast," a valuable remedy, with many virtues, has been achieved. Its long success is proof of this.

Cream of Yeast

LIGHTNING
RECOVERY
TIME CHART

FROM	TO	IN
Depressed Mood	Sparkling Happiness	8/15 Mins.
Tired Feeling	Vim, Vigour, Vitality	15 Mins.
Aches and Pains	Relief and Comfort	1/15 Hours
Colds and Flu	Deliverance	2/15 Hours
Head, Neck and Shoulder Pains	Grateful Relief	4/10 Mins.
Periodical Pains	Complete Ease	12 Mins.
Sleeplessness	Healthy Repose	30/80 Mins.
Digestive Upset	Digestive System calmed	3/15 Mins.
Impure Blood	Clarified; Germs quelled	2 Days
Exhaustion	Pep and Strength	15/30 Mins.



Cream of Yeast is LIFE!

The "Daily Telegraph" says: "Yeast has long been known as a corrective in cases of blood disorders, and as such is constantly recommended by medical men. The best form is 'Cream of Yeast.'"

A User says: "I felt I could not go on unless I got relief from my pains and sleeplessness. I took some 'Cream of Yeast' tablets, and the result was marvellous."



October 3, 1936.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers—Page One

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Apple-Blossom Kimono

DOES your holiday wardrobe contain one of those airy trifles of silk kimonos for slipping into between dressings, for reading and resting during the hottest hours of the day? Make one at once if you have a holiday in mind; it will be for more alluring and lovely than anything you can buy—and so durable.

THERE are plenty of cheap ones to be had, quite nice and useful for picking early-morning flowers at home or wearing for odd jobs, but not rich and good enough for one's leisure hours as a traveller and holiday-maker. If every penny must be stretched to the utmost, this costly item is one on which you can actually save money by taking time by the forelock—make it!

A few yards of silk, say, four or five, are incredibly cheap to-day; the sewing and making are quickly done; and then a few hours' easy work with your needle will lift your plain little kimono into the realms of those lovely things which come from Japan all smothered with blossoms.

Having decided to solve this dress problem in the best and most beautiful way, here is the pattern you will need, and the blossom transfer for it. The pattern costs 1/1 posted.

The transfer measures 10 by 20 inches, and there are several more pieces of design on it than you see here, lovely little sprigs and single flowers, which are handy for scattering about on sleeves or just here and there. Price, 1/6 posted.

All silks and all cottons may be used for these little kimonos; but of all the materials offering, probably Japanese silk is one of the best in every way. It has a delicious feeling of alppery, shining lustre which is very attractive, it hangs well, washes for ever, and is very pleasant to sew.

Crepe-de-chine is also perfect; washing satins are irresistible and thoroughly practical.

All the art silks or rayons are very

Designed for Your Holiday or Trousseau Wardrobe
by **Bertha Maxwell**

Hand-cut pattern and irresistible transfer design available.

NOTE: This transfer has other attractive uses.

~~~~~  
**IF YOU** have never before owned a shining hand-embroidered, Eastern style kimono, you will enjoy the possession of one so much that you are sure to go on making more and more. And there isn't a better present for one's best friend! Pattern costs 1/1.

~~~~~  
good and lustrous, and as these are very low in price it may be possible to obtain the material for the whole garment for less than ten shillings; and when you are finished with it, it will be worth at least five guineas. Your own hand-needlework is like that—a gift from Ceres, so simple and easy.

How to Make It

FOUR yards of 39-inch material are required for this pattern, which has three pieces, half back, half front, and half back sleeve. The full lengths of the back and front are not given. These must be extended to whatever length is required. Allow for turnings and hem. Place pattern on double material—the back to the fold; place the sleeve on the fold to avoid a seam on the shoulder.

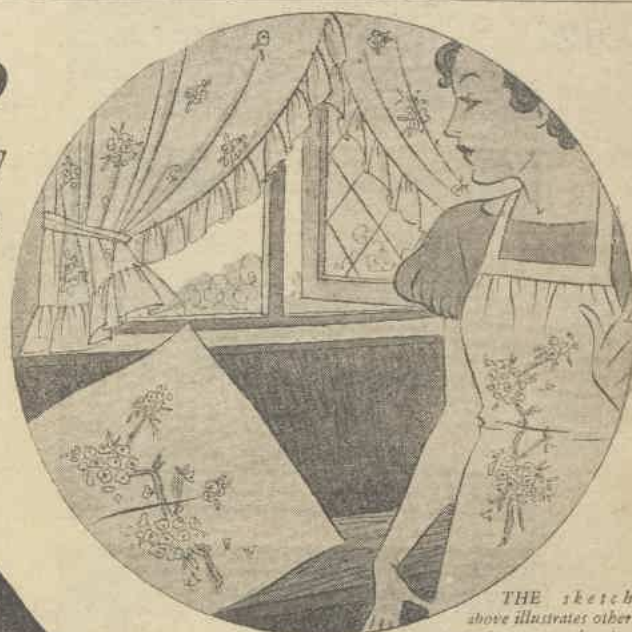
Join shoulder seams; join sleeves with back notches matching, and machine back and front for eight inches from shoulder. Machine lower edges of sleeve together and up side front for about six inches. Join side seams, machine a narrow hem down each front from waist, turn a hem at the bottom and hand-sew—it gives such a chic finish to clothing to have that last little touch of good work on our home. Cut a cross-way strip of material five inches wide and long enough to go from waist right round neck to other side, machine one edge to gown, fold in half and hand-sew the other edge down.

Do the same to the outside edge of each sleeve, turning back the fold to form a cuff. Make a snail from remaining material.

PLACING THE TRANSFER: The long spray of blossoms and first early leaves is intended for setting on the back of the garment, with the topmost group high up on one shoulder. The three small groups at the foot of the illustration are to be cut apart and placed one on each sleeve and the third one on the right-front shoulder. The remaining small pieces and single blossoms may be scattered over the front or back at random.

When cutting the transfer apart, notice the occasional single petals which have fallen from the flower groups; these belong to the main panel of branched blossoms.

If the silk you are using is very thin, you may try ironing the transfer off on to the wrong side, that is, the inner side



THE sketch above illustrates other intriguing ways of using this fascinating apple-blossom transfer. Measuring 10 x 20 inches, it costs but 1/6 post free.

stitching from the centres to the outer rims of the petals, in a sort of unaffected satin-stitching, deep or shallow in varying degree.

Leaves are satin-stitched in halves, giving a divided line down the centres. Stems are outlined on the edges where they are wide, or satin-stitched if preferred all through.

Keep the work simple and unlabored—unless you choose to put more time and effort into it on very good materials to be lined afterwards, when padded satin-stitching will well reward your industry.

COLORS: All pinks, white, and cream may be used for the flowers, with yellow or maroon centres. Yellow flowers may also be worked, with yellow centres, a very handsome effect on black or dark blue silk. There is a lovely little shrub called ochna multiflora whose yellow blossoms are so like those in the design that this color may be freely used for working.

where double lines occur; add a few dot-stitches for the stamens. More body can be given to the petals by straight



THE LOVELIEST of apple-blossom transfers, designed by Bertha Maxwell. There are several more sprigs and blossoms in the generous 10 x 20 transfer than you see above. Price, 1/6 post free.

The surprise...



STERLING HOME PAINT
A PRODUCT OF STERLING VARNISH CO.

"Poor me, I feel sorry for myself this morning. What a night! What a night! But how CAN a girl get her beauty sleep when her skin's all over prickles and chafes?"



"Look what's come into our life! Bet if I sprinkled myself with clouds and clouds of this Johnson's Baby Powder I'd like myself again."



"Mmm — NOW I'm better. That smoothy — soft powder makes me feel so nice — and smell so nice — and LOOK so nice. I'll just have to give myself a great big kiss. THERE!"



Johnson's Baby Powder means a lot to babies. Its satiny smoothness keeps them fine and fit . . . comfortable all day. Feel its smoothness yourself, between thumb and finger . . . compare it with other powders, and you will use Johnson's Baby Powder always.

Try Johnson's for your own toilet, too. You will love its luxurious fineness.

Johnson's BABY powder
"Best for Baby — Best for you"

A product of Johnson and Johnson—World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, Tak Toothbrush, Modess, Etc.

A11.56

Johnson's Baby Soap reduced in price — Now 6d. per tablet

A cup of BOVRIL gives immediate invigoration and lasting strength

—Take it DAILY



BOVRIL is the power of prime lean beef

WANTED! Your Most Attractive RECIPES

Seven Cash Prizes Awarded Every Week in Our Best Recipe Competition

Welcome spring with this delicious selection of tempting recipes. Dishes for every occasion, and all guaranteed firm favorites.

Why not enter this simple competition and send us YOUR extra special recipe?

Prizes each week include first prize £1, and six consolation prizes of 2/6 each.

HERE are this week's prize-winners.

PETIT FOURS

Shortbread mixture, almond icing, jam, soft icing, crystallised fruits or nuts for decoration.

Shortbread Mixture: 3lb. butter, 4oz. castor sugar, 12oz. plain flour, 2oz. rice flour.

Cream butter, add sugar, and mix well. Sift flour and rice flour together and add gradually to the creamed butter and sugar. Work into a lump. Knead well on pastry-board, roll out 1/4 in. thick, and cut into small, fancy shapes with cutters. Place on trays lined with kitchen paper, and bake slowly.

Almond Icing: Sift 3oz. icing sugar and add 12oz. almond meal. Mix with egg-white or water to make a stiff dough. Divide into two, and color one half pink and the other half green by adding a few drops of coloring and kneading the mixture well. Roll out 1/4 in. thick on pastry-board, and cut into fancy shapes.

Soft Icing: Add a squeeze of lemon juice to 2oz. icing sugar and sufficient water to give the consistency of thick syrup. Color one half pink and the other green.

When the shortbread is cold, brush thinly with jam and place on it a piece of almond icing of the same shape. Heat the pink, soft icing very slightly over warm water, then coat the tops of the green almond icing and alternately use the green icing to coat the top of the pink almond icing. Decorate the top of each with pieces of cherry, angelica, almond, or walnut.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Cordwell, Kingston, Tas.

CENTENARY CAKES

Beat 3oz. butter and 3oz. soft sugar to a cream, add 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons milk, and 5oz. self-raising flour, with pinch of salt. Bake in small patty-pans in moderate oven.

Make a fruit jelly and cream for the filling. Cut finely 1 orange, 1 slice pineapple, 1 passionfruit, 1 banana, lay on a flat dish, and pour over a raspberry jelly. When it is set, break mixture up. Scoop a hole in top of cake, line with cream, put in some of the jelly, then more whipped cream. The cream may be tinted pale pink. Dust cakes with icing sugar. These are very pretty and dainty for afternoon tea.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. West, Clare, S.A.

AFRICAN SWEETMEATS

Take equal parts of dried apricots and sugar, cover the fruit with nearly-boiling water, and leave for 11 minutes. Drain and throw on to a towel, but do not rub them—just shake about to get the surplus water off; then put the fruit and sugar through a mincing machine together. Should there be any sugar left, knead into the minced paste. Roll out on to a well-sugared paper to about a third of an inch thick, and cut into any kind of fancy shapes. Leave till firm and dry, and place in an airtight tin.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss N. White, Krowera, via Leach, Vic.

BUTTERSCOTCH MOULD

One pint milk, 1 1/2oz. cornflour, 1oz. sugar, 1oz. chopped nuts, 10 lumps loaf sugar, 2 tablespoons water.

Blend the cornflour smoothly with a little cold milk. Put the rest of the milk on to boil with 1oz. of sugar. Add the blended cornflour, stirring all the time, and cook for two minutes. Put loaf sugar and water together in a strong pan and boil until it turns to caramel. Add carefully to the blancmange, add nuts, and mix all well. Turn into a wetted mould and leave to set. Decorate with almonds.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Macfarlane, 205 Canterbury Rd., St. Kilda, Vic.

CAMOUFLAGED APRICOT JAM

Eight large lemons, 3lb. good-colored pumpkin, 4lb. sugar, 2 cups water.

Peel pumpkin, cut into small pieces. Peel lemons, cut into thin slices. Allow lemons to stand overnight covered with 3 cups sugar. Add remaining sugar next morning. Boil all together for 11 hours. Then test by placing a spoonful on a plate. If it jellies, it is quite cooked.

With all jams a little salt improves the flavor—use one level teaspoon to about 4lb. of fruit.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mildred Simpson, 10 Eureka St., Burwood, N.S.W.

DEVONSHIRE TEA CAKE

Two tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 1/2 cups self-raising flour, 1 egg, 3 tablespoons milk, few drops vanilla, fresh strawberries or strawberry jam.

Grease enamel tart plate, beat butter and sugar to a cream, add well-beaten eggs gradually, then add milk gradually, sift in flour and mix with a knife into a soft dough, and turn out.

Divide in halves, roll out, and place half on greased plate and spread thickly with strawberries or strawberry jam, then cover with the other half. Bake in a moderate oven and serve hot or cold with custard or cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Roberts, cor. Artarmon Rd. and Sydney St., Artarmon, N.S.W.

STUFFED GINGER FIGS

Cover sterilised figs with cold water, adding the juice and grated rind of 1 lemon to each 1lb. figs and a few pieces of green ginger. Cook slowly until figs are tender, drain well, and make a slit in each. Fill with chopped nuts and cherries. Now measure the syrup and add half the amount of sugar and simmer until a thick syrup is formed. Place the figs in carefully and simmer for about five minutes. Allow the figs to get thoroughly cold, and serve with whipped cream piled on top. Decorate with sponge fingers.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. Affleck, Millaa Millaa, via Cairns, Qld.

TRY THIS ANCHOVETTE RECIPE

SAVOURY EGGS

Hard boil as many eggs as required. Shell and cut them in half, remove the yolks carefully and cut a very small portion off the ends of the whites so that they will stand firmly. Mix the yolks with a little butter and Peck's Anchovette Paste until smooth, season to taste and fill the white of egg cases with this preparation. Garnish with watercress or lettuce hearts.

Anchovette is splendid, too, for all sandwich meals. Never be without a jar in the house.



In 7 Days, Fiery, Itching Skin Gets Sure Relief

Guaranteed to Completely Satisfy or Cost is Nothing

Here is a surgeon's wonderful prescription now dispensed by chemists at trifling cost, that will do more to help you get rid of unsightly spots and skin diseases than anything you've ever used. Not only does this great healing anti-eczema promote rapid and healthy healing in open sores and wounds, but boils, abscesses and ulcers are almost immediately relieved and cleanly healed.

In skin diseases the action of Moone's Emerald Oil is little less than magical. The itching of Eczema is instantly stopped; the eruptions dry up and scale off in a very few days. The same is true of barber's itch, salt rheum, and other skin eruptions and inflammation. You can get Moone's Emerald Oil at any chemist. It is safe to use, and failure is rare indeed.***



She's in DANGER— but you can save her!

You think you've protected her from every peril, but there's one danger threatening which you may have overlooked. Dental decay germs—enemies of teeth and gums—are ever present in the mouth, and it's up to you to save her from them.

First, see to it that she's taken to the dentist every six months.

And, equally important, be sure that she brushes her teeth twice a day with a germicidal tooth paste. Euthymol is the tooth paste which kills dental decay germs within 30 seconds, and keeps the mouth healthy. If your children use Euthymol Tooth Paste regularly, you are giving them the best possible protection against decay.



Pronounced U-THY-MOL

1/3 per tube

Bring out your JELLY MOULDS!



Now that warm spring is here, and hot summer just around the corner, everyone appreciates cold desserts. What could be nicer than jelly? It can be used in a number of different ways, and if you keep a packet or two of crystals in your cupboard you need never be at a loss for a simple, decorative, and inexpensive sweet.

By
RUTH FURST
Cooking Expert
to The Australian Women's Weekly.

And hear the children exclaim with delight every time a big, shivery, colorful jelly—or any one of these decorative jelly desserts—is placed on the dinner table.

JELLY dishes are healthy summer desserts, and jelly crystals are as pure to-day as scientific production can make them. They set quickly and firmly if the simple directions are faithfully followed.

Before I give you the recipes, I must tell you of a few uses for dry jelly crystals.

(1) Ice an orange cake with white icing, and sprinkle with orange jelly crystals.

(2) Biscuits after icing can be sprinkled with jelly crystals.

(3) After topping a pudding with meringue, and before serving, sprinkle with red jelly crystals.

(4) Make red jelly stiffer than usual. Set in a wetted sandwich tin. Leave till quite firm. Turn out carefully and put between a sponge sandwich as filling.

(5) Make small cakes. Scoop out centre. Fill with chopped jelly, then rose of cream.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE

One packet red jelly crystals, 1 gill milk, 1 pint cream, 6 or 8 sponge



TOP: Charlotte Russe would be ideal for a very gala occasion, as the bright red jelly, sponge fingers, and whipped cream make this sweet a firm favorite with all. And immediately above we see the tempting and decorative custard jelly mould being turned out into the serving dish.

fingers, good 1oz. gelatine, 1oz. sugar, vanilla.

Line the bottom of a plain mould with jelly about 1½ inches in thickness, and allow to set. Trim the sponge fingers and line the sides of the mould, wedging them in well together so that they fit tightly. Dissolve the gelatine in the milk and stir over the fire till just warm. Whip the cream, add the sugar, vanilla, and dissolved gelatine to it, and when nearly set pour into the centre of the mould. Stand on ice till quite firm, trim the tops of the sponge fingers, then turn out and decorate with chopped red jelly.

CUSTARD JELLY MOULD

Half-pint milk, 1 tablespoon custard powder, 1 dessertspoon grated chocolate, 1 dessertspoon sugar, vanilla, 1 packet vanilla jelly crystals, 1 pint hot water, glacé cherries.

Dissolve jelly crystals in hot water, and set aside to cool. Mix custard powder, sugar, and chocolate to smooth paste with a little milk. Boil remainder of milk, then pour on to custard powder, etc. Stir well. It should be very thick. Add essence. Rinse out mould with water. Place a little jelly in the bottom. Set. Decorate with glacé cherries cut in rings. Cover with a little more jelly, then set well. Stir remainder of jelly into the custard and stir till cool. Pour into prepared mould. Leave on ice till set. Turn out and decorate with whipped cream and glacé cherries.

CREAM-FRUIT DESSERT

Two packets raspberry jelly crystals, 1 pint cream, sugar to taste, 1½ pints boiling water, 2 bananas, 1 doz. strawberries, 6 passionfruit, whipped cream, chopped nuts.

Pour the boiling water on to the crystals, stir well, and, when beginning to set, add the cream and beat well. Add sugar if necessary. Pour half the

mixture into serving dish, add the sliced banana, chopped strawberries, and the passionfruit, which have been well mixed and sweetened if necessary. Cover with the remainder of mixture, and allow to set. Just before serving decorate with whipped cream and sprinkle with chopped nuts.

This mixture can be served in individual dishes.

JELLY FOAM

One packet jelly crystals, whatever flavor preferred, 1½ cups boiling water.

Put crystals into large basin, pour over the boiling water. Stir well. Stand in cool place till beginning to set, then beat with egg whisk till frothy and stiff. Pile into serving dish. Serve with custard or cream.

COFFEE JELLY

One packet lemon jelly crystals, 1½ cups coffee, whipped cream.

Put crystals into basin and pour on the boiling black coffee (not too strong). Stir well. Pour into jelly glasses. When set, serve topped with whipped cream.

FRUIT PUREE JELLY

One packet jelly crystals, 1 cup boiling water, 1 cup fruit juice, 1 cup fruit puree, whipped cream.

Make the jelly with the boiling water. Stir well. Add the fruit juice and puree. Mix in well. Pour into wetted mould. Leave on ice till quite firm. Turn out in usual way, and serve with whipped, flavored cream.

JELLY TRIFLE

One packet lemon jelly crystals, 1 sponge roll, custard, almonds.

Make jelly and allow to become quite cold. Put the sponge roll into long dish. Pour over the jelly a spoonful at a time, allowing it to soak well in. Leave till

set. Just before serving, pour over the custard and stick with halved blanched almonds.

JELLY SQUARES

One packet jelly crystals, bananas, cream, sugar, vanilla, nuts.

Make the jelly a little stiffer than usual. Pour half into a wetted shallow dish. Leave till quite firm. Cover with thin slices of banana. Pour over a little jelly, being careful not to disturb the fruit. When set, pour over remainder of jelly. Leave till quite firm. Cut into squares with sharp knife. Whip cream with sugar and essence. Put large rose of cream on each square. Sprinkle with chopped nuts. Serve on small plates.

JELLY SUNDÆ

One packet raspberry jelly crystals, chopped nuts and fruit, little gelatine, whipped cream.

Make jelly in usual way, stir well. Pour into sundæ glasses. Leave till

quite firm. With dessertspoon scoop out the centre carefully. Melt the jelly that has been taken out. Add a little dissolved gelatine. Then add the chopped fruit and nuts. When cool and setting, fill the hollow, and leave till quite firm. Decorate with whipped, flavored cream, and serve very cold.

N.B.: The scooped-out jelly could be set till firm in another dish, chopped till it sparkles, then fill hollow and decorate with cream.

FRUIT MOULD

One pint jelly, 1 banana, 2 slices pineapple, cherries, peaches.

Rinse out plain mould with cold water. Pour some jelly into the mould to about half-inch deep, and leave till set, then add layer of chopped fruit. Pour over a little jelly and leave till set. Continue these layers till mould is full. Leave on ice. Turn onto glass dish and decorate with cream.



CAN YOU LEND ME A SPOONFUL OF GRAVOX?

Just fill to-morrow's dinner without GRAVOX. Isn't it wonderful how it SALS, SEASONS, BROWNS & THICKENS—all at once!

Gravox
The IDEAL GRAVY MAKER
Send 1d. Stamp for FREE SAMPLE
RECKITT & CO. LTD., BRISTOL, ENGL.

For Real Bad Coughs or Colds

New Canadiol Compound Satisfies Everybody.

When it comes to dealing a knock-out blow to coughs, colds, or bronchitis, Buckle's celebrated Canadiol Mixture (triple acting) is still supreme. Every day brings uncounted testimonials that no other remedy is so safe, so dependable, so lightning fast in action. Coughs and colds relieved with one dose—bronchitis with two doses—brought to a complete end with one bottle, is the story they tell. Make sure at quick, definite relief by taking BUCKLE'S CANADIOL MIXTURE—by far the largest-selling cough medicine in all of blizzard-sold Canada. It acts like a flash—single sip proves it. Only 2/3 at all good chemists—guaranteed. ***

Solus Apricot
Mira Plum
Orange Marmalade
Black Currant
Raspberry
Strawberry
47 "True Fruit"
Varieties.

As happy as her smile . . . is her choice in jams

Delicious Rosella favourites, that never fail to please, in sparkling gold lined cans that enhance and protect.

Rosella
OVER 100 PURE FOODS

WHY 'BiSoDoL' will banish your INDIGESTION when stomach remedies fail

Indigestion which stubbornly refuses to yield to purely stomach remedies is soon mastered by 'BiSoDoL,' thus demonstrating the superior efficacy of a remedy specially designed to strengthen and restore the digestive system as a whole instead of in parts. 'BiSoDoL' quickly proves its advantage over ordinary stomach

remedies or bicarbonate of soda. No only does 'BiSoDoL' instantly neutralize excess stomach acid but it soothes and fortifies the gastric nerves and thus restores the normal acid balance of the gastric juice. Fermentation, heartburn, nausea, flatulence and inflammation then cease.

'BiSoDoL' Helps Bowel Digestion too

The restorative action of 'BiSoDoL' does not end in the stomach. The headaches, the liver attacks, the mental sluggishness and bodily lethargy, the fits of depression, the abdominal flatulence and distension—distressing symptoms of bowel indigestion with which most middle-aged and elderly people are only too well acquainted—are quickly relieved

and soon vanish when 'BiSoDoL' is taken. 'BiSoDoL' actively assists the digestion of meats, fats, starches and all foods. It supports the feeble digestion "ALL THE WAY" from the stomach, through the duodenum and the entire length of the intestine, until the last fraction of strength and nourishment is absorbed from your food.

Gives Complete Relief that Lasts Ends Acidity, Wind, Heartburn and Pain.

Read this Convincing Testimony

Mr. A. E. P., Dentist, writes:—"I have taken 'BiSoDoL' personally and am delighted with its efficacy. I have lately been under treatment for indigestion without much benefit, but 'BiSoDoL' started to clear the trouble immediately. Many patients complain of indigestion while waiting for their dentures. I have advised them to take 'BiSoDoL' and several have thanked me afterwards for the hint."

Mr. J. W. M. writes:—"Being subject to duodenal trouble I have

found 'BiSoDoL' most efficacious."

Mr. L. G. writes:—"My wife says 'BiSoDoL' is the best thing she has ever taken for Dyspepsia."

Mrs. L. N. writes:—"I am delighted with the good 'BiSoDoL' has done me. The gentle action on the bowels has actually relieved piles very much."

Mr. R. H. A. writes:—" 'BiSoDoL' is the finest Antacid I have struck, and I have tried a few in my time."

BiSoDoL

Try 'BiSoDoL' and you will realize what a great stride has been made in the conquest of indigestion by the discovery of the remedy which helps a weak digestion "ALL THE WAY"

1/9 and 2/6
OF ALL CHEMISTS
Pronounce it
BY—SO—DOL

Soothes at a Touch!

ONLY Germolene

ENDS PAIN PAINLESSLY

The first cooling touch—and burning inflammation, throbbing pain, die away. But that's only half the story! The amazing speed with which Germolene conquers ANY skin trouble, however serious, is little short of miraculous. Thousands of sufferers have found glorious freedom from Skin Trouble with Germolene Skin Ointment. On the right is a typical letter—unsolicited, straight-from-the-heart gratitude. Read it. Then get your tin for CUTS, BURNS, SCALDS, ECZEMA, BAD LEGS, PILES, SORES, ACNE, ETC.



RASH
goes in 2 DAYS

"For weeks I have treated my irritating RASH with all sorts of things, but without improvement. Then a friend suggested Germolene Ointment. Within two days the rash had completely disappeared."
—Miss H. S.

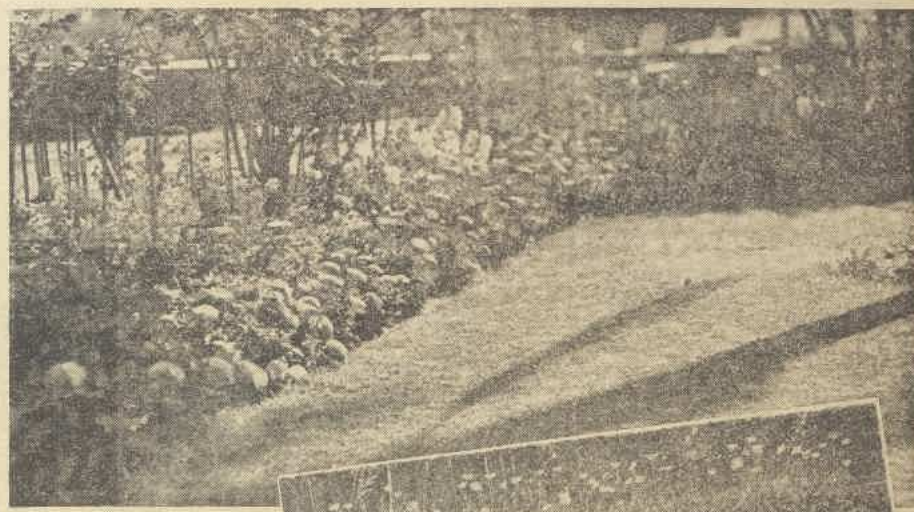
All Chemists

Germolene

SKIN OINTMENT 1/9 & 4/- Per Tin

Let Our Gardens be Gay!

.... and above all
Prepare now for Summer, Says the Old Gardener



A BORDER OF Orange King calceolarias makes a glorious show against the green of the sweeping lawns in Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Meagher's garden at 6 Belmont Avenue, Wollstonecraft, N.S.W. When their glory fades, the color theme will be taken up by massed antirrhinum and other summer flowering plants.

NOW comes the most exciting time of the year for the keen gardener—springtime and preparations for a brilliant summer display.

Sunny days are here again, bringing a host of tennis parties and happy meals out of doors, so let's plan to make our surroundings gay and colorful. The Old Gardener gives you simple but expert advice in this article. Heed!

THOSE who followed my advice some little time ago, in building their seed frames and sowing their summer flowering plants, should now have a sturdy lot of seedlings ready to transplant into their permanent homes.

If you did not do this you will have to purchase your plants from the local nurseryman, but you will find this ever so much more expensive, for the plants cost from 9d. to 1/- per dozen, whereas from a 6d. packet of seeds you should have nearly a hundred seedlings.

Growing one's own plants is so exciting, too, and, furthermore, the plants become acclimatized, and can be transplanted at any time convenient, whereas "bought" plants, unless purchased in boxes, have to be transplanted immediately, no matter what the weather conditions may be.

All keen gardeners should look well ahead, so now is the time to think of the grand summer display. Remember, those hot, dry months are not far away, so when preparing the beds, deep digging is essential, and use plenty of humus such as old grass, straw, leaves, seaweed, vegetable and flower tops, and anything that will help to build and maintain the fertility of the soil, and give it greater water-holding capacity.

In planting your garden for a colorful display, do your work methodically. Try to picture what your garden will look like when it is in full flower. Mass a bed with large dahlias, flowering zinnias, and have a closely-packed border of pompones zinnias.

Given a commanding position the phlox drummondii will provide a delightful blaze of color, and a bed of Rosy Morn petunia with a border of purple bedding petunia would be very attractive. The large double fringed petunia, too, will ramble gaily over your garden, if given plenty of room.

Linnaria, with its charming variety of pastel shades, will be a welcome addition for the summer, and asters are veritable gems, and there should be no garden without their rich, glowing flowers. American Beauty and Royal Emperor are the new varieties for this season, and the seeds of these lovely new types can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Seed Department.

Portulaca makes a brave showing, and may be planted in the very hottest spot in your garden.

Lobelia makes a quaint ribbon border, and the dwarf Golden Gleam nasturtium is also a most effective border plant.

Ageratum is a popular summer plant,

with its blossoms ranging from silvery-mist to deep, rich blue.

If there's a drab corner in your garden brighten it with the vivid red amaranthus.

Calceolaria is attractive for interior decoration, two of the most attractive colors being the Campfire and the Lemon Queen.

Especially striking is a bed massed with the Campfire, and a border of Lemon Queen.

Candytuft is sturdy to grow, and really gives a wonderful show. Sunspiders, too, are firm favorites, and should be planted now in a well-drained position. If the ground is sour or too moist they will soon wilt and die off. Guinea Gold marigold is valuable for decoration purposes, and the novelty African marigold, Dixie Sunshine, will be popular this season, and should make an excellent showing.

Nierembergia is a dwarf shrub, which flowers profusely, and deserves greater popularity, as it is really ideal for rocky work. Pentstemon deserve a place in your garden, as they bloom right into late autumn, and are hardy and easy to grow.

Nigella, better known under its romantic name of "love-in-the-mist," is a very dainty yet hardy annual. The attractive cornflower-blue flowers peep coyly from the delicate foliage.

Torinia, an ornamental pot-plant perennial does well in sheltered positions, and the Mexican sunflower, Lithonia, gives a mass of bright orange flowers.

YOUR GARDEN IS BEST!

The latest and best in seasonal flowers—grown from highest quality seeds—and cared for as garden lovers alone can do, will make YOUR GARDEN BEST! The following are especially chosen for present sowing—to give a galaxy of color and brilliance for months and months. Every one is excellent for cutting.

NEW ASTER, "Royal Emperor."—Extra large full flowers, of exquisite form. Long stems. Free flowering. Will-resistant. Color rich royal purple with metallic sheen. The most magnificent purple Aster for garden or cut flower purposes. 1/- & 2/6 pkt.

NEW MARIGOLD, "Yellow Supreme."—A worthy winter plant to "Guinea Gold." Large flowers of the same variegated-line form, with pretty frilled and ruffled petals. Color: Creamy lemon-yellow that ages well with the orange flowers of "Guinea Gold." Pleasant house-like fragrance. 1/- pkt.

NEW COLOR COMBINATIONS, to help you get the very latest modern colorings in zinnias, for garden and interior decorations, we have prepared separate combinations of PINK SHADES (from soft shell through every shade of pink to deep rose), and GOLD, CRIMSON & TANGY SHADES—all the "wanted" and fashionable shades. Both are priced at 1/- & 2/6 pkt.

NEW NASTURTIUM, "Dwarf Golden Globe."—The finest of all summer flowering plants for mignons, massing, window boxes, pot plants, baskets, and rockeries. Masses of semi-double and double flowers, the color of molten gold, on long stems, and with glorious perfume. The plants are cushion-shaped, dwarf, and compact, without runners. 1/- pkt.

CHAMPION DAHLIAS—All the magnificent Dahlias seen at shows and in catalogues were grown originally from seeds. Why should you not grow and name your own? We offer seeds of Cactus, Giant Decorative, Coloretto, and Charm types—saved only from the highest standard NAMED DAHLIA, at 1/- pkt.—the 4 pkts. for 3/6. A gardenful of gorgeous Dahlias—to flower profusely this very season—for only 2/6!

GARDENING SIMPLIFIED—A book on Australian Gardening by R. H. Hunt. A most interesting, practical, and helpful book, explaining the easiest culture of flowers and vegetables. Learn to garden successfully. 2/- Post Free.

ANDERSON & CO., LTD.
208-210 GEORGE STREET
Box 1621, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

180 PITT STREET
Phone: 1621-2 4034

ANOTHER glimpse of this attractive garden, showing in the foreground anemones in all the hues of the rainbow and, against the fence, a bed of giant flowering poppies.

Verbena makes a splendid color scheme when the colors are separately massed, and viscaria is a bright little plant that gives a profusion of blooms. So with the approach of summer, start to plan carefully, and choose positions suitable to each individual plant.

FORTY POUNDS OF FAT VANISH

Wonderful Result of Taking Kruschen

Here is another authentic case of a woman who is successfully reducing by taking Kruschen Salts, on the advice of her doctor. After taking four bottles she has lost 40 pounds of her excess fat. As she is still overweight, she is continuing the treatment. She writes:—

"I am taking Kruschen for reducing flesh. I weighed 17 stone 4 lbs., when I started to take it, and I have gradually lost weight. I am now taking my fifth bottle. After the first, I was 16 stone 8½ lbs.; after the second, 15 stone 13½ lbs.; after the third, 15 stone 4 lbs.; after the fourth, 14 stone 6 lbs. I am under a doctor, and he advised me to take Kruschen Salts. I have proof of my weight, as the doctor has weighed me every time. As I am 59 years of age, I think the result is wonderful."
(Mrs.) F.P.

Kruschen combats the cause of fat by assisting the internal organs to perform their functions properly—to throw off each day those waste products and poisons which, if allowed to accumulate, will be converted by the body's chemistry into fatty tissue.

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

SIMPLE Aids..

to Loveliness

Nature offers some... others are found in your own kitchen cupboards

MANY think that a lot of money is necessary to attain, and retain, facial and figure beauty.

This is not true. Scores of girls and women have improved their looks a hundredfold by simple aids, plus consistency.

THEY do not, like so many, just go on wishing to be nicer to look at, bewail their lot for not having been born beautiful, or indulge in fevered "bursts" of beauty care. Instead, they decide upon a sane kind of regime, be it ever so simple, and nothing is allowed to interfere. Not even a late night!

The result must spell success—and continued success.

Now, after talking to you in such a straight-faced fashion, I must tell you of a few "simples" which I hope will be of some use to you:

Nature offers one of the best beauty aids free—rain water. It is splendid for the skin and wonderful for the hair.

Catch a Supply

I DO not expect you to run out when it rains and soak yourself, but you could quite easily put a dish or two out and catch a supply.

If you can't get enough to wash your face regularly, use it for rinsing purposes. Cold rain water is one of the best skin tonics you can possibly have by you, so splash it up on the face freely and dry by patting briskly with a dry cloth.

Foundation of Happiness!

FEET KEPT HEALTHY WITH Zam-Buk

IF you want to look happy and feel happy, it's tremendously worth while to care for your feet, says a beauty specialist. Nothing brings lines and wrinkles to the face more quickly than persistent foot trouble. It puts a strain on your nerves and makes you irritable all day.

To have healthy feet which will enable you to get through your daily work with ease, follow this nightly treatment. First bathe the feet in warm water. Then, after drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk into the ankles, insteps, soles, and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are readily absorbed into the skin. Thus

Pain, Swelling and Inflammation are quickly relieved by Zam-Buk. Corns, bunions, and hard growths are softened; blisters are healed; joints, ankles, toes, and feet are strengthened and made comfortable and walking is again a pleasure. Start with Zam-Buk to-night!

2/6 for 3/6 box. Of all chemists & stores

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night



TWO OF Nature's finest gifts for the complexion free—for the taking! A soothing and beautifying lotion can be made from rose petals; cold rain water is an excellent skin tonic.

Hair that is washed in warm rain water becomes as lustrous and soft as hair that is tended with all the elaborate preparations used by professionals.

One part lemon juice to two parts water will make a reliable astringent lotion which, patted into the face once a day, helps to keep the skin firm and white.

Two parts of salad oil and one part of lemon juice massaged into the hands will greatly improve their appearance. Particularly will this be noticeable if the mixture is rubbed in every time the hands are washed. Dry the hands thoroughly, of course, before applying the lemon and oil.

It would be an excellent plan to make a goodly quantity at a time. Keep a small bottle in the bathroom, and another in the kitchen or bedroom. If you are a business girl, keep a bottle in a drawer of your office desk.

Though I've never tried it, I'm told that salad oil beaten up with the yolk of an egg makes an excellent skin food. Only about a teaspoonful of the oil is used with each yolk, and the food is massaged into the skin with the fingertips (with upward and outward movements), left on for about half an hour, and removed with cold water.

If you are a sufferer from open pores, try bathing the face in a solution of epsom salts. Use about one teaspoonful to a breakfast-cup of cold water. If you throw the salts into warm water you will find that they will melt more readily.

Allow the mixture to cool off before using, however, and apply after the skin has been cleansed with cold cream or good soap and water.

Other Helpfals

SHOULD you ever run out of a dentifrice use common salt, or a mixture made of two parts of bicarbonate of soda to one part of cream of tartar. The latter mixture, it is said, will make the teeth white. It might be worth trying out by those of you who smoke more often than you should!

A course of potato-water drinking for the sake of the complexion may cause you to open wide your eyes with astonishment. But if you suspect acid in the system, which usually affects skin

Compacts

TIREd, aching feet may be relieved by soaking them ten to fifteen minutes in hot water, to which bath salts have been added. Dry thoroughly, and massage them firmly with olive oil.

AN oily cold cream, particularly suitable for the not-so-young woman whose skin requires extra nourishment, can be made at home.

Here is the recipe: Half-ounce spermaceti, 1 ounce coconut oil, 1 ounce lanoline, 2 ounces oil of sweet almonds, 1 ounce orange flower water, 6 drops simple tincture of benzoin. Mix thoroughly.

YOU can make your eyes appear larger than they are by making a fine, short line with an eyebrow pencil at the outer corner of each eye. This is most successful at night.

By --
Evelyn

Make-up Substitute

SHOULD you lose or run out of rouge or lipstick, cochineal is a harmless and natural-looking substitute. For rouge, it can be used full strength or diluted with water until the required tint is obtained. A few drops added to a little glycerine will give a becoming color to the lips.

as well as the general health, try this: Select old potatoes and scrub them thoroughly. Peel them about an inch thick and throw this peel into a saucepan. Allow two cupsful of water to each potato. Boil for forty to forty-five minutes. Strain off the liquid and drink it warm or cold an hour or so before meals.

Dietitians say that a course of this potato-liquid will not only banish acid from the system, but will whiten and beautify the skin. Try it!

Warm milk and cold tea are both good eye tonics. Milk soothes the eyes, and cold tea stimulates them. Apply by means of cotton-wool pads dipped in the chosen liquid, and place over eyes for ten to twenty minutes.

Recipe for Rose Water

ROSE water, as you know, is excellent for the skin. Of course, you can buy it rather cheaply, but it is rather fascinating (and cheaper) to make your own if you have a rose garden or access to one.

Here is the recipe:—Gather the roses on a dry day and preferably while the dew is still on them. Remove petals and place on paper in the sun to dry.

When the petals are quite dry, weigh them and to every two ounces add ten ounces of boiling water.

The petals should be placed in a vessel with a lid to it, this to be closed down as soon as the boiling water is added. After three hours, stir, and strain through muslin.

After straining, pour ten more ounces of boiling water, through muslin, on to the petals. Now pound the petals (a wooden potato masher will serve), and add to the first solution. Bottle.

TRUST YOUR DENTIST

To make your teeth
**NATURALLY
WHITE**

-he says **KOLYNOS**



Regular use of Kolynos—which is best used on a DRY brush—will quickly show you how sparkling-white your teeth can be when they are thoroughly and completely cleaned.

Dentists throughout the World recommend Kolynos because of its proved antiseptic and cleansing action.

Important ingredients exceptional to Kolynos actually kill the germs of dental decay in a few seconds, whilst other essential ingredients remove unsightly stain and dissolve tartar, entering every tiny crevice and washing away all particles of food debris, keeping the mouth in a healthy condition.

Discover for yourself the joy of clean naturally white teeth and a healthy mouth. Being highly concentrated, Kolynos is most economical in use. Try it. Get a tube to-day. Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

ONE TUBE LASTS TWICE AS LONG
Half-an-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush
cleans Teeth PERFECTLY!
KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

I CALLED IT "ANNO DOMINI"



Have YOU 'dropped out' of things?

If you wake up limp and tired, if you feel that you're 'getting on', and can't do your share of entertaining and social activity, that's nearly always a sign of "Night-Starvation". As the doctor said, your body burns up energy even during sleep. You must give your body the proper nourishment to replace this energy as it is burnt up—otherwise you wake up unrefreshed, and feel tired all day.

Horlick's taken regularly at bedtime guards against "Night-Starvation". It stores your body with new reserves of strength, which lasts all day long. Horlick's is light and easy to digest, and tastes delicious. It is economical, too—the milk is in it, and water only. Prices from 1/6. Also the Horlick's Mixer, 1/6.

HORLICK'S GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT-STARVATION

This means you sleep soundly, wake refreshed, and have extra energy all day

SPRAINS—BRUISES

Apply SLOAN'S—Pain Ceases

Every day some muscular ache or pain needs attention. The most obstinate case is relieved with SLOAN'S. It restores normal circulation to the congested area, sending purified blood into the painful tissues. Soon pain ceases, swelling goes down—stiff joints and muscles become easier. No matter the trouble SLOAN'S gives prompt, genuine relief.



SLOAN'S LINIMENT KILLS PAIN

RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION

Approved by Doctors

RENDELLS

Famous for 50 years

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET—

John Agnew, WARD AND WARD (AUSTRALIAN) LIMITED, 222 CLARENCE STREET, SYDNEY

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME



..BY A DOCTOR..

Headaches are Individual Puzzles Often Hard to Solve

PATIENT: Although I am perfectly strong and healthy, I have always been a victim of headache. It is becoming more frequent and severe and mostly accompanied by a feeling of nausea. What can one generally attribute these persistent attacks to?

HEADACHES are a most common human affliction. The young may suffer from them as well as the middle-aged and the old. Headaches may be only occasional, with months of freedom following an attack, or they may occur almost every day.

Lastly, headaches vary in intensity from slight discomfort, perhaps only a feeling of fullness in the head, to such severe pain and pounding that they send the sufferer prostrate to bed.

People have a way of getting used to headaches and letting them go, as it were. Or they develop the habit of taking headache remedies, often increasing the doses rather carelessly as time goes on.

Headaches are not always easy to cure, yet the persistent cases in particular should be studied with the hope of finding out what causes them.

Look For the Cause

AUTO-INTOXICATION is one of the commonest causes for headaches. We tend to be careless about what we eat, and how we rid the body of waste products.

The result is accumulation of poisonous substances in the system, and these give headache. Eystrelin frequently is responsible. Proper glasses may make headaches disappear like magic.

Worry also causes headaches. So may mental conflicts of all kinds, such

Typical Diet

IN feeding a typhoid patient the directions of the attending physician should be most closely followed, for a mistake might actually prove fatal. The diet of such a patient as a rule consists largely of modified milk and other liquids. Readily-digested solids are only added at the convalescent stage, and very gradually.

no doubts, fears, feelings of anxiety, etc. Love affairs—in fact, all sorts of disturbances in the emotional life—may bring on headaches.

The most puzzling type of headache, as well as often the most completely devastating, is the familiar sick headache.

It is also known as migraine, megrim, bilious headache or hemicrania. Few persons go through life without having had one or more such migraine attacks, and there are some who are tortured by them for years.

Despite the fact that sick headaches differ in various individuals, so that neither every attack nor every patient can be treated alike, and that trying to find out what really is responsible for the headache often is like solving a riddle, sufferers from migraine should not become discouraged, even after repeated attempts to relieve them have failed.

Locating the Cause

THE typical migraine attack is more or less periodical and frequently affects only half the head—hence the term, "hemicrania"—although the entire head may be involved.

It may come slowly and gradually, with a feeling of heaviness. After a while the pain is extremely intense, and is often referred to as a "splitting headache."

Besides the head pains, there is usually an accompanying feeling of nausea—"biliousness"—and sometimes vomiting terminates the attack promptly.

Before the attack, as a rule, there are peculiar eye sensations. Some see flying specks, some a spot, others threads or woolly fibres that suddenly appear in the mind's eye, as it were, often when reading or concentrating, and these spread out or move, often in a curve, and

disappear, to be followed immediately by others of the same kind.

Persons may be incapacitated for days by sick headaches. After the attack the patient feels as well as ever, and, by contrast, he may even feel brighter than he ever did.

As mentioned previously, the cause may be difficult to locate. Different theories are prevalent. Sometimes so apparently remote a remedy as change of occupation may bring relief.

However, the nervous make-up of the patient should never be overlooked. Often treatments fail because of this.

Sometimes the migraine is a pure symptom of neuritis and nothing else, and mental analysis is indicated.

MOTHER ASKS THE DOCTOR

HIS SKIN IS TERRIBLY RED AND CHAFED.



HE NEEDS A SOOTHING TOILET SOAP—I WOULD ADVISE REXONA.

A COMFORT SOAP FOR BABY

No matter how healthy a baby is, there's always a danger of his skin becoming chafed and sore, unless you give it special care. Rexona babies are always happy babies because Rexona's gentle medicated lather has a wonderfully soothing effect on tender skin—Rexona Soap is a real protection against rashes, chafing, and all the painful skin complaints that make baby irritable and restless.

For PERSISTENT DISORDERS

In the case of stubborn skin disorders, use Rexona Ointment, as well as Rexona Soap. The two together bring speedy relief from pain and irritation, leaving the skin smooth and unscarred.



Rexona

SOAP, 9d. per tablet. OINTMENT, 1/6 tin (City and Suburb)

—377—

A STAR TO ALL BUT HIM, UNTIL



AFTER THE SHOW

OH DEAR—THEY LOVE ME ON THE STAGE, BUT WHY CAN'T I BE POPULAR WITH THE ONE WHO REALLY COUNTS... WHY DOES FRANK AVOID ME LATELY? WHAT'S THAT?



WHAT SHE HEARD

WHAT'S COME BETWEEN YOU AND KAY, FRANK?



NOTHING, TOM...

ER—THAT IS—WELL, HAVE YOU NOTICED HER BREATH LATELY? SHE OUGHT TO SEE HER DENTIST!



OF ALL THE LIES!

I'VE ALWAYS BEEN SO CAREFUL TO AVOID BAD BREATH. STILL, WHAT DID HE MEAN ABOUT ME SEEING MY DENTIST?



SO SHE DECIDED TO FIND OUT—

YES, MY DEAR, MOST BAD BREATH IS DUE TO IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH—TO DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES BETWEEN THE TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE OF ITS ACTIVE, PENETRATING FOAM.



YOUR TEETH LOOK WHITE AND PRETTY,

MISS KAY, SINCE YOU'VE BEEN USING COLGATES!



AND NOT LONG AFTER

LET'S DITCH THE PARTY, SWEET THERE'S A MOON SOMEWHERE THAT NEEDS LOOKING AT!



SOMETHING TELLS ME I'LL THANK THAT MOON... AND COLGATE'S



WHY risk bad breath? Use Colgate's Dental Cream. Its penetrating foam removes the decaying food deposits in crevices between your teeth—the source of most bad breath. At the same time, a soft, grit-free ingredient polishes the enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

Thus Colgate's makes your teeth cleaner, brighter—assures you a sweeter, purer breath. Try Colgate's Dental Cream to-day.

LARGE SIZE 1/3 GIANT SIZE TWICE THE QUANTITY 2/-



IF YOU PREFER POWDER—Colgate's Frothy Dental Powder gives the same results. Its oxygen content prevents bad breath and freshens.

MAKE the KITCHEN More ATTRACTIVE

Colorful, spotless surroundings, plus efficient equipment, lighten and brighten daily tasks.

IN the ideal home of to-day the kitchen has become the focal point of interest and the scene of new improvements of every kind.

It is cheerful to the point of gaiety, hygienic, and as efficiently equipped as modern planning can make it.

Of course, hundreds of home-lovers are not possessors of modernly-designed kitchens. But it is amazing to see what many have done in the way of banishing drabness and non-essentials from their busy workshops.

WHY shouldn't the kitchen be the cheeriest room in the home? Here the housewife spends at least two-thirds of her working hours. It stands to reason, therefore, that every touch which tends to make it more colorful, more hygienic, and every addition in modern equipment, must add to the general contentment and happiness of the family.

It is a well-known psychological fact that people work better in cheerful and harmoniously colorful surroundings than in drab, colorless, uninteresting surroundings. Moreover, they feel better.

Helpful Hints

IN order to keep your kitchen spick-and-span it is necessary to be ruthless with regard to the non-essentials.

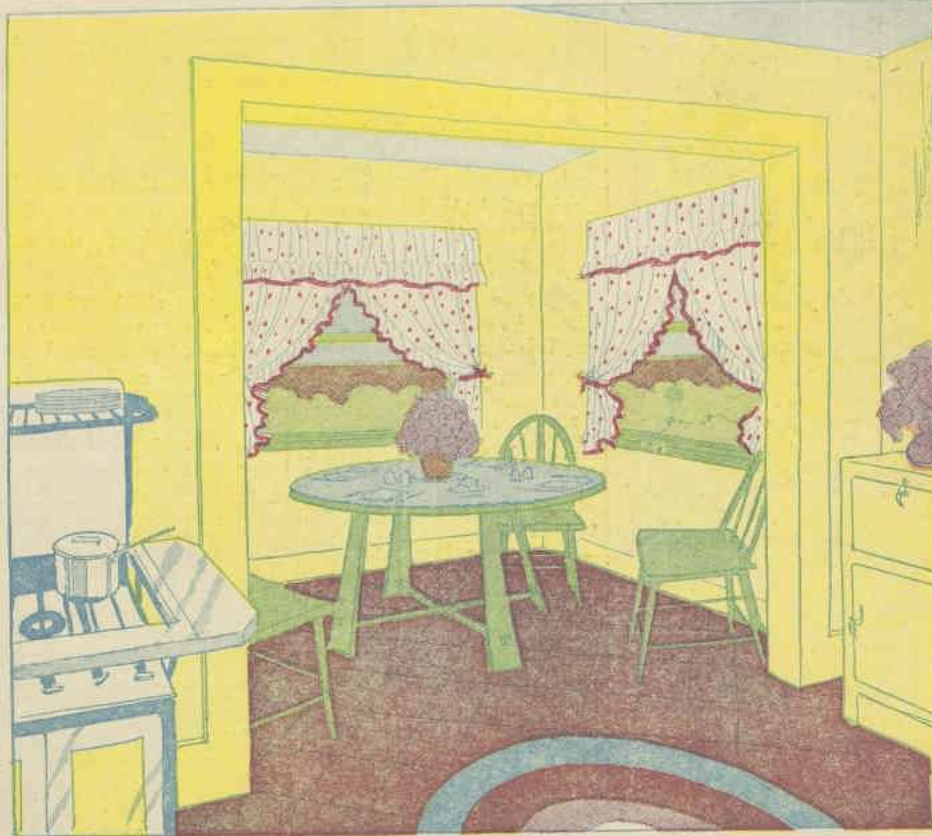
Many kitchens of to-day have adjoining alcoves where the first meal of the day is served. This meal must not be spoiled by an unattractive clutter of gear and a great display of tins and pots.

Keep nothing whatever in your kitchen that is not wanted. I know the wisecracks will tell me that everything "comes in" some day; well, keep a small supply of oddments in a special box, but don't go on adding to it year by year.

Burn, and burn, and burn every day; leave no bones for rats and mice. Clear all vegetable refuse off at once, and don't keep crowds of empty pots and bottles. Good useful things which are not wanted should be sent off to jumble sales or institutions.

It is surprising how little we use every day of all the things in our kitchens; try doing without some of them, and reap the benefit by having a healthier and airier room in which to work.

Containers for every commodity are essential if you want to avoid waste and disorder. Lovely sets, enamel finished, in



HOW TIMES HAVE CHANGED! Not so very many years ago the average kitchen was a more or less drab-colored workshop. To-day it is a colorful and inviting centre. Many even feature gay breakfast alcoves where the first meal of the day—savored with color and simple home charm, enhanced with quick service and convenience—is a meal worth having.

gleaming aluminium, in glass, plain and prettily colored, also in pottery, can be had in almost any size and at prices within the reach of the average purse.

If yours are shabby, why not give them a coat of enamel paint or lacquer to match the color-scheme of the room? Neat labels can be affixed, or the name of the contents neatly printed on in black letters.

On the other hand, plain glass jam jars and the larger-sized jars used for holding preserved fruit can be used. The jam jars, sealed

is a simpler method than changing weedy white paper coverings on shelves.

Install a little side table for serving food and holding sauce-pans. If it has a marble or terrazzo top, so much the better for cleaning. If it is of wood, make plentiful use of sheets of paper neatly cut, and ready to the hand for pot-stands, etc.

Airy Brightness

VENTILATE your kitchen thoroughly every day by opening every door and window, especially when there is a sweet wind blowing.

If your kitchen has a sunny aspect, delightful in winter but uncomfortable in midsummer, try out this suggestion for airy coolness:

Measure your windows and buy enough wide-meshed net (mosquito netting is ideal). Dye this a dark leaf-green (you may be able to purchase this color) and stretch it tightly across the window-frame and tack down firmly all round. Air can then circulate freely through the room and the dark green color will counteract the sun's glare. Moreover, the net will keep any flies and mosquitoes on the right side—that is, outside!

Paint or lacquer will work wonders for your kitchen. You can do a lot with it in a few hours. Use plenty of yellow, the lovely hue of sunlight and life. Blues and greens are lovely for rooms which are a little hot; orange or cherry will suit south aspects where little sunshine comes.

And don't forget the pot of flowers somewhere on the dresser, or table. If you cannot grow flowers in hot, dry places, get a few flowerpots or tins and start some little things which you can keep damp without trouble. Pansies, torenia, dwarf nasturtiums, primula malacoides, dwarf ageratum, all low-growers

CURBING THOSE MOTHS

If moths have been detected in rugs and carpets, rub the floor underneath with a solution made by adding three tablespoons of turpentine to three quarts of cold water.

which are hardy, may be grown into entrancing table decorations. Think of a pot of lobelia, richly blue and cool; mignonette, cuphea, the funny little cigarette shrub, little bits of hydrangeas, ivy geranium, and so on—endless beauty

The Breakfast Alcove

IF you breakfast in your colorful kitchen or kitchen alcove, see that the table is large enough for all the members of the family. A drawer in one side is invaluable for holding table linen and extra table napkins; for the casual guest keep a supply of paper table napkins in the drawer, but the guest who stays in the house must be provided with linen in the usual manner.

Table Linen: Make a supply of tablecloths to fit the table top exactly, with nothing hanging over. They are economical and easy to launder. Buy colored linen or Cessarine, and either have the hems hemstitched or hem them by hand in the flat tailored manner we so often advocate in our needlework pages.

Make napkins to match. If you like a touch of needlework on them, don't forget the two lovely stock alphabet transfers we can send you for 9d. each, both highly suitable for table linen.

China and Glass: You probably have plenty of these, but if you are buying new pieces, match your tablecloths or kitchen walls. Don't be afraid of plenty of color, especially in the kitchen.—E.E.G.

By Our Home Decorator

with airtight covers of grease-proof paper, will make quite efficient containers for spices, seasonings, etc. If you want to avoid spending money.

Cupboards, particularly those containing foodstuffs, should be kept scrupulously clean. It is best to give the shelves a coat or two of white enamel, or green enamel. Scientists say that the reflection cast by clear green helps to preserve the fat in foods.

A clean cloth wrung out of warm water can be used to wipe over enamelled woodwork. This

Work the latest designs in EMBROIDERY



"Let's be Gay"—it began as a mat, but happiness is catching and you'll want this glowing design to brighten all the dull corners in your home to bring novelty to your clothes! There's the same adaptability about the "Sunshine Cushion" too—about all the designs (of which these are but two) issued for Clark's Anchor Soft Embroidery, the most satisfactory soft thread where non-lustrous effects are desired. See the complete range

of easy-to-follow instruction leaflets with transfers at your needlework shop or use the coupon (2d. each, including postage).

in this gay new embroidery thread—**CLARK'S Anchor Soft EMBROIDERY**



To P.O. Box 1884P, Melbourne, P.O. Box 2573E, Sydney; P.O. Box N1880, Perth; or P.O. Box 153, 7th Ave., Wellington, N.Z.
I enclose . . . in stamps for one copy each of leaflets "Let's be Gay" (A) and "Sunshine Cushion" (B). * (Strike out leaflet NOT required).
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Help Your Child to AVOID MANY COLDS

At the first snuffle or sneeze, quick! a few of these amazing drops up each nostril. They clear the head instantly . . . relieve the irritation . . . and stimulate Nature to throw off the threatening cold before it can take hold.

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"Both my wife and I find Bourn-vita the very best night-cap we ever had!"

People getting on in years, who found they slept fitfully, now enjoy sound slumber—thanks to Bourn-vita. Numerous letters received by Cadbury's testify to that fact.

The delight with which Bourn-vita has been welcomed by sufferers from sleeplessness is easy to understand. Never before have they found a food-drink so certain in its power to impart restful slumber and build up renewed energy for the next day's tasks or recreation.

A GENEROUS SAMPLE — FREE!

To enable you to prove for yourself how good Bourn-vita is, how delicious it tastes, we will send you a generous sample on receipt of name and full address and 3d. in stamps (to cover packing and postage). Mail your request to CADBURY'S, Dept. D, Claremont, Tasmania.

Bourn-vita taken regularly at bed-time is a delicious food-drink that will help you stay the pace, and enjoy a brighter outlook on life.

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THE FOOD-DRINK for DIGESTION, SLEEP AND ENERGY

No appetite? Always tired?

Women who complain of having "no appetite" and being "always tired" rarely suspect that the probable cause of their trouble is anemia. In its manifestations and effects, anemia can be likened to the terrifying vampire bat of fiction—it secretly attacks the blood-stream and drains all energy-giving vitality from the veins, leaving its victims listless and tired. To banish anemia and its distressing symptoms, doctors will tell you that there is nothing so good as Wincarnis. With the very first glass you'll feel better, and if you take Wincarnis regularly three times a day, you will soon experience a complete restoration of vitality and the joy of living. Buy a bottle today. Quarts: 7/5. Pints: 4/5.



WINCARNIS
Puts New Blood in your veins.

FOR Young WIVES and MOTHERS Growth and Development of the Normal Child

By MARY TRUBY KING

As Professor Winifred Cullis remarked, at the First Session of the Women's Centennial Congress on Child Welfare in Adelaide, "One of the miracles of the world is the growth of the normal child."

Professor Cullis went on to say that children would be wise to be careful about the choice of their parents, for every child should have the birthright of being "well born."

FAVORABLE conditions are necessary for the child from the moment of conception, and our first thought in dealing with the normal child should be the care of the mother in the ante-natal period.

Professor Cullis urged the women of Australia to read the health reports printed by the State Governments, and to take an intelligent interest in infant and maternal mortality statistics.

She pointed out the striking fact that the three countries to hold the palm for the lowest infant death rates were the three first to extend the right of voting to their womenfolk.

South Australia was not far behind New Zealand in the matter of Child Welfare, but New Zealand had been "first in" with suffrage. It was not, in the opinion of Professor Cullis, mere chance that united low infant mortality to suffrage—the two went hand in hand.

Mother's Health

THE first stage in the care of the normal child, therefore, is the care of the expectant mother. She must have good food, containing the necessary vitamins and nourishment, plenty of rest and sleep, and freedom from worry.

The second stage is the lactation period, in which the quality of the mother's food should be maintained.

So often the mother's internal store of iron is depleted in giving it out to her child.

She should therefore take foods containing iron, so that she may not so often become devoid of all energy at this time.

Foods supplying iron are beefroot, oysters, strawberries, liver, wheat, spinach, fresh meats, egg-yolk, and potatoes.

In a recent experiment in England, 60 per cent. of babies who were artificially fed showed a definite lack of iron, and 40 per cent. of babies who were naturally fed also showed a deficiency in this mineral. (It was concluded that, in the case of the naturally-fed babies, their mothers had not had a sufficiency of foods containing iron.)

Nursery Development

PROFESSOR CULLIS is very much in favor of nursery schools and kindergartens. She told her audience how Rachel MacMillan, the founder of the nursery schools in England, had been driven to do this great work by the sight of so many little ones playing in the streets at Deptford.

She realised the need for organised play, in cleanly surroundings, with proper food given at regular hours.

She took over a simple little workman's cottage and transformed the back yard into a beautiful garden where the children could exercise and grow in legitimate peace, with the necessary equipment for the development of both mind and body.

The house and grounds soon became too small for her needs. Now there is a very modern building catering for over 100 of these children of the streets.

All encouragement should be given to committees working for the establishment of such nursery schools throughout Australia, for, besides being of inestimable advantage to the children, they spell relief for mothers who, living in poverty, must otherwise do the household chores with many children at their feet.

The part which affection plays in the growth and development of the normal child was stressed by Professor Cullis.

She told of an experiment in which two groups of children in a certain institution were fed and cared for in exactly the same way, but whereas Group 1 had a special nurse whose duty it was to give each child affectionate, comforting love and endearments, Group 2 was given the usual physical care minus this special mothering.

At the end of six months it was found that the children in Group 1 were physically and mentally far ahead of

the children in Group 2—proving the absolute necessity for an atmosphere of wise and loving affection.

Value of Films

ANOTHER point which Professor Cullis made was the need of the world at the present time for men and women of outstanding ability. She contends that the clever child should be allowed to be clever, and not held back to the standards of the mediocre.

The world to-day suffers from mediocrity. Fifteen per cent. of our children are more than normally gifted; why not let them be developed to their top note?

Professor Cullis holds that it is just as bad for a person to be made to work below the normal pitch of his capacity as to be made to work beyond that pitch.

"In the talks and radio we have two magnificent educational agencies," said Professor Cullis, "but we are not at present using either of them in the best way in our educational system. We mustn't let our children despise educational films because they are badly produced."

"I have seen such excellent material (educationally) appallingly produced; and at the same time, such magnificent production wasted on poor material. There is no end to the possibilities of both radio and film in the education of our young, if rightly used."



Bring up a child in the way he should go.

This is sound advice—but it is not always realised what an important part the very early months and years may play in bringing about the desire of the mother for the future welfare of her baby.

When "grown-ups" are feeling out-of-sorts they become irritable and their usual good nature is spoiled—it is therefore the more desirable in the case of a young child to do everything possible to avoid unnecessary discomfort and suffering.

ASHTON & PARSONS INFANTS' POWDERS soothe the child and help him to cut his teeth with ease and thus promote a happy and contented baby.

ASHTON & PARSONS INFANTS' POWDERS are absolutely harmless.

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EUGENE
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MUCH
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WOMEN to-day cultivate the

feminine in their appearance. Every detail of their toilette must conform to it—and in this the coiffure plays a vital part. In America, Europe, England, wherever you go, curls and still more curls are the vogue. The whole world is bowing to their charm.

Now, Eugene brings to Australia a NEW reverse spiral (croquignole) method that creates curls that are softly gleaming—curls that keep their beauty, and which last months longer. Look for the Eugene emblem on the green and silver Eugene reverse spiral sachets, and so assure yourself of genuine Eugene reverse spiral curls. Ask your hairdresser also to use the speedy Eugene dryer—just for comfort's sake.

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EUGENE Permanent WAVES



QUICKLY KNITTED JUMPER for Summer's Cool Spells

Those of you who are just longing for a smart garment to wear when the weather turns chilly need look no further.

THIS chic design has just reached us from overseas. Made of Viyella unshrinkable wool, it's capable of standing up to the toughest wear without losing shape or color.

Materials required: 3oz. Viyella 6-ply wool in cadet-blue and 1oz. in white. For rope belt 1oz. extra white wool is required, or for knitted belt 3oz. extra white or blue.

Measurements: To fit 32 to 34-inch bust size.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st, stitch; tog, together.

THE BACK.

USING No. 6 needles and blue wool cast on 53 stitches.

1st Row: * k 3, p 2, repeat from * to last 2 sts, k 3. 2nd Row: * p 3, k 2, repeat from * to last 3 sts, p 3. Repeat these 2 rows, 5 times more.

Continuing in rib increase 1 st. at each end of next; and every 6th row until there are 65 stitches. Continue in rib without shaping until work measures 11 inches from commencement, ending on wrong side of work, then shape for armholes as follows: Still continuing in rib cast off 4 at beginning of next 2 rows, then decrease 1 st. at each end of next and every 4th row until 33 sts. remain, then continue without shaping until work measures 21 inches.

Cast off loosely on wrong side.

THE FRONT.

WORK as for back until armhole is reached, ending on wrong side. The work now continues in stocking-stitch.

Next Row: Cast off 4 sts, k. to end.

Next Row: Cast off 4 sts, p. to end. Knit next row and purl the next. The work is now divided at centre and shaped for neck. At armhole-edge it continues straight. Thus:—

Knit 31, turn. Next Row: K 1, p. 30. Continue on these 30 sts, decreasing 1 st. at neck-edge in next and every 4th row until 20 sts. remain. Continue without shaping until work measures 31 inches. Cast off.

Return to the stitches left for working right shoulder, and pick up 5 stitches from corresponding row of left side (this makes the neck-edge overlap slightly), 21 sts. on needle. Work on these 31 sts. to correspond with left side.

SLEEVES AND REVERS.

SLEEVES: Using No. 6 needles cast on 33 sts. and work in rib of k 2, p 2, until work measures 4 inches. Cast off 2 sts. at beginning of every row until 15 sts. remain. Cast off.

Revers: Using No. 8 needles and blue wool cast on 117 sts. 1st Row: K 1, p. 1, to centre 9 sts, k 1, p. 2 tog, k 3, p. 2 tog, k 1, then p 1, k 1, to end. 2nd Row: K 1, then k 1, p. 1, to centre 9 sts, k 1, p. 2 tog, p 3, p. 2 tog, then k 1, p. 1 to end.

Join on white wool but do not break off the blue, and repeat the last 2 rows with white. Pick up the blue wool but do not break off the white, and repeat the last two rows with blue.

Continue in this way, working 2 rows white and 2 blue alternately until 4 white stripes are completed, then still continue in same way but cast off 3 stitches at beginning of every row. After 30th row cast off.

THE BELT.

FOR knitted belt cast on 26 sts. on No. 8 needles and work in rib of k 1, p. 1, for about 37 inches, then round off end by casting off one st. at beginning of last 7 rows. Cast off and then button-hole-stitch, round end to neaten. Press knitting and then sew straight end to a buckle covered in button-hole-stitch, two quarters blue and two white. Embroider your initials in tiny blue stitches on one white quarter.

If rope belt is preferred, cut through one end of an oz. skein of white wool, then divide the strands equally into four. The two sets together at one end and attach this end to a chair. Twist tightly each set of strands, release from chair and let the two twists spring together to form a cord. Make another cord with the other two sets of strands,

then, in the same way, twist the two cords together to form rope. Tie the ends firmly and cut off near the binding. When wearing the rope belt, thread an end each way through the buckle.

To make up the Jumper: Press the knitting lightly with a damp cloth and hot iron. Sew up side and sleeve seams and set in sleeves. Sew cast off edge of revers to neck-edge of jumper and sew straight-edge where stripes end straight along yoke of jumper to hold in place.

THIS SHORT-SLEEVED affair will serve you smartly and well on land or sea. Cadet-blue and white was the seafaring color-scheme chosen for the original. You can make your own choice.



EXPERT'S ADVICE CUTS OUT "FRAYS"



Linen washed with PERSIL lasts much longer. PERSIL's active oxygen-charged suds eliminate the harsh rubbing that wears things out so quickly... yet PERSIL gets clothes dazzling white. REFUSE IMITATIONS.



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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS CONDUCTED BY EVE GYE

Sheer Loveliness—With a bewitching little cape, which you can make yourself at little cost. Pattern available.

YOU'LL see it swinging around in the smartest places, this dainty cape with swagger lines and the new, flared back.

Just a spirited little affair of black net



YOU can look just as enchanting in this cape. Secure the pattern, which costs 1/1, and make it!

bordered with snowy marguerites, to bring a dash of Paris to the very simplest gown.

The two box-pleats at the back, and the high, stand-up collar, spell chic, while the quaint flowers would be effective worked in wool or cut out of white pique.

To make the cape you will require 1½ yards of 54-inch net, and if the flowers are to be appliqued on, 1 yard of white linen or pique.

There are four pattern pieces, half-back, half-front, half-collar, and flower pattern.

To Cut and Make: Lay centre-back to the fold of material, cut fronts double; lay centre-back of collar to the fold and cut twice, as the collar is double. Join fronts to back with French seams which will come over the shoulders. Turn in

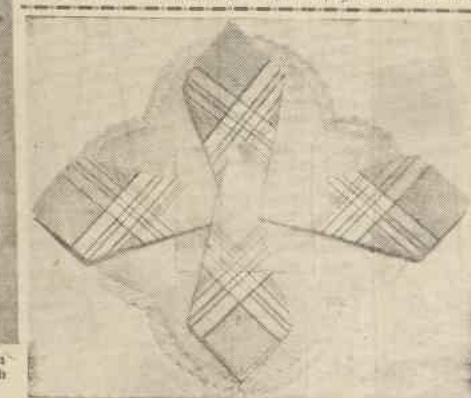
Hand-cut paper patterns of the smart cape illustrated are obtainable from our pattern department for 1/1 each, post free.

2-inch facings down fronts, and machine or hand sew.

Place collar pieces together with right sides facing, machine round edge, leaving neck edge free. Sew edge of top collar to neck edge of cape, turn in other edge of collar and sew down on to cape. Turn a narrow hem at lower edge of cape, or have it pleated.

Make two box-pleats as shown in the illustration (broad at the base and tapering at neck) by pressing with a near-hot iron.

If artificial flowers are used, sew them on at equal intervals around lower edge; if made from material, cut out from pattern one-eighth of an inch bigger, tack to cape in position and applique on. Wear the cape fastened at the throat with two smaller marguerites.



FOUR smart rose - pink, black and white kerchiefs in a delicate rose-pink lace and hem - stitched organdie sachet, will make a delightful gift, now, or at Christmas time. Only a spot of embroidery required on hankies. Send 2/6, and secure it now.

FAST COLOR FAST COLOR FAST COLOR

FAST COLOR FAST COLOR FAST COLOR

The seams won't run in washing if you sew with

Dewhurst's SYLKO

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OVER 300 COLORS—ALL FAST
100 YARDS REELS
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Our Fashion Service & Concession Pattern

VERY style featured here is provided with practical, easy-to-follow, and reasonably-priced patterns. Remember, too, that patterns featured in previous issues are always available.

Make your choice of patterns and send in now.

BOLERO AND FROCK.

WW1345.—Contrast bolero, smart new season's mode, worn over a simple, figured frock. Sleeves are very chic. Ensemble is youthful and easy to make. Bust sizes 32 to 36 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 1½ yards for bolero, and 3 yards, 36 inches wide for frock. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

BEACH OUTFIT.

WW1346.—Snappy little beach suit with pleated trousers and plain sleeveless bodice. Belt of striped contrast is suggested. Note cute bow down pleats. Bust sizes 32 to 36 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

DRESSY SUIT FOR SPRING.

WW1347.—Short-sleeved spring suits are popular, and here is an unusual and smart version. Coat and sleeves are very dressy. Bust sizes 32 to 36 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

DAINTY MODE.

WW1348.—A very dainty and spring-like dress for sunny days. Choose a floral. You will love this for afternoon wear. Bust sizes 32 to 36 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

JUMPER BLOUSE.

WW1349.—Particularly attractive jumper blouse with the new sleeves and a very becoming waist treatment. Linen, plain or floral, is our choice. Bust sizes 32 to 36 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

FOR FULL FIGURE.

WW1350.—Women with full figures will appreciate this smart and slimming style with its attractive front treatment. Sleeves are "different." Bust sizes 38 to 46 inches. Material required for 38-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide, and 1-yard for collar. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS.

WW1351.—Party frock for a wee girl with sweet puff sleeves and embroidery round neck. Sizes 1 to 8 years. Material required: 13-8 to 2 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

NEW NET COAT.

WW1352.—Net, so very new this season, makes this delightful coat. It may be worn over a floral evening gown, and looks most attractive. Bust sizes: 22 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 5 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

... Smart, Exclusive Styles Specially Designed for the Home Dressmaker!

PLEASE NOTE: To ensure prompt dispatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child. (4) Use box numbers given on concession coupon. (5) When sending for concession pattern, enclose 3d. in stamps.



SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

Patterns for dresses at left now available for 3d.!

OUR special three-in-one concession pattern this week provides for patterns for the three frocks illustrated at left. Note, too, the bolero to be worn with any frock.

You may obtain this pattern simply by filling in coupon at left and sending, with 3d. enclosed in stamps, to our offices. Do not forget to state which size you require.

No. 1: Frock with smart sleeves and panel, requires 3½ yards and 3-8 yard contrast, 36 inches wide.

No. 2: Frock and bolero, 3½ yards for frock, bolero 1½ yards.

No. 3: Frock for spectator sports, 3½ yards, 36 inches wide.

Send in now for this splendid pattern



CONCESSION PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at right, fill in the coupon and post it with a 3d. stamp enclosed, clearly marking on the envelope "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. A further charge of threepence will be made for Concession Patterns over one month old. Note: The following Australian Women's Weekly box numbers should be used when sending for all patterns.

ADELAIDE—Box 388A, G.P.O.
BRISBANE—Box 489F, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE—Box 185, G.P.O.
NEWCASTLE—Box 11, G.P.O.
SYDNEY—Box 300TE, G.P.O.
PERTH—Box —, G.P.O.
TASMANIA—C/o Andrew Mathew and Co., Pty., Ltd., 109-113 Liverpool Street, Hobart.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see addresses of our various offices, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name

Address

State

Size

Pattern Coupon, 2/10/36.

Assure YOUR Silver's Lasting Beauty — with SILVO

Silvo is gentle in its action; cleaning, polishing and restoring lustre and beauty. Silvo is quick, kindly and efficient.



Silvo contains no acids and no mercury; neither can it scratch. Silvo safely reveals the true delicate beauty that is Silver's real charm.

SILVO

LIQUID SILVER POLISH

Made in Australia by the Makers of Rockit's Blue

Catarrhal Deafness may be Overcome

If you have catarrhal deafness or head noises, see to your chemist and get 1 ounce of Parment (double strength) and add to it 4 ozs. of sugar and 1 pint of hot water. Take a dessertspoonful four times a day. This will often bring quick and lasting relief from the distressing head noises. Grogged nostrils should open, breathing become easy, and the mucous stop dropping into the throat. Anyone who has catarrh in any form should give this Parment prescription a thorough trial.

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Powders, 12 for 1/6, 24 for 2/6. Singles 2d. each. Pocket-size tins of 24 tablets 1/6. Bottles of 48, 2/6. Trial size 2d. each.

ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.

For Safety's Sake say "VINCENT'S"



BETTY'S "Racey" NARRATIVES!

A Tale of a Spring Ensemble... that was Left on a Horse's Back

By BETTY GEE

I really went to Hawkesbury races last Saturday for the purpose of trying on a few things for the spring ensemble; you know, seraping together the winnings to get the new apparel for Randwick this week. But it looks as if they will have to come out of reserves, and meagre enough at that.

The horse that would, and should, have waved the magic wand to produce all this rich finery for me was Verberry, and only the most excruciating luck chopped me out of a twenty-guinea confection. Despite that he was left at the post, he ran second, and I heard afterwards that when Frank Robinson sold him to Joe Matthews he told him he had swallowed a metal beer-bottle top.

If that's why he hasn't won a race for Mr. Matthews, I'm going to be at the barrier next time he runs with a bottle-opener to see what I can do for him in the start.

BECAUSE Dickie had word that Harry England's stable would win two races with No. 50, Bad and High, the first and last, we rushed to Hawkesbury like mad.

Oh, how I wish something had happened to the car. It would have saved the 30/- I put on Not So Bad and last because his little jockey, E. Richards, got into all the traffic jams of a shopping night. Even then he finished fourth and Dickie said he was a good thing beaten. But bookmakers don't give your money back on unlucky runners, do they?

Eve's Bad Luck

THEN I ran into Mr. Dick Wootton and he reckoned his mare Eve would win the first Maiden and I got £7 to £1. She was naughty at the barrier, but there's one thing about the starter at Hawkesbury, Mr. Lamrock, he does get those badly-behaved broncho buckers away. Anyhow Eve outpaced them all, and the fellows next to me had backed her and were literally drinking to their triumph when Aerial Post fell down on her and beat her by a head, drat him.

Dickie would insist on lunch, and I know I would have backed Radiogram, the second Maiden winner, if we hadn't been eating the good old Oxbro turkey and ham. But Mr. Claude Moore of Moorefield whispered about his horse, Royal Melody, for the third Maiden, and I was just in time to get £4/10/- to £1, and nothing else could dance to the tune he played. Simply romped home and really made me cross that I didn't put more than £1 on such a good thing.

Mrs. Frank McGrath told us about Silver Jubilee for the Flying Handicap and her husband trains it. I know some

trainers' wives who know no more about horses' chances than I do, but Mrs. McGrath does. So when I hurried in and got £8 to £2 I thought it to good.

Dickie came back with a long face and said he'd got cut off everywhere trying to get 3 to 1, and finally the horse was 7 to 4, and he wasn't on. Then Frank Dalton came up with a tip for Heroic Faith. When he went away I scoffed at it. How was he going to beat Silver Jubilee, a Randwick winner? But Dickie didn't. Clutching at straws he took 8 to 1 about Heroic Faith.

Unlucky to Lose

WELL, to cut a harrowing tale short, Silver Jubilee was last away and held his position most of the way. And Heroic Faith won by a stubble whisker. If you'd heard Dickie gloat you'd have thought it was his judgment that arranged the whole thing, the cancelled excom. Aren't men like that?

Verberry runs in the name of Mrs. Joe Matthews now. Joe was there with the eye that was kicked by a brumby at the Parkes races wrapped up, but shrewd bookie that he is, he can see more with one eye than most can glimpse with their two, and when he spotted me, he called me up to say Mickie Polton, the trainer, thought Verberry nearly a good thing for the Grand Handicap.

Well that was good enough for me. At the moment I was floundering and wallowing like an old hulk, so I thought this might be the spring ensemble in disguise, so I got £20 to £2.

But disaster began at the barrier. Verberry was cut off and lost goodness knows how much at the barrier. A jockey called O. Callinan wormed him through the field and he set out after the leader, Lord Applause, in the straight.

But it was too late. Lord Applause's number was in the box. Verberry came second, and if you can tell me Verberry wasn't a good thing beaten, then I won't go after spring ensembles any more.

I gave you Mack Antony for the Three-year-old, but I had £4 to £1 that horse and £4/10/- to £1 Tingle Jock as well. You'll notice I had the situation pretty well bemuddled, for they came down the straight together so close the judges couldn't have pried them apart with a burglar's jemmy, and they actually dead-heated.

Now for Randwick

NO, unfortunately not for first, because just when that was their joint intention, Fakenham pounced on them like an angry bluebottle and beat them by a head.

Cognac was nectar for the book-makers in the last, but the poison-cap for many of the punters. He was given out as a 15 to 1 no-hope proposition by people who had seen him a bad third at Rosehill races the week before, so I backed Measure on the tip of Mr. Bill Henderson. There's no shrewder trainer in running up chances, but along came Cognac just to prove Rosehill form was wrong, and ran out the mile like a Phar Lap, and Measure was a close third.

We danced with tears in our eyes. But never mind! There's the chance — no the certainty — of getting it back on Gold Rod on Saturday in the Derby.

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Dictator's Wife

Waits in Queue

By Air Mail from our London Office.

MME. ISMET INEUNU, wife of Kemal Ataturk, the Turkish dictator, is working hard to popularise air travel in Turkey.

Every Saturday and Sunday afternoon she can be seen with her two children waiting at the aerodrome at Angora to take her turn for a 15-minute trip in the air.

She always takes her place in the queue with the others, and insists on paying the fare—with a liberal tip for the pilot.

Everybody says he's unbeatable including even his trainer, Wee Georgie Price, and he's no fool.

The butcher's delivery man says Sly Lad can't lose the Hurdle, and I hope for his employer's sake he can't, or the accounts might fall a little behind.

Bengal Lancer's the tip I've had for the Trial Stakes, and I'm going for Prattle and High Cross in the Epsom and Metrop., and I won't be put off them.

Our Book Offers

Here is Taken CG18 in the "Australian Home Gardener" Book Offer.

TOKEN CG 18

CUT OUT NOW AND KEEP IT CAREFULLY WITH YOUR VOUCHER

TOKEN BB 36

Here is Taken BB36 in The Australian Women's Weekly

"BEAUTY" BOOK OFFER CUT OUT NOW AND PASTE ON YOUR VOUCHER

Here is Taken D53 in The Australian Women's Weekly "Waste's Mystery Stories."

TOKEN D 53

CUT OUT NOW AND PASTE ON YOUR VOUCHER



SPRING RACE MEETING

The Daily Telegraph's 12-page Turf Guide, which is given away FREE every Tuesday and Friday, is the most valuable service to racing readers ever attempted.

And for the Spring Meetings it will be more than ever of vital importance to the keen racegoer.

During the meetings, there will be not only one or two or three, but FOUR special 12-page Turf Guides issued FREE on Friday, October 2nd for the Epsom and Derby; on Monday, October 5th, for the Metropolitan; on Tuesday, October 6th, for Ladies' Day; and on Friday, October 9th, for the Final Day.

If you follow the horses regularly or only occasionally, you cannot afford to miss even one of these special FREE racing newspapers—each one a more complete compendium of racing information than any one of the other sporting newspapers, including even those special Turf Publications which sell at 3d. a copy. During the Spring Meeting, remember to get the Daily Telegraph on Friday, on Monday, on Tuesday, and on Friday for a 12-page FREE Turf Guide. Better still, have the Daily Telegraph delivered to your home every day—and so be sure.

FREE 12 PAGE TURF GUIDE

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With such a low price you'd expect only a few sizes. But they range from 34, 36, 38 to 40in.

19/11

USUAL 29/11

From the "Popular Price" Sale, Second Floor.

Framed Picture Special

Usual 7/11. The frames are gilt-edged — and every one was hand-made. With ornamental corners. 20 x 16 in. 30 designs. **5/11**
Stationery—Ground Floor

"Ranee" SMOCKS

Hand-blocked in India



Fourth Floor

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Blue, Green, Brown

13/9

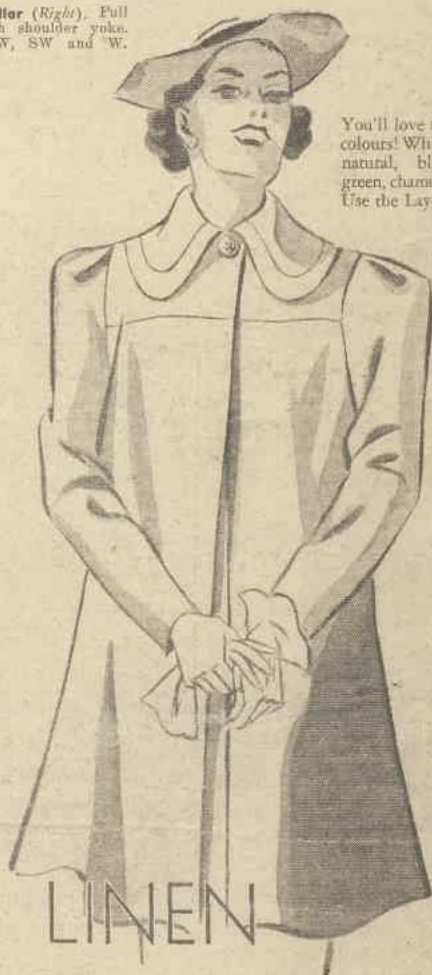
Monk Veldtschoen, leather, 2 1/2, calf

Supple white sports buck

Low heel Monk Veldtschoens for active sport or high heel Sabot bars for lookers-on. Calf and pebble grains for hikers. All in this wonder white buck.

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MISS ESME SCOTT, Helena Rubinstein's personal representative, is giving advice at Farmer's Ground Floor. Also beauty talks, 3 p.m. 3rd Floor.

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30 SEP 1935
NEW SOUTH WALES

MAKE-BELIEVE

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Baldwin

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Book-
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Free Supplement to The
Australian Women's
Weekly.



MAKE-BELIEVE

By FAITH BALDWIN



MARY LOU THURSTON, walking along Shore Road on a bright autumn morning, gazed wistfully across the Narrows and at Quarantine, where a great ocean liner had just come to anchor. The water was sparkling-blue and the sky was a great arch of azure. Fussy little tugs plodded along, a sea breeze swept bright color into Mary Lou's round cheeks, an aeroplane droned overhead importantly.

"Mary Lou!"

Mary Lou tugged her giddy little beret over one eye and turned to behold her young cousin and charge, Billy Sanderson, leaping up and down on his 6-year-old legs, pinioned to earth only by the string of the red paper kite he held in his fat hand.

"What is it, Billy?"

"Jever go up in an aeroplane, Mary Lou? What makes aeroplanes stay up? Kin I go up in an aeroplane, Mary Lou?" inquired Billy, all on a breath.

"No," said Mary Lou, regretfully, "no, Billy, I've never been up in an aeroplane. They stay up because . . ." Here Mary Lou, floundering in the sea of her own scanty knowledge, ended firmly, "because of the engine . . ."

"Cars have engines . . . they stay down," remarked Billy, helpfully.

"Look," cried Mary Lou, "at the big boat." While Billy looked and his 30-year-old cousin sighed with relief, the aeroplane vanished into the horizon, and Billy began formulating other questions, relative to boats, in his busy mind.

Mary Lou sat down on a green-and-white bench where the drive curved to a wide look-out, topped by a flagpole circled with red autumn flowers.

"Stay right here, Billy Sanderson," she commanded, an anxious eye on the cars sweeping up and down the road.

The side streets off Shore Road are a hodge-podge of architectural "periods"—Civil War and General Grant, Tweed Ring and strictly "modernistic." Rows of red brick houses, each the twin of its neighbor, run along only to be brought up short by a great, sprawling, bay-windowed frame house, built for space and comfort, sitting back in its own flower garden with perhaps a little vegetable patch added. Now and then, among more pretentious pseudo-Spanish dwellings of cement and stucco and almost-wrought-iron balconies, one sees a small frame dwelling of an earlier day, white-painted, green-shuttered, demure and lovely.

In such a house Mary Lou Thurston lived with her young aunt and uncle, Clara and Howard Sanderson, and their extremely lively youngster, Billy. Mary Lou Thurston was that fast-vanishing American, the "home" girl. Once she had had the most charming and delightful parents imaginable, young and careless, happy-hearted and independent. Her father had been a painter—not a very good painter, but a very happy one.

On a tiny income he and his beautiful young wife and Mary Lou had travelled almost all over the world. Then they had come home and there had been an epidemic, and presently there was only Mary Lou left to remember.

So at 15, she had come to live with her mother's brother and his wife. And as Billy was a baby and as Mrs. Sanderson had wished to continue with her excellent "job" as secretary to a publisher, Mary Lou had fitted in, a valuable addition to the little household.

SO the youthful Sandersons went forth to work and Mary Lou stayed at home with Billy.

Billy was going to school now, proud as Punch, and Mary Lou had a little more time to herself. But to-day was Saturday, and she and Billy were indulging in their daily airing along the drive. Rain, shine or snow, Billy was bundled up and trotted out for his exercise like a little racehorse. And he certainly responded to it, being fat, but not too fat, and rosy and almost bursting with energy.

Of course, life wasn't all Billy and spinach, gas stoves and dust-mops. Mary Lou had her Sundays and she was free many evenings. Generally, however, she was to be found with her cunning nose stuck in a book. She had many friends of her own age and sex. All the girls she knew went to business, and although she saw them occasionally they seemed somehow to live in another world. Her best friend—But at this juncture he arrived, a slim, spare young man with a freckled face and hair much redder than her own.

"Hello, Mary Lou—hello, Billy—goosh, what a tummy! You'll eat yourself into the grave, my lad. Look out . . . over you'll go and the kite with you."

Larry Mitchell, 26, very inquiring reporter on the "Daily Star," plucked Billy from the back of a bench and set him down, tweaked Mary Lou's beret completely over that bright eye and sat himself beside her.

"What, no greetings?" he inquired.

"Of course. What are you doing here this time of day?" asked Mary Lou severely, but her eyes danced. She was very glad to see him. She always was.

"Looking for a murder," was his morbid reply. "Sent over here to scare up a little news. Isn't any. Thought I'd find you here."

Mary Lou had known Larry for three of the five years she had lived with the Sandersons. She had seen him on an average of four times a week ever since. For Larry, dashing out of the Middle Western town which had given him birth to challenge New York with his enthusiasm, his vitality and his typewriter—to say nothing of his insatiable curiosity—was much concerned about Mary Lou's education. Oh, not her book learning—she had enough of that—too much, he thought privately—come at in odd and devious ways—but her education in practical sophistication. He

thought her too much the dreamer for this world.

Howard Sanderson would raise a handsome eyebrow at his smart, good-looking wife and in the privacy of their bedroom would say, now and then:

"I'm sorry I ever introduced him to her! What in the world will we do without her?"

"It's not serious. They—they laugh too much," answered Clara, quite seriously—they have too good a time. When a thing's serious the interested pair are gloomy, touchy, sensitive and—oh, emotional! Mary Lou isn't that and, heaven knows, Larry isn't either!"

"And were we like that?" her husband inquired, earnestly.

"You know we were!" And here she would kiss him and laugh a little. "I like Larry," she once said. "He's a dear, and awfully clever—but he's not the man for Mary Lou."

"Who is, O Wisdom incarnate?"

"I don't know. Yes, I do. Someone older. Someone who needs her terribly. Not a weak man. I don't mean that," Clara went on trying to explain, "but someone who would call out all her mothering instincts. Larry couldn't. He might if she were an older woman, a different type—I can't explain."

"You certainly can't," answered Howard with conviction.

"They're just friends," Clara said. "Love comes first and friendship after—that is, if you're lucky. Friendship doesn't initiate things as a rule."

"I wonder I ever dared marry you, Mrs. Solomon," remarked her husband gravely, at which she threw a clothes-brush at him and the conversation ended abruptly.

SAI D Larry, this autumn morning, down on Shore Road:

"Shall we go gadding—to-morrow?"

"Where?"

"Bus ride . . . and I want to see that collection of Chinese swords at the museum. East, somewhere. Not more than two and a half worth."

"My turn to treat!" said Mary Lou, placidly.

"So it is. How much is available?"

"Three, not counting the tip."

"Billy, for Heaven's sake stop."

Billy was out in the road darting between cars, while drivers swerved and grew white, and the males among them cursed and grew green.

Larry darted out after the irrepressible young man and succeeded in effecting a bloodless rescue, after which—and the scolding—they all three walked sedately home to the green shuttered house, where Mary Lou, pausing on the step, invited Mr. Mitchell to share her lettuce leaf and vegetable soup, and Billie's spinach and baked potatoes, custard and other delicacies of the season.

But Larry refused. He was out gunning for a murderer, and gun he must.

"See you to-morrow," said Larry, and, with a wave of his hat, he long-leggedly

down the street, leaving Mary Lou gazing after him as wistfully as she had looked across the Narrows at the big liner.

And while she wore all sorts of delightful stories in her mind she couldn't put them down on paper. She hadn't even inherited her father's little gift for line and color. She had no marketable talent, and she knew it.

SHE was to know it even more convincingly a week or so later, when Howard Sanderson came home one night with the amazing news that he had an offer to go to the Orient on construction engineering work, and what was more amazing to take Mrs. Sanderson with him in the capacity of secretary to the expedition.

Far lands and alien places and a chance to do a good job and to travel! They'd always wanted to travel, especially Clara, who had often envied Howard's light-hearted sister and her husband. But now there was Billy to think of and also Mary Lou, for whom they were responsible.

Sanderson had three weeks to make up his mind. And for two weeks, every evening, Saturday afternoons and Sundays, the family went into a sort of huddle—perhaps we had better call it a conference—and discussed the matter, pro and con.

"You must go!" decided Mary Lou firmly when the time was almost up.

"But you—"

"Never mind me," said Mary Lou. "Billy," said Billy's mother, on a long breath, broken off like a sob, "Billy's pretty little to leave behind and we can't take him. I mean children get sick so quickly—hey—hey—"

"Don't say it!" cried Mary Lou, rather unnecessarily, for indeed Clara couldn't finish. "Billy's the healthiest child in the world! Gram says she'll take him. You haven't a thing to worry about. It's your big chance. You must go," she repeated, firmly.

"I know," Clara said after a moment, "that Gram will take Billy—she and Adelaide can look after him all right—but there's you to be considered, dear."

"It'll be all right," said Mary Lou bravely. "I could stay with Gram for a little while until I get a job."

But there was no room for Mary Lou, that is, not for long—and Gram's income was very limited indeed.

Presently the meeting adjourned. Out on the front porch Mary Lou sat with Larry, while the Sandersons, in the living-room, went over the details of their trip—the advantages, the disadvantages, the fears and hopes and worries. Howard pacing the floor, smoking furiously and Clara sitting on the couch, a wet handkerchief in one hand, but a sparkle in her eyes. If she could only persuade herself that Billy would be all right and Mary Lou settled she would be the happiest woman in the world, she thought, and the most excited.

LOOK here, Mary Lou, marry me—I haven't much, but we can get along somehow," said Larry abruptly and his own voice sounded strange to him. "I don't want you behind a counter or galling around by yourself. You—you are a dear little idiot and you'd get into all sorts of jams. You marry me, Mary Lou, and I'll take care of you!" he ended, sternly.

Mary Lou stared at him speechless. Then the bright tears welled to her eyes and fell . . . round drops sliding down her flushing cheeks.

"Am I so—distasteful to you?" he asked, in dismay.

"No—no—you're the best friend I have on earth," choked Mary Lou, "and—and—oh, Larry, what a lamb you are! You don't want me, really. Larry, you don't love me, dear—"

"But . . ." began Larry, helplessly.

"No, you don't! Not . . . not the marrying way. And I don't love you—that way. Every other way, yes. But not . . . not that. Larry, you know I won't marry you—but—I do thank you for asking me," said Mary Lou with a quaint sort of ceremony.

He took her cold little hands in his own and leaned close to the fragrant, rounded cheek, the crop of curling red-gold hair.

"I want to take care of you!" he said stubbornly.

Chivalry isn't dead, after all.

Mary Lou shook her head.

"Golly," said Mary Lou, simply, "but you're a good friend."

THE following day being Sunday Mary Lou, Billy and the Sandersons journeyed out to Oakdale, Long Island, to see Grandmother Jennings and talk over their plans.

For it had finally been decided that the Sandersons would accept the offer, that Billy would go to his grandmother's, and that Mary Lou would go with him, remaining until such time as she could make other arrangements.

The Sandersons boat would sail the first week in November and there was a great deal to do.

"You must," said Mary Lou wisely, "buy thin clothes. You can't trot off east of Suez with a fur coat and sports tweeds!"

Clara looked at her niece with sudden, hurtling compunction.

"It's going to be pretty bad," she said, "leaving Billy. I—I sometimes wonder how I can do it. I get—panicky. But you? If only I knew you were to be with him permanently, settled—or with someone I knew and trusted. I feel dreadfully about it, Mary Lou, as if . . . as if I were falling you so."

Her clever brown eyes were bright with unusual tears. Mary Lou gave her arm a little pinch.

"Don't be silly . . . I'll get along—grand!" said Mary Lou. "Something will turn up, see if it doesn't," she went on breathlessly. "There's always an adventure just around the corner."

The rest of the remaining time flew, or so it seemed to Mary Lou. The house was cleaned, things were stored, some were sold to friends and neighbors. Mary Lou and Billy raced along Shore Road one Saturday afternoon while the Sandersons went shopping for clothing suitable to the tropics. Billy serene and unconscious, Mary Lou with an increasingly sore heart. And presently the day had come for Clara and Howard to bid their little boy good-bye and take him out to Oakdale. Mary Lou stayed home that day, wandering about the empty house, a house which seemed the ghost of itself most of the shabby, lived-with furniture gone, the walls showing marks of vanished pictures and the very floors, bare, echoing desolately to her tread. She was very unhappy and very uncertain of herself.

Larry came over that evening, before the Sandersons return, gazed soberly upon the emptiness, the strapped and locked trunks, the bulging and battered bags, gazed earnestly upon Mary Lou's pallor and "listened," as he said, to her extraordinary silence—a remarkable feat—and then dragged her out to dinner, dusty as she was, her trunk

having already been expressed to Oakdale. "You'll seem so far off," she told him, over coffee. "I'll miss you."

"Not necessarily. Oakdale's only an hour or so away. You can't get rid of me as easily as that," he told her gayly. "and I'm trailing that job for you, Mary Lou. Trust your Uncle Larry!"

"Find me a job as companion," Mary Lou told him, trying to laugh. "You know—gentle and quiet! That's me! I can read aloud, Larry, and I think I can fetch foot-stools and carry trays and pull down window shades, for I've had quite a course of Aunt Adelaide, you know."

Larry had never met that plump and ailing lady, but Mary Lou had given him a full description. He laughed and then sobered abruptly.

"Joking aside," said Larry, "if we could get you a job like that it would be great."

"It's about all I can do," she conceded in a small voice.

"Cheer up," ordered Larry, fiercely, "or I'll make you marry me and then, woman, you'll have your hands full!"

Clara and Howard returned from Oakdale late that evening, and Clara's eyes were red while her tall, lean husband was much subdued. The next morning, early, Mary Lou went with them to the boat. Larry managed to be there and others of their friends, including several past business associates.

THE first few days passed quietly enough at Oakdale. There was some special canning to be done. Aunt Adelaide had taken to her bed for one of her periodical rest cures, despite the fact that for years she had never done anything save rest, while Billy had to be adjusted to the new school and the new mode of living. And Mary Lou had her hands full, writing out a diet list for the little boy and pinning it up in the kitchen, certain as she was that Grandmother Jennings would feed him pickles on the sly if not severely discouraged.

She walked a lot when she was free and let the cold, frosty November wind blow some of the cobwebs from her brain. And on the first Saturday she went to town for lunch and a motion picture with Larry and also, recklessly, from her small store, bought herself a new hat. "There's nothing as good for the blues," said Mary Lou, "as a new hat, even when you can't afford it! Especially when you can't afford it!"

"But," she told Larry, "I'll have to have that job soon. I can pay a little—not much—to Gram. She doesn't want to take that, bless her. But Adelaide's a big expense. Larry, I wish you could see that woman eat! It's amazing! And I can't trespass long on their hospitality. I'd like to get settled somewhere, if the space is only two by four."

She looked at him anxiously, sure of his understanding.

"Don't worry," said Larry. "I'm reading all the help wanted columns and I'm asking around."

After a moment Mary Lou said, meekly: "I am fairly intelligent after all. Clara asked her old employer—Mr. Piske—if I couldn't get in the publishing house as a reader or something. But there wasn't an opening then. Still, if you came across something like that, Larry, it would be wonderful."

Three days later, in the middle of the afternoon, when he was supposed to be somewhere else, Larry arrived in Oakdale and found Mary Lou doing her simple washing in the lean-to laundry. He dragged her from her tubs, with her hands

covered with soap, and waved a newspaper in her face.

"A jou," cried Larry, "and it looks like a corker. Companion to some rich invalid or other and oodles of salary and a swell residence. Cease your laundering, my lass, and listen to me! For to-morrow you must apply and be quick about it."

He dragged her, still soapy, out of the laundry and into the living-room. They were quite alone, as Mrs. Jennings was upstairs with Adelaide and Billy was playing next door.

Shoving Mary Lou unceremoniously into a chair, Larry thrust the newspaper into her dripping hands and commanded happily.

"Read it and leap!"

"Wanted" (she read) "companion for semi-invalid. Must be young, strong, healthy, optimistic. Must have sense of humor. Must have pleasant voice and be able to read aloud well. Knowledge of French and music desirable. Complete surrender to circumstances necessary and even disposition. Athletic training, love of sports essential. Excellent salary, beautiful surroundings, permanent position. Apply in person. Lorrimer, Westmill, Connecticut."

"Well?" asked Larry, impatiently, teetering on his heels.

Mary Lou looked up from her third reading of this most unusual want ad.

"Well!" she answered on a long breath, echoing Larry, yet with an astonished, almost dubious echo, contrasting oddly with his crisp inquiring utterance.

"What's the matter with the girl?" Larry asked the atmosphere. "Had she been struck dumb or something? Ain't it grand, Miss Thurston? I ask you! What could be more perfect? Get a load of this, if it hasn't penetrated!"

And snatching the paper from her still damp little hand he proceeded to read the advertisement through, with stops, pauses and intonations guaranteed to impress the most unenthusiastic.

"Of course," cried Mary Lou, recovering herself, "it's perfect! I—why, I don't have to know anything!" she began when Larry interrupted, with heavy sarcasm.

"Nothing at all but French and a complete understanding of Bach, Beethoven, Victor Herbert and Gershwin!" he reminded her rapidly. "How about it? That's the only thing that worried me," he admitted.

"Oh, I talk French pretty well and read it even better," she said, almost casually. "I spoke very well as a child and have tried to keep it up. As for music, I do play—a little. Didn't you know that? That part's easy. That's what amazes me. It . . . it might have been written right around me!" glowed Mary Lou.

Larry's long legs gave way under him, and he sat right down in a low chair and stared at her with earnest admiration.

"Blushing violet!" he addressed her, "how about this 'even disposition' business? That worried me, too," he went on, enjoying himself amazingly.

"Joking aside, it's perfect and the job might have been made for you. I wonder what your invalid is like, though? Some querulous, highbrow old dame, I suppose. Heaven help you!"

"Maybe it's a young girl," Mary Lou said dreamily, "pale and pretty and unhappy."

"That being the case, I'd think about applying for the job myself," Larry assured her. "No, it's probably some nervous

breakdown author of text books. I can just see her, long and lean, like a squirt of vichy, with gray-yellow hair and bilious eyes and a way of bursting into French you know. "Ooo—La! La!" cried Larry, briskly. "Passez-moi le menu of toute de suite snappy, petite potato. How's that?"

"You're an idiot," remarked Mary Lou, with absent-minded affection, "and I hope she won't be anything like that. I'd die. It would be worse than Aunt Adelaide," she commented, lowering her voice, "and, anyway, I think she must be young—look what it says about athletic and all!"

"How good are you at that, beyond wearing out Shore Road for the sake of your schoolgirl complexion?"

"I've played golf with you often enough on the Dyker Links," Mary Lou reminded him reproachfully.

"So you have. Your stance is swell, you look like a sizable bank roll, your approach is wild, your drive is short and your putts not so hot." Larry summed up her game for her mendaciously enough, for she almost always managed to beat him.

He jumped up, pulled her to her feet, kissed her ear, released her, grabbed his hat and started for the door. "I'm off, the captain shouted," he remarked, en route, "don't fail me. Keep your chin high and likewise your spirits and don't forget that you are a lineal descendant of Henry the Eighth!"

Mary Lou spent the rest of the day sponging and pressing her best tweed suit with the perky little fur collar, for which she had saved so long and had bought a year ago.

Mary Lou had told Gram and Aunt Adelaide about her possible position, had shown them the advertisement, while Adelaide speculated alertly on the probable cause of the invalid's ailments.

The next morning Mary Lou regarded herself in the mirror. Hatted she was warmly skirted and jacketed, with the new frilly jabot she'd bought recently, succumbing to the sudden return to femininity, even with tweeds. And her shoes were shined and her stockings runless, her gloves just the right stage of newness worn off—shabbiness not set-in. Yes, she looked all right! Her cheeks were bright with color and her pert little nose well powdered.

When she reached the New York station she hurried along, looking for Larry so intently that, after all she didn't see him until she walked directly into his arms.

"No way," said he, "for a Perfect Companion to act! Hurry up. We'll snatch a taxi—"

AS he steered her through the morning throng she found breath enough to inquire anxiously: "Larry! How do I look?"

"A million dollars," said Larry gravely, "and I wouldn't ask a cent less."

In the taxi, however, he looked her over from head to toe and nodded.

"You'll do. Keep a stiff upper lip and remember that your great grandmother was a lady. Don't let 'em put it over on you. I looked up this Lorrimer bunch. There's just a Mrs. Lorrimer and her son, so the invalid must be the lady herself. They are simply all over stocks and bonds."

Mary Lou began to be alarmed. This would be her first excursion into the Clan of Heavy Income Taxes.

"Don't worry," Larry advised, reading her thoughts. "Kind hearts are more than Bethlehem Steel."

He ran along the platform as the train

pulled out, shouting advice, commands and encouragement.

"Ring me up," he panted, "when you get to town. I'll be at the office, or leave word. Remember, don't let 'em put anything over. Remember, you are a lineal descendant of Queen Cleopatra!"

She reached Westmill and made inquiries at the severe Georgian brick station. The Lorrimer estate was some distance away, and Mary Lou, peering in her purse, discovered to her relief that because of Larry's forethought in providing tickets—including a return—she had quite enough money for the emergency of a taxi.

Presently they rattled past great gate posts, up a long tree-bordered driveway, curving and very lovely. To the left she caught a glimpse of water—a lake, she thought, but as they came up the approach to the house she saw that it was really a bend of the Sound, curving to a white half-moon of a beach.

The house was of stone, with a great central portion and two beautifully proportioned wings. Ivy almost covered it, and the stone itself, where it could be seen, and that of the chimneys had mellowed to a lovely soft grey. She saw glassed-in porches as they stopped at the house itself. It was a beautiful place, too lovely, she thought, with a sinking heart, to be anything but indifferent toward her.

She paid the driver with gloved hands which shook a little, approached the door and pressed the bell as firmly as possible. She was frightened and she knew it. "Don't be an idiot!" she told herself, but telling didn't help somehow.

The door opened and she found herself facing a grave, lean butler.

She stammered something and then discovered she was holding out the advertisement, plucked from her purse.

"If I could see Mrs. Lorrimer . . . in answer to this?"

His face did not change, although his eyes flickered briefly with some emotion . . . astonishment, perhaps, or curiosity. He gravely bowed her in, took her proffered card and the advertisement and offered her a tall, high-backed, carved chair in the big square hall in which she found herself.

Presently the man-servant reappeared and motioned to her to follow him.

"Mrs. Lorrimer will see you," he murmured, and stood aside to let her enter, not, as she had half-expected, an entrancing but frightening drawing-room, but a sunny morning-room, all low, deep chairs and chintzes, with a great curved window full of growing plants and, she saw as she entered, a great square aquarium of exotic fish and two brilliant macaws swinging from their perches.

But she forgot everything as she caught her first glimpse of the woman who rose from a business-like desk to greet her.

Mrs. Lorrimer was very tall and very slender. She was beautifully gowned. Her white hair was short, cut close to her noble head, lying in flat waves, clinging soft. Her gown was that superb dahlia shade, neither purple nor red, very plain, very expertly cut. And the eyes bent on Mary Lou were beautiful dark brown with amber lights.

"I'm Mary Lou Thurston," said Mary Lou, "and I came about the advertisement."

"I know," said Mrs. Lorrimer, and her voice was lovely. She had been holding the advertisement between the long fingers of one beautiful hand, and now she laid it on the desk and sat down, motioning

Mary Lou to a chair. "I understand . . . and I'm so sorry—"

Mary Lou's heart almost choked her with disappointment. The place was filled then! Well, she might have known it was too good to be true!

"THEN," she said, trying to be practical and careless about it all, yet feeling her hurt so keenly that she wondered savagely if there were tears in her eyes, "then," said Mary Lou, "I suppose you're suited?"

She hadn't known just how to say it. She'd never tried for a position before. And there was something so very quaint about the way she did say it that Mrs. Lorrimer's heart, never very hard, softened and warmed towards her.

"It isn't that," Mrs. Lorrimer said, and smiled—and her smile was something to marvel at—you see, it's all a mistake.

"Mistake?" breathed Mary Lou, wide-eyed.

"Why, yes. I advertised for a companion—for my son—the dark eyes deepened with some abrupt shadow—for, of course, a man companion. The paper in which I advertised left that important requirement out, that's all. The moment I saw it yesterday I phoned in to have it rectified. They have done so in to-day's edition. I am so sorry—she glanced at Mary Lou's sedate little calling card—"Miss Thurston, that you have had this trip for nothing. Did you come from New York?"

Mary Lou nodded. She could hardly speak. Of course, too good to be true. But it was something, after all, to know that she hadn't been refused because of a lack of qualifications.

"From Long Island," she managed to say bravely, "but it's quite all right. I—I'm sorry, too."

"So am I," said Mrs. Lorrimer. "It was a stupid mistake, and I apologise a thousand times for bringing you out here."

She stopped, wondering if she could offer money to this charming little girl—railway fare, some compensation.

"That's quite all right," Mary Lou said hastily in one of her thought-reading moments. She felt shy again and awfully uncomfortable. "If—if I might just ask your butler to phone for a taxi?" she went on more easily.

"I'll have a car take you to the station. But it's a bit of a wait to the next train." Mrs. Lorrimer looked at her unexpected guest and fancied that she was shivering a little. And so she was. She hadn't eaten much breakfast; she'd been too excited. And now she felt a little cold and let down. "You'll wait with me, won't you?" Mrs. Lorrimer went on, with one of her sudden inspirations, "and drink a cup of coffee? I always have a second breakfast about this time," she told Mary Lou, without a quiver of her charming eyelids at her entirely mendacious statement. "For we get up rather early here. Do stay, won't you? I'll see you get your train."

Mary Lou said, gratefully, "I'd love to," and so Mrs. Lorrimer rang the bell, and when Peter appeared, looked at him as expressionless as he.

"I'll have my coffee and toast served in here," she informed him, "and Miss Thurston will join me."

When his impressive back had vanished, Mrs. Lorrimer relaxed in her chair, and, picking up a silver box from her desk, offered Mary Lou a cigarette. Mary Lou, feeling very young and unsophisticated shook her head mullingly.

"I don't smoke," she said. "I'm sorry."

"Why on earth should you be sorry?" asked Mrs. Lorrimer, astonished, lighting a cigarette for herself and inserting it into a long black holder banded with tiny diamonds. "You're very lucky. I wish I didn't. Well, at your age, I didn't either. How old are you, by the way?" she asked, smiling.

"Twenty," Mary Lou replied. "Really? I thought you were about 18. Do take off your hat and be more comfortable. Oh, what perfectly gorgeous hair!"

Mary Lou flushed a little, just a trifle indignant at the "18" appraisal, but soothed by the pleasant flattery. "This is the loveliest room I've ever seen," she commented happily.

What an adorable child, thought Mrs. Lorrimer again.

Peter appeared, tray laden, and behind him a pretty, smartly uniformed maid. There were great but silent doings with tea tables and things, and presently Mary Lou found herself gazing at perfect coffee and thick cream, honey and toasted biscuits, and a silver bowl of fruit. Mrs. Lorrimer, drinking her own unwanted coffee clear, observed with unmitigated pleasure, her guest's healthy appetite.

She hadn't seen anyone eat like that for a long time, she mused, remembering.

Peter, departing, said, low:

"Mr. Travers has come in and is in his room Mrs. Lorrimer."

MRS. LORRIMER nodded and that was all but again Mary Lou saw the shadow pass over the tired, fascinating face.

After a moment, Mrs. Lorrimer crushed out her cigarette and set down her cup.

"I haven't explained to you, really," she said, slowly. "This—what was his name?"

—Larry Mitchell of whom you spoke. . . I wonder if we could persuade him to come to see me and perhaps give up his work for a time. He sounds just the type which Travers—which we all need. You see, at the beginning of the war, when my son was very young, he enlisted in the Royal Flying Corps. He got across and made a great career for himself. He saw much service, but was finally shot down and was for some time in a prison camp. That and another sad experience, sent him home to me very unlike himself. He—he hasn't anything organically wrong; he is simply listless, interested in nothing, unhappy, a recluse. He has also had a lapse of memory, a species of shell shock, I suppose. Not so much that perhaps as—"

she broke off and looked into Mary Lou's pitying eyes. "Well, it doesn't matter, he's just ill and discouraged. And the doctor felt that if he had an adaptable companion, one who would interest him in life again—"

She broke off once more and her face fell into very haggard and unhappy lines.

Mary Lou, who already loved her, was sorer for her than she had even been for anyone in all her short life.

"Would Mr. Mitchell, perhaps, consider the position?" asked Mrs. Lorrimer again. "I'm afraid not. He's terribly wrapped up in the newspaper game. And, of course, he has the great American novel and the next Pulitzer prize play tucked away in his desk!" She simply couldn't imagine Larry as a companion to war-wreckage, to what was probably a neurotic young man, worse than Aunt Adelaide! "No, I'm afraid not," she repeated.

"WELL, perhaps someone will come who will be just what I want," Mrs. Lorrimer said, after a moment, "and—"

She looked at Mary Lou a moment,

and then, turning to her desk, wrote rapidly on a correspondence card slipped it in an envelope, and addressed it.

"Take this," she added, "to Sarah Manly at the address I've written. She heads a rather unusual agency, and is a great friend of mine. I am perfectly sure she will find something for you. She will do her best, I know."

Mary Lou took the envelope and looked up gratefully.

"I do thank you so much," she said, and confessed, further: "I think I would be very stupid about looking for a place myself. I am so conscious that I haven't any marketable talents really."

"I'm sure—" began Mrs. Lorrimer, smiling, when she stopped at the sound of the door opening, a step and a voice.

"Peter said you were in here—has your guest gone, mother? Oh, I beg your pardon!" said the voice.

A tall, thin young man had lounged into the room, and now stood quite still, seeing only the back of Mary Lou's head—she had put on her hat again. "I beg your pardon," the voice repeated, "a deep voice but without warmth, without color, a voice utterly lifeless."

"Come here a moment, Travers," said his mother a little anxiously. Travers hated meeting new people. But he couldn't mind Mary Lou.

He came forward and Mrs. Lorrimer started her introductions:

"My son, Miss—"

But she got no further. The amazing thing had happened. Mary Lou had only time to get a lightning-like glimpse of the man . . . she saw in that brief moment the handsomest and, at the same time the most disappointing face she had ever beheld. Straight, fine features—but features, like voice, without color or warmth or light; a splendidly-shaped head, thick, lustreless dark hair; a great frame, stoop-shouldered, far too slender for the build, a clear but sallow skin and dark eyes deeply shadowed.

But as he advanced towards her, saw her full face for the first time, a shout broke from him. His face grew years younger, his shoulders straightened, a tide of color flushed his cheeks to his broad forehead.

"Delight!" he exclaimed with a gasp of pure astonishment. "Mother—why didn't you tell me? Darling, darling, darling! You've come back to me. Oh, thank Heaven!"

MARY LOU felt herself caught up in a strong embrace and held close, closer to that rapidly-beating heart. She felt the man's hands on her amazed head, plucking off the little hat, flinging it to the floor.

"You've cut your hair," he said, reproachfully, "your lovely hair! But never mind, you've come back to me. Why didn't you write? Why haven't you come before . . . why . . . why?"

Mrs. Lorrimer, her hand to her throat, her face perfectly white, said urgently, abruptly:

"Travers . . . let her go . . . this instant . . . It's some wretched mistake . . . Travers!"

"Of course, it's been a mistake . . . But it's all over now," he said.

For a moment he loosened his clasp and held her at arm's length. Mary Lou was too frightened to speak. Was he—must be—mad? She looked imploringly at Mrs. Lorrimer and from sheer nervousness the tears began to pour down her cheeks. Instantly the man was all gentleness and contrition,

He put her back in her chair and knelt down before her.

"Don't cry, dearest," he said. "I... didn't mean to reproach you. Perhaps you couldn't come before. You'll tell me all about it. Not now. I don't need anything now," he said, low, "except to know that I have you back, that we are together again, that you are safe and my own."

"Why don't you speak to me?" he demanded frantically and began to shake all over. "Don't you care for me any more...? What is it...? Tell me!" he begged desperately, still with that dreadful trembling, "tell me... my wife!"

Wife!

Mary Lou's bewildered gaze raced to meet the troubled brown eyes of Mrs. Lorrimer, who came forward and put her hand on her son's shoulder.

"Dear," she began, and her voice shook pitifully. It seemed to Mary Lou that the tall, lovely woman her pose shattered, was appealing to her in silence for help.

With a quick, strange movement, Travers Lorrimer jumped to his feet, his face working and distraught, flushed with unnatural color.

"What is the matter with you both?" he almost shouted. "Or am I going mad? She sits there—"

He staggered, caught at a chair and, without warning, pitched headlong to the long, low couch nearby and lay there, half supported, white as Mary Lou and perfectly still, his long legs dragging on the floor.

With a little sob Mrs. Travers ran over to him, touching the bell in passing, bringing tall, impassive Peter to the door immediately.

"You rang—?" began Peter, and then his impassivity left him. Without a word he came forward and helped the almost frantic mother lift the tall, lax figure wholly onto the couch, laying the head, with its sweat-damp dark hair, quite flat, as deftly and gently as if he were accustomed to such services.

"Peter, take Miss Thurston up to my sitting room," ordered Mrs. Lorrimer suddenly. "I'll telephone Dr. Matthews to come at once."

Peter turned and at an abrupt, rather peremptory gesture from Mrs. Lorrimer, Mary Lou started, docilely, to follow him. But at the door she made a sudden rather helpless gesture and was astonished to find her voice again.

"Hurry! I better go...? I must go!" she said, desperately.

Mrs. Lorrimer, lifting the French telephone from its stand, looked at her frowningly a moment, her frown not of unfriendliness but of deep abstraction. She gave the number before she answered.

Then an anxious glance travelled to the still figure of her son.

"No—please—please," she said, definitely but rather imploringly, "not yet, I must explain to you. I must. Wait, won't you, until the doctor comes?"

WITH no further protest, Mary Lou followed Peter from the room and went with him to the broad curving stairs.

Above the rooms opened on a gallery. The room into which Peter showed her, silently, was evidently Mrs. Lorrimer's private sitting-room, a charming, restful, sunny place, done beautifully in soft greys and clear greens with odd little touches of mauve and rose.

Peter went out and closed the door softly behind him. Mary Lou stared around her, unseeing at first, and then gradually

absorbing the really exquisite surroundings in which she so amazingly found herself.

There was a step in the hall. She stiffened, listening eagerly. No, not Mrs. Lorrimer's step, and Mrs. Lorrimer would not have knocked.

"Come in..."

It was Peter, with a tray, the smart maidservant following him.

"Luncheon, Miss Thurston," said Peter gravely. "Mrs. Lorrimer is still with Doctor Matthews, and begs you to excuse her. She said she hoped you would find everything to your liking and she will join you here presently."

While Peter arranged the luncheon on a little drop-leaf table which he drew out from the wall, the maid said, pleasantly:

"Tim Hilda, Miss. Mrs. Lorrimer asked me to show you into her room in case you wished to brush your hair and wash..."

Feeling suddenly as if she had entered a fascinating fairy tale, with its One-Eye, Two-Eye, Three-Eye, miraculously appearing luncheon tables and all, Mary Lou followed Hilda's becoming maroon uniform into the loveliest bedroom she had ever seen in her life and through that into a great bathroom, painted and decorated in mauves and greens.

She walked about and looked at the interesting walls, cool green and splashed with lavender in strange and unconventional flower designs. She had just about decided that it looked like a garden of iris when Hilda knocked at the door and announced luncheon. So Mary Lou went obediently out of the beautiful bathroom into the more beautiful bedroom and through to the sitting-room, suddenly conscious that she was very hungry indeed.

Hilda had vanished. Peter hovered for a moment to see that the tea was strong enough and everything arranged for her comfort and then he, too, followed Hilda's example and left Mary Lou to gaze upon her tray with extreme pleasure and appetite.

SHE ate with her eyes as well as her mouth. The linen was lovely, the crystal and silver perfect, the luncheon service, in tones of brown and yellow, like and autumnal scene, the prettiest she had ever seen. And she was almost reluctant to ring for Peter at last, as he had asked her to do, and to see him appear and carry the remnants away, while Hilda, deft and silent, set the table back against the wall again.

But Hilda had not been gone very long when Mrs. Lorrimer appeared.

She went right to the couch and sat down beside Mary Lou, who, replete and comforted, was again attempting to read a magazine as her hostess entered. And so, sitting beside her, Mrs. Lorrimer took the girl's two hands in her own and tried to smile.

"Did you have enough? Are you all right?" she asked anxiously. "I thought you'd be happier served up here in my special room than anywhere else."

"I was happy," said Mary Lou shyly, "and everything was lovely... but I do feel I am impeding."

"No," said Mrs. Lorrimer quickly. "It is we who are impeding on you. I must tell you." She stopped, looked down and picked up a picture of her son. Mary Lou flushed.

"I—took it down from the bookcase," she stammered.

"That's Travers," said his mother gravely, "as he used to be. You have seen him now. As I told you, he is organically sound; he has simply lost all interest in

life since his return from the war. He enlisted in 1915, at 17, and stayed on in the Royal Flying Corps service all the way through. The summer before the Armistice he went to London on leave and met a girl there. Her name was Delight Harford, and she was an American girl living in London. He fell insanely in love with her... and, apparently, she with him. And before he returned to the front he married her—or so he says."

"O R so he says?" repeated Mary Lou, amazed.

"Yes. We have been unable to find any record of the marriage or any trace of the girl, despite the work of our agents in London. You see, shortly after his return to France, Travers was shot down and taken prisoner. After the Armistice he returned home. He had not had an actual lapse of memory—or rather... it is difficult to explain, he did have for a time, for he remembered very little while he was first in the German hospital and later in the prison camp. His memory seemed to stop that last day of his leave. His wedding day. He was married, he told us, in the afternoon, and left directly after the ceremony to go back to the front. Since his return home he has recalled his journey to the front, his few days of service, his last flight, and his experience as a prisoner. But he has a fixed idea. The idea concerns itself with the girl we have not been able to trace. Nothing else interests him; nothing touches him. I have moved heaven and earth to find her for him. But all to no avail."

"And you don't think they were married?" asked Mary Lou, "although he says so?"

Mrs. Lorrimer made a weary little gesture.

"What am I to think?" she asked, almost hopelessly. "He says so—but there are no records."

Mrs. Lorrimer turned suddenly. Mary Lou shrank back against the couch cushions in sudden anxiety, there was something so devastating, so nakedly imploring in the older woman's face and tense clasp of her hands on Mary Lou's own.

"Mary Lou," said Mrs. Lorrimer without ceremony... "he thinks you are the girl. He doesn't realise... anything... so he thinks you are she. He doesn't seem to understand the lapse of time, the age she would be now... she must have been your age or a little younger when he knew her. He thinks she has come back to him. To stay. It is, I suppose, an extraordinary resemblance. Strong enough for him, at all events, with his poor mind and heart so lacerated by his experiences, by her loss. When... when he came to himself again I had a fearful time calming him. He wanted her—you—at once; he was beside himself with fear lest you had gone; he demanded to see you to reassure himself. Peter and I got him to his room. Doctor Matthews, who has been our physician and close friend for many years, came immediately and, the situation explained, gave him a sleeping draught and then stayed here with me to discuss this amazing position in which we find ourselves. And finally he has persuaded me that... she stopped, and to Mary Lou's infinite pity and discomfort, the bright tears clouded the brown eyes and fell heavily on their clasped hands... "I—I don't know how to ask it of you..." she said, after a moment... "but... everything depends on it—my boy's health, his very life, his future. Would you stay... Mary Lou...? Could you stay...? Could you possibly pretend...?"

"Pretend?" asked Mary Lou, low.
"That you are the other girl . . . the real delight?" implored Mrs. Lorrimer.
Mary Lou stared at her, unable to believe her own ears.

"You have lived abroad," Mrs. Lorrimer reminded her hastily. "You . . ." she tried to smile . . . "you also fit the requirements of the companion for whom we advertised. You are healthy, normal, active, cultured . . ."

"But—" asked Mary Lou—"pretend to be someone else . . . ? Someone he cared for . . . ? His wife?" she asked, and flushed deeply.

Mrs. Lorrimer's color rose also.
"I have spoken to Dr. Matthews about that phase of it," she admitted, "and he has a plan. Later, if you consent, we will talk to him about it before you see Travers again. . . I—I'd try and make you happy here," she begged, sweetly, pleadingly, "and I'd compensate you"—

MARY LOU said quickly, very uncomfortably:

"Please don't talk about . . ."
"But we must," Mrs. Lorrimer smiled at the girl, feeling her heart stir with hope. "You came, after all, for a position. I will pay you," she said, "three hundred a month, and give you your clothes and your home. No one of course, will be aware of our arrangement but ourselves, and the doctor and, of course, the few relatives I have. The servants have all been with me a long time and can be trusted. Since Travers' illness—I have gone out very little. I see only my closest friends. To them you will be—a visitor."

A few minutes later Mary Lou was shaking hands with Dr. Matthews, a stocky, elderly man with wise, deep-set eyes, a pleasant voice and a leonine head capped with a shock of curly grey hair.

"This is Miss Thurston," Margaret Lorrimer told him, "and she has just promised me she will try to carry out her part of your experiment."

Dr. Matthews looked at Mary Lou for a long, intent moment. Then he nodded, quite gravely, as if he were answering a question he had silently propounded to himself. Yes, this girl would do. Fortunately, thought Dr. Matthews, that she was not of a different type. . . .

"The boy is asleep," he began. "When he wakes up I want to have a talk with him," he went on. "I have to make some calls presently, but I'll be back. Now, Miss Thurston," he smiled at her very kindly, almost paternally, "are you sure you understand the situation? Mr. Lorrimer is a perfectly sane and organically healthy man. But his war experiences have resulted in a mental depression which has affected his normally good health. He has no interest in anything, not even in life itself. Mrs. Lorrimer has told you that while in London on leave he fell in love with a girl and believes that he married her."

"Up till now he has been perfectly vague. He simply makes the statement that Delight Harford became his wife, and that is all. More than that he does not remember."

"But," Mary Lou asked earnestly, "if he thinks we are married? What are you going to tell him?"

"I am going to persuade him," Dr. Matthews answered, "that you thought him dead, that you were unable to trace him. As a matter of fact, it is quite possible that this unknown girl did not know his American address, nor took any steps to trace him."

MAKE-BELIEVE

I will tell him that, for your sake, and for the sake of his future happiness as well, you two must begin all over again. With friendship, comradeship, growing to know one another, in order to be quite sure of the genuineness of the original attraction. I think he will see my argument and that you need not worry, and during this, well, period of probation, I have great hopes that your companionship will bring him back to himself and all our questions will then be answered, all our uncertainty cleared up. Are you sure you are willing to undertake this, Miss Thurston? It won't be an easy task, you know. It will be a very hard one, and will often be discouraging, I think. And you are very young."

She looked from his sagacious, questioning eyes to the imploring brown eyes of Margaret Lorrimer and nodded slowly.

"I'll do my best," she promised gravely. Dr. Matthews rose.

"Remember who you are," he reminded her, smiling. "Forget Miss Mary Lou Thurston. Think yourself into the part. You are Delight Harford, an American girl who lived in London for some years and who is meeting again, through strange chance, a man with whom you were once in love, to whom your presence, your reappearance in his life, means everything."

He shook hands with her and left the room. Mrs. Lorrimer went with him to the door and spoke with him for a time in the hallway, then she returned to Mary Lou, who was amazed to find that her hands were cold with excitement although her face was flushed.

"I'm going to take you to your room," Mrs. Lorrimer told her. "They are right off mine, a suite which belonged, as long as she lived, to my sister, who came to stay with me shortly after the death of my husband and who followed him three years later. I think you will be happier near me," she went on, slipping her arm through Mary Lou's, "and as I had the rooms redecorated last year, I hope you will find them pleasant."

The bedroom was in deep ivory, with the curtains of primrose and casual touches of blue. A delightful dressing table and bureau and a three-quarter bed, very modern in treatment, several lounging chairs, reading lights, bookcases and a sewing table completed the furnishings, while the adjoining bathroom, in paler blue, with marbleised wall paper and the fittings in deep yellow marble, was very attractive.

Mrs. Lorrimer opened a door and disclosed a deep, cedar-lined closet, with built-in shoe and stocking boxes and racks for hats.

"Do you like it?" she asked, anxiously.

"I love it!" cried Mary Lou, wandering about happily, looking at everything with interest and pleasure and excitement.

"It is becoming to you," Mrs. Lorrimer told her, smiling.

She went back into the sitting-room and drew Mary Lou down beside her on the squat, amusing little sofa.

"What are your plans regarding your people?" she asked seriously. "They will send you things out, will they not?"

Mary Lou thought a moment.

"If I could telephone," she said, "to Larry Mitchell. I'll have to take someone into my confidence, and I would rather it were he."

"You have a telephone right in this room," Mrs. Lorrimer reminded her, "so it will be quite private. I'll give you things for to-night, and see that you are made comfortable until your trunks come. And

when the new arrangement has settled down into a routine sort of affair, you and I will go to New York and shop for clothes—lots of them!"

Mary Lou flushed deeply, a little indignantly, and her chin went up.

"Please don't be angry at me or offended," Margaret Lorrimer said, softly. "That plan was part of our bargain, and was made for my own selfish pleasure, for I have always wanted a daughter!" She smiled appealingly. "When Travers was a little boy I used to so envy all mothers of little girls. I always wanted to dress one," she confessed, "and now—now that I have a real live flesh-and-blood one you must permit me to indulge myself just a little. You don't know what real pleasure it would give me."

"If you really want to—" surrendered Mary Lou.

A little later Mrs. Lorrimer called her staff of devoted and trusted servants together in her morning room—"office," as she called it—downstairs, and made certain explanations to those who had been with her for any length of time, including Peter, Hilda, her personal maid, and the cook, who had been with her since her marriage. The rest of the staff was comparatively new, and it was perfectly easy to involve them partly in the deception.

Meanwhile Mary Lou, after some difficulty, had reached Larry and was talking to him.

She told him briefly that she had accepted the position, and was not returning to Oakdale.

Larry was agog. There is no word for it. He pleaded, demanded and questioned, but Mary Lou, who, if truth must be told, was rather enjoying herself by mystifying him, was adamant. He would get a letter from her to-morrow, she said, and would say no more.

After that she telephoned Oakdale and had a terrible time making Gram Jennings understand where she was and that she was all right and was going to stay.

Going to the desk in the living-room she drew out pen and paper and proceeded to write many pages to Larry in full explanation of what, as she put it, she seemed to be "in for."

GOING downstairs, Mary Lou found herself speculating upon her new name. She thought, ruefully: "It doesn't suit me. I should be blonde and willowy and perhaps a little clinging. Mary Lou belongs. Maybe because I've had it so long. But it's up to me to forget I ever had it. I can't play at being Delight Harford unless I make myself believe I am!" she thought further.

Mrs. Lorrimer evidently thought so, too.

"No more Mary Lou," she said. "You'll have to get used to the other name. It is necessary, you know. How many lumps, Delight?" asked Mrs. Lorrimer, with perfect gravity.

Mary Lou laughed and then sighed.

"It is an undertaking," she admitted. "It won't be so hard for you, of course. After all, you didn't know Mary Lou very long or well, but I have known her for 20 years! I wrote Larry and explained everything after I called him up. He'll go down and get my things for me," she went on, "and does the mail go out to-night?"

"I'll have it sent right to the post office. Tell me," asked Mrs. Lorrimer, "does this engaging young man—I am sure he is, from your earlier description—does he complicate things?"

"Complicate things?" asked Mary Lou, blankly.

"I mean, are you engaged? You must forgive me, my dear; I don't mean to be personal or curious. But we had better understand one another."

Mary Lou shook her shining, copper-colored curls vigorously, naively.

"We're just awfully good friends," she answered. "I think he'll help us all he can. You said he might come to see me and bring me news from home?" she asked, and as Mrs. Lorrimer nodded Mary Lou went on, relieved: "I think that Mr. Lorrimer will like him and I'm sure he'd be good for him somehow."

"You can't call him Mr. Lorrimer, Delight," Mrs. Lorrimer reminded her.

WHILE the two women were at tea, Dr. Matthews returned and had himself announced as going directly to his patient. Mrs. Lorrimer sent word by Peter to ask the doctor to join her and Miss Harford when he was through.

So, while the two women talked, Dr. Matthews sat beside Travers Lorrimer and explained, slowly and clearly, the situation as Travers must be brought to see it.

Travers sighed deeply. He felt ill and very let down after his attack; his mind was confused, his emotions disturbed.

"I see," he said at last, in the voice from which all vibrant tones were lacking. "She doesn't, of course, care for me any more. I understand."

"I didn't say that," Matthews told him gently. "I said—oh, put yourself in her place, Travers. She was nothing but a youngster when you swept her off her feet after a two weeks' acquaintance. She had, you told me, no very close relatives, was living with cousins in London. There was no one to advise her to wait and be sure. A war-time romance—"

After a moment Travers held out his hand.

"All right, Doc," he said.

Matthews rose, and stood looking down at him, relieved and hopeful of the success of his arguments. He had, he knew, Lorrimer's word.

"Do you want to see her now?" he asked gently.

Lorrimer moved his head on the pillow. He was suddenly very nervous; his hands clenched on the bedclothes.

"No. No—to-morrow," he said. "I've got to think this out. I've some adjusting to do, myself." He tried to smile. "Thanks a lot, Doc. Sorry I was such an ass as to keel over. I'm a fine wreck of a man," he went on bitterly, "to dream that any girl, after seeing me . . ." He broke off. Then he said, very gently, rather pitifully, "Please give her my love."

When Matthews had left him he lay a long time thinking, trying to see, as Matthews had asked, the situation clearly. He understood all the implications. But he didn't want to see her to-night, not till he had gotten a grip on himself. It had all been so amazingly sudden. The unexpectedness of it. He'd walked into the room, listless, bored with life, as usual, unhappy and—had seen her. The recognition had been immediate.

The deep joy and gratitude, the soaring ecstasy which had overwhelmed him had been almost too much to bear.

And for the first time in years he began to look ahead to to-morrow; not with confident, secure happiness, of course, yet with some measure of happiness. At least he would see her, touch her hand and hear her voice; at least, whatever had been lost to him, she was restored to him, she was under his roof.

Downstairs Doctor Matthews was recounting the story he had told Travers to the two women, and Mary Lou was breathing more freely, because her ordeal had been postponed a little longer.

"Do you remember the names of the people with whom Delight Harford lived?" Doctor Matthews asked Mrs. Lorrimer.

She rose and went to a small wall safe, adjusted the combination and, taking out a black notebook, came back to her chair.

"It's all down here," she told them. "I procured every tiniest detail from Travers when he was able to tell me, so that I could instruct and inform the London agents as accurately as possible."

For another hour they sat there, reading her notes and discussing them, while Mrs. Lorrimer supplemented them with descriptions given her by her son. And so Mary Lou learned her own story.

Delight Harford had been born in New York of American parents. When she was four years old her mother, now Mrs. Von Koch, had taken the child to England on a visit to distant cousins, and had remained there. Shortly before the war Mrs. Harford had married a German she had met while travelling in Switzerland, and, on Delight's refusal to live with or even speak to the new stepfather, her mother, now Mrs. Von Koch, had gone to Dresden, leaving Delight a small legacy, enough to pay her board and lodging and a little over. The mother, always a rather casual and light-minded woman, had parted from her daughter without much sorrow. They had always been antagonistic or so Delight had told Travers.

THE background was thus established, and Mary Lou went over it again and again until she felt she was letter perfect.

A little while later Dr. Matthews left, Mrs. Lorrimer and Mary Lou dined alone in the beautiful panelled dining-room, and after dinner, while Mrs. Lorrimer went upstairs to say good night to her son, Mary Lou wandered about the formal drawing-room and music-room and looked at books and pictures and wondered if she would ever become used to such luxury and beauty.

Presently Mrs. Lorrimer joined her again. "He's asleep," she reported, "and Peter says he ate practically nothing for dinner." She sighed and added, as if her son were still a stubborn five-year-old refusing his spinach and baked apple, "He won't eat much—or properly—at any time."

Mary Lou widened her eyes. Her own appetite was so normal that it was hard for her to understand one whose appetite was not.

"He's missing a lot!" announced Mary Lou.

A little later Mary Lou lay in bed and breathed the crisp air which ruffled the curtains at the windows. She was tired and relaxed and drowsy. But she couldn't sleep yet—there was so much to think about.

Cinderella and the beggar maid of King Cophetua—she felt like both of them rolled into one. To-morrow, to-morrow she faced the reverse side of the fairy tale fabric. To-morrow she faced certain unreal reality.

Mary Lou awoke on the following morning and lay for a moment, drowsily watching the early sunlight creep through the drawn shades and dance across the floor. She had slept well—the dreamless, sound sleep of youth and health—and now she awoke, not to that "where-am-I feeling," but to a complete realisation of her surroundings and situation. She awoke, too,

to a sense of adventure, a light-hearted determination to see this amazing experiment into which chance had thrust her through to a satisfactory conclusion.

Her heart beat faster, it must be confessed, at the thought of her second meeting with Lorrimer. But she was convinced that she could carry it off—somehow, that she would let herself be guided by circumstances. Last night she had been a little afraid, so bewildered was she at the rapidity of events at the quality of unreality about the whole affair. But to-day's sunlight had brought her self-confidence, so elastic is youth, so resilient; and Mrs. Lorrimer trusted her. That was enough for her. She couldn't, she thought, living there, let Margaret Lorrimer down.

She thrust her feet into the slippers which dangled as she walked—or ran—across the room and pulled up the shades. Lawns and trees and a glimpse of the Sound rewarded her and a perfect Indian summer day. No shut-in walls, no prying eyes, no houses nearby. Mary Lou slipped the nightgown off and, breathing deeply, started her brisk setting up exercises, glorying in the sense of strength and vitality which ran like quicksilver through her little glowing body.

She had just about finished when a knock sounded at her door.

"Who is it?" demanded Mary Lou, and was entertained to hear Hilda's voice reply, with no perceptible hesitation:

"Hilda, Miss Delight. May I come in?"

Mary Lou cast the peach-colored negligee about her and assented. Hilda arrived in the room and, if she was astonished to find the new inmate of the house up and doing, she did not betray it.

A warm, quick tub and tepid shower, gradually growing icy, and presently Mary Lou was ready to dress, which she did at top speed, not being hampered by having to make a choice of garments. She appeared, therefore, at the breakfast table in the skirt and blouse of the beloved suit.

Mrs. Lorrimer was already down and waiting for her. Mary Lou said, as the older woman turned from the windows of the breakfast room to which Hilda had guided her charge:

"I'm afraid I'm late. My watch had stopped—"

—and so—"

"It's a very little after eight," Mrs. Lorrimer told her, as they sat down. "I didn't mean you to get up; I wanted you to have your sleep out, and I would have sent you a tray."

"PLEASE, don't—ever!"

cried Mary Lou. "Breakfast in bed must be a sort of native talent. I haven't it."

"I'm sure," said Mrs. Lorrimer, smiling, "that I'll be more than happy to have you with me, mornings—" she paused, and then added, "Delight," with great deliberation. Mary Lou flushed but said nothing. Would she ever get used to it? "You see, Travers has his tray upstairs, and doesn't appear, as a rule, until eleven. So I've taken a lonely breakfast for some years, and I don't think that's good for anyone!"

She was looking rested and serene in a plain, rather high-waisted frock of soft, supple wool, hunter's green in color, belted with leather and collared and cuffed in pique.

"After breakfast," Mrs. Lorrimer went on, as Peter served them, "I generally go to my so-called office for a little while. Then I go upstairs and see Travers. Perhaps you would like to go out and take a run about the grounds while I look at mail and

give orders? You don't look to me as if you had ever acquired the house habit. Do you ride?" she wanted to know.

"No, I don't. I wish I did. I've never had the opportunity. Oh, I did gallop around on a pony once, the spring we were outside of London—father had taken a funny little house, and we had a wonderful time," replied Mary Lou, frankly, as they were quite alone in the room at the moment and even if Peter had been there he wouldn't have mattered, being himself a part of the conspiracy. "But that's all the riding I ever did. I wonder if—I should?" she asked, rather incoherently, but Mrs. Lorrimer understood.

After breakfast was over Mary Lou ran upstairs to fetch her little beret and coat, and presently found herself out of doors, exploring the grounds with interest and delight.

She went down to the white beach and breathed the cold, salt air and watched the ripples foam along the shore. There was a swimming pier there with floats and slides and steps at all points so that the swimmer and beginner alike could be accommodated. There was also a boat house and looking in she saw canoes and rowboats and several motor boats of various sizes housed for the coming winter.

After she had explored buildings and roadways and beach, she cut off through a little path in the woods and spent an enchanted hour wandering, getting lost, finding her way again.

HER morning's task finished, Mrs. Lorrimer went upstairs and knocked at her son's door. Peter valetted him, expertly, and so she found him dressed, standing idly by his sitting room windows. His rooms were comfortable and pleasant, furnished for a man with sound, good taste, full of sunlight and colors neither too bright nor too subdued. There were really fine etchings on the walls, and the bookcases were filled with the books he had loved as a child and a young man.

"Well, Travers?" she asked quietly.

He put out a hand and drew her close to him. He loved her very much. If only, sometime, he could shake off this dark cloud of doubt of himself and uncertainty of both past and future and could tell her so.

"Very well," he said, smiling, "there's nothing the matter with me really, except my internal dolourfulness."

That was true. His health was as good as health can be which is neglected in essentials. His constitution was sound, the physical effects of his crash and imprisonment had long since been overcome. But nervously he was in bad shape. He now asked, with a certain painful embarrassment:

"Delight?"

"She's out walking," Mrs. Lorrimer told him, easily enough. "She slept well and breakfasted with me. We missed you."

"Does she want to see me?" he asked, flushing.

"Well, of course, she wants to see you! She—she was pretty much upset by the events of yesterday," his mother told him. "She's a little shy of you, Travers. You must overlook that; you'll have to win her back to—friendship again."

"I'm shy of her, too, as you put it," he answered, a little bitterly. "When I saw her sitting there, you don't know what it was like, mother. A great crushing weight lifted from my heart, windows in a dark room thrown open to blinding sunlight. But when I saw how she felt, of course, I

couldn't understand, and I made an idiot of myself. I would," he commented, acidly. "Matthews explained, naturally, and I suppose I do see her viewpoint—thinking me dead and all that, forgetting me, most likely. But now—well, sometimes I think I can't wait another moment to see her, and then I feel as if I never wanted to lay eyes on her again."

"Don't be absurd," said Mrs. Lorrimer, speaking with rare sharpness, "the situation exists. It is, primarily, of your own making. It has to be faced, Travers. And by you. She—Delight—is a perfectly charming girl. I've come to really care for her in this very brief space of time. I mean that, Travers, but the situation in which we all find ourselves is one of extreme difficulty and delicacy. You can't take up life where you left it many years ago."

"She couldn't, at all events," Lorrimer broke in, swiftly.

"No. Do you blame her in your heart? You have—altered, Travers. You are not the boy she knew during that short leave time, in London. Admit that."

Lorrimer nodded.

"I—do admit it. That boy's dead," he told her wearily. "Now if—if you're sure she wants to see me, I'll come downstairs."

"Why don't you go out and look for her?" his mother suggested, trying to control the nervous unevenness of her voice. "She's somewhere in the grounds."

"All right—"

His mother bent over him and kissed his cheek lightly.

"I know it's terribly hard for you, Travers," she told him, low.

Lorrimer, after she had left him, looked for and found a top coat and cap. He moved reluctantly. His heart hammered in his throat. The girl he was going to meet that sunny, blue-gold day was, as his mother had said, a complete stranger to him. Yet, she was his wife!

He went downstairs, encountered no one, stopped in the hall to look in the coat closet for a stick, and went on out.

It was at the kennels he found her. Coming out of the long stretch of woods, finally, she had found herself there, a little dazzled by the full sunlight after the brown-green gloom.

Half a dozen dogs raced about the wide runways—a setter, two Scotties, a cocker with silky, trailing ears, and two police dogs. Mary Lou stopped and pressed herself close to the wire fencing. She spoke coaxingly to the animals and was rewarded by cold noses pushing through the wires to nuzzle her bare hand.

She heard a step behind her, thought it that of the gardener she had seen early in her wanderings or perhaps whoever was looking after the dogs.

"They're darlings," cried Mary Lou—"could—could they come out and speak to me?"

"They are yours, to choose from," a voice replied quite quietly.

She whirled around and played her part better than she knew for, taken by surprise, the color left her face and then returned in a bright crimson flood, tinting even her throat and the tips of her little ears.

"Oh, how you startled me!" were the first words she spoke to him. Lorrimer came closer to her and, somehow, managed a smile.

"I didn't mean to," he said. "I hope I'm all done with startling you. You must forgive me, for yesterday, I—"

"Please," said Mary Lou, low, "it was as much my fault as yours."

Her voice was not as he remembered it all these years. It was lower, deeper, a little, enchantingly husky. But memory plays us strange tricks and time had passed.

He leaned against the high fencing of the kennels and whipped his slender walking stick across the short grass.

"We won't talk about it—now," he said.

"I just want you to know that I do understand. I understand your—reticence and the complete shock it all must have been to you. If—if you had thought of me at all of late years it was not as I appeared to you, suddenly. Suppose we forget that, for a time. I—make no claim on you, Delight. I ask nothing of you but your confidence and, if you can give it to me, your friendship."

SHE seemed so little, suddenly, so entirely helpless, that he felt, amazingly, a curious sense of tender protectiveness, of power, almost. Unconsciously, his stooped shoulders straightened and for a moment he looked like a man who voluntarily assumes a task, who sets himself a goal.

She was smaller than he remembered her, prettier even, if that were possible. He didn't question her age. He knew, of course, that she was nearly of an age with himself, must be. But it didn't occur to him as unusual that time seemed to have stood still for her, as far as appearances went.

He held out his hand.

"Friends—Delight?" he asked her, and the smile was no longer managed but authentic. His eyes shone with excitement, with anxiety, and there was color in the hollow, lean cheeks.

Mary Lou put her hand into his. The curtain was up, the prologue finished, the play itself was on.

And—

"Friends," she promised gravely.

"Say 'Lorry,'" he begged her, still holding that warm, vibrant little hand in his own. "You—used to!"

Mary Lou thanked her lucky stars for this piece of information. And her realization of her good fortune brought stars to her eyes and curves to her red mouth.

"Lorry—" she said, obediently.

There was no withdrawal possible now. She had made her bargain and sealed it with a handclasp.

He was determined not to refer to the past in the deeply intimate personal sense. But he spoke, quite naturally, of the elapsed years and the hideous doubts which had consumed him. She had rehearsed her story time and again. And now that she was forced to give a performance to this particularly important audience, she found herself doing it creditably. She told him that she had moved away from London, told him of the deaths, in an epidemic, of the "cousins" and of her permanent estrangement from her "mother." All this he accepted as perfectly reasonable. It all hung together. And as he tacitly understood that she believed him dead, and was determined not to speak of that particular phase of the situation, a stranger, over-hearing their conversation, would have believed them old friends, separated by circumstances and reunited by chance.

"So," said Mary Lou, on a long breath of relief, "when I couldn't find anything to do I came over here, hoping to find some relatives of my—my father's. I had an opportunity to call with an elderly American woman, a Mrs. Duncan, who paid my passage over. And I hadn't been here very long before I saw your mother's

name in the paper and came out to see her on a chance that it might be—

She stopped and flushed. She had been speaking gravely, a little breathlessly. It wasn't hard to think herself into the part; she had dreamed so long, had for so many years dramatised herself as the heroine of every book she read and every play she saw. And her sobriety lent a semblance of truth to her halting explanation.

"And it was," commented Lorrimer as soberly as she. "A very wonderful chance," he added, "for me."

His deep, toneless voice took on faint vibrancy and color.

They had just passed the stables. Mary Lou cried out, in snatching at any conversational straw:

"I called on your horses this morning. What beauties they are! I wish," she said truly and wistfully, "that I knew how to ride."

"Don't you?" He bent his tall head and looked at her in some astonishment, and realised, with a pang of amazement, that he knew very little about her, after all. For all his dreaming and despair, his memories of gay, gallant jiving, defiantly snatched from time in the very face of death, his actual knowledge of her was so incomplete. Yet he had remembered trivial, small things and, because he remembered, suddenly asked, half whimsically:

"Do you still adore artichokes, Delight?" She started a little. It was to be some time before she could become accustomed to that exotic name.

Well, she did like them!

"Of course," said Mary Lou and smiled. "However did you remember?"

"I remember a lot," he said soberly, and then, because he saw her wince a little, added hastily "If you'd really like to learn to ride I'll teach you."

They were approaching the house now, and Margaret Lorrimer, a loose-tailed coat over her frock, was coming down the steps to meet them. She had been very anxious over the result of this first encounter, this initial step in the carefully-laid plans. She greeted them easily enough, but her eyes sought Mary Lou's with a clear enough inquiry into their brown depths. Mary Lou nodded, imperceptibly, and smiled and Mrs. Lorrimer drew a long breath of relief.

Lorrimer was questioning his mother with more animation than she had seen in him for years.

"About the horses—Delight wants to ride. I've said I'll teach her—if I haven't forgotten myself," he added, half ruefully. "Have we any mount suitable—something pretty tame to begin with?" he went on and, at Mary Lou's indignant exclamation, he startled himself by laughing. Pretty rusty, that laugh, but it served.

"Flapper," his mother said, thoughtfully, deeply concealing her own pleasure and astonishment—"I think she'd do—"

She turned to Mary Lou her eyes shining. "While you were out I telephoned shops and things. One of the saleswomen at—she mentioned the name of a famous Fifth Avenue salon, 'come out this afternoon with some ready-to-wear things for you to try on. I'll catch her before she leaves town and tell her to include a riding kit.'"

The three of them lunched together that day, and, while there was sometimes silence, heavy with unspoken questions, Mrs. Lorrimer and Mary Lou managed to keep the conversational ball rolling most of the time.

"Haven't you a perfectly terrible appetite—Lorry?" said Mary Lou to Lorrimer.

Mrs. Lorrimer looked from one to the other and observed with astonishment Mary Lou's easy use of the little nickname unfamiliar to Lorrimer's mother, and his instant, markedly glad, acceptance of it. "I have," she went on. "I'm perfectly ashamed of it but I can't help it!" and she proceeded to prove her words, leaving Lorrimer vaguely annoyed at his own fastidious "picking" at his luncheon. But now that he came to think of it, he was hungrier than usual, and so demanded a second helping of salad from Peter, to Peter's perfectly obvious delight.

AFTER luncheon Mary Lou insisted upon "walking off" the results of her appetite, and Lorrimer went with her. Konig, the dog, who had by now adopted her for his own, at their heels. When they came in, an hour later, Mary Lou looked at her companion gravely.

"You look sleepy!" she accused him.

"I am." He yawned and then smiled. "Not very chivalrous, is it?"

"How well do you sleep, any way?" she demanded, briskly.

"You've changed," he answered irrelevantly. "You never used to worry about people."

"I'm older," she replied serenely. "Besides, I didn't say I was worried. You go upstairs and take a nap—"

"Governess!" he accused her, amazingly light-hearted.

"Not at all. I want to get rid of you. Your mother's sending the car to the station—see, there it goes! That means frocks and frills. I'll see you at tea time," said Mary Lou, and steered him into the house, protesting every step of the way.

But she managed and presently Lorrimer cast himself down on the couch in his sitting room and tried to keep his eyes open.

He sighed, impatiently, and relaxed among the cushions of the couch. Delight? His eyes closed and he slept instantly and dreamlessly.

"He's upstairs," Mary Lou told Mrs. Lorrimer, finding her in her own room. "He was half asleep. He hasn't been getting much sleep, I imagine, and no wonder. I think he'll sleep now until, perhaps, tea time."

"You," commented Margaret Lorrimer, "are marvellous!"

Presently a saleswoman and an assistant arrived from New York and Mary Lou's room took on the semblance of a shop gone mad. There was plenty to choose from and Mrs. Lorrimer selected, eventually, three plain charming daytime dresses, suitable for early winter wear in the country, a suit for town, and all the accessories of lingerie, shoes and gloves. She selected also several afternoon and dinner dresses and evening frocks, admirably suited to Mary Lou's type, delightful in cut and coloring.

"But," cried Mary Lou, pirouetting in the prettiest evening frock of all, a tight, scant, high-waisted bodice of clear pale green and a skirt formed of many petals of tulle, with the long lines of the mode, entirely charming and becoming "but—there are far too many!"

"I don't think so," Mrs. Lorrimer replied critically, "but they will do for now, at any event. I'm anxious to go to town but that can wait." She smiled at Mary Lou and Mary Lou smiled back, understanding. "But you'll have plenty of use for them. We'll get some young people over, a little later."

Mary Lou's battered trunk, suitcase and box arrived safely at "Westwood House,"

forwarded by the faithful Larry, from whom she received a lengthy and wild letter, typed on yellow copy paper, demanding, cajoling, warning and pleading. Did she realise what she was getting into? demanded Larry, frantically. Would she never grow up? Of all the crazy, mad, insane and incredible schemes! However, count on him to stand by her, and, if necessary, to get her out of this mess into which, idiotically, she appeared to have gotten herself.

Yet her role was not hard to play, she found, as the days slipped by and grey snow clouds began to veil the horizon and there was a breath of winter, frosty and menacing, in the air. For Lorrimer made it as easy for her as possible, trying to keep his word to his mother and Dr. Matthews. It would have been an act of inhuman self-control on his part not to refer to what he thought was their mutual past.

Shortly before Christmas Dr. Matthews, dropping in at tea hour, watched from the windows of the library the slight flurry of snow which came suddenly from an apparently cloudless sky and departed again, leaving the horizon clear, cold, blue; watched, too, Mary Lou and Lorrimer ride up the driveway, watched them from sight, heard them dismount at the main entrance, listened to the faint echo of voices and laughter and the clatter of hooves on the frosty drive, and turned to Mrs. Lorrimer who was watching him.

"He's better, isn't he?" he asked.

"Astonishingly so. They ride every day. She's managed to get him up early and to bed early by, merely, example. He's going to teach her to play squash. Yes, he's much better. Sleeps well, and his appetite has improved enormously. He still has those—well, spells of brooding. He's quiet then, abstracted, living over things. She pulls him out somehow. They read together, French, English and a little German."

Neither of them is an accomplished German student. I think she started that to try and get him to a more rational memory of—war, prison, all the rest. She told me that if he could read of the new Germany in the original language she thought it would help; for she felt he'd gotten to thinking too much about what he had suffered, and did not realise that there were men on the other side who had suffered as greatly. So she got grammars and dictionaries and they have started. It's been interesting to watch them. And she's reconciled him to Jenny and her crowd. They come over now and then."

"WHAT have you told Jenny?" asked the doctor.

"Just that Delight is a girl Travers knew during the war and that I've asked her to live with us, as my companion, as she is now alone in the world."

"She believes you?"

"Yes. Suspects a romance, but says nothing about it. Jenny is hard-boiled—or so she thinks—but she is discreet."

Matthews started to answer, but at that moment Travers and Mary Lou came in, booted and spurred, with a hint of winter winds about them, Lorrimer's sallow face glowing and Mary Lou's like nothing so much as a rose.

"We're starved, aren't we, Lorry? I hope there's lots of tea! No, I'd rather have milk if Peter doesn't mind," said Mary Lou, changing her mind, "and so would you, Lorry. You need to get some fat on that

rack of bones," she assured him. Dr. Matthews, I don't suppose you approve of eating between meals?"

"I seem to be making an impression on this plate of toast," the doctor told her. "And in your case, Delight, I certainly do approve, for you use up enough energy for six girls in 24 hours, and this household is so fashionable it dines late."

MARY LOU drank her milk and lay back relaxed in her chair, her eyes on the small, bright fire, far back on the great, stone hearth. She was healthily tired, she was happy. They'd had a glorious ride, she and Larry; she was improving. She would make an expert horsewoman some day, he had said, for her hands were firm on the reins, she had a naturally good seat and she was quite fearless. He had praised her to-day more than ever, and she was coming to depend upon his praise. And it was doing him so much good.

"That's what I'm here for," she reminded herself. She had to remind herself. She was growing into her role; it had become part of her. She would have frowned in sudden astonishment if anyone had called her Mary Lou. She had been Mary Lou years ago, in another life. Now she was—Delight.

At first she had worked hard in part; now it was second nature to her. Understanding instinctively where a great deal of the trouble lay, she had set about eradicating it as much as possible. She had made him talk about the war, about his days at the front, about his service. He had, she knew from his mother and from experience, been left with a curious horror of aeroplanes.

Jenny and her gang were helping; everything combined to help. Larry Mitchell had come out to see her, after a careful coaching by mail in his part. Larry was to be, she told him, a friend met on ship-board, someone who had helped her over her first hard, lonely months in New York. And Larry, once the part was entrusted to him, played up, taking an unholy pleasure in calling her "Delight" about every other sentence. She had met him alone at the station the evening he came out to dine, and had managed to crowd a lot of her experiences into the short drive and to tell him many of her plans.

"I've got to make a good job of it," she said, "and you must help us. If you won't, if you think you can't, I'll drive you right back to the station this minute. We can't risk mistakes."

She was driving the roadster. Mrs. Lorrimer, when she found that Mary Lou had for some years driven her uncle's little car, had given her the roadster for her own use, and she was handling it like a veteran.

"Don't shoot," Larry had begged; "I'll come down!"

He had been consumed with curiosity and amazement. He had been afraid for Mary Lou; he had thought the whole scheme madness. But once at Westwood House his fear and disapproval had vanished. He had fallen in love with Mrs. Lorrimer, and had felt a certain swift pity for Lorrimer—knowing his story—once brought in contact with his personality. And as for Mary Lou, she'd carry the thing off.

Lorrimer received him courteously, if a trifle suspiciously, and, his mother noticed, watched the younger man all through the meal and the evening which followed. But he said nothing, and seemed even to be attracted, for Larry succeeded, telling his

wild, exaggerated tales of life on a tabloid, in making Lorrimer forget himself more than once in laughter.

So this afternoon Mrs. Lorrimer reminded Mary Lou that Larry had not been out again.

"Why don't you ask him for Christmas?" she wanted to know. "Didn't you tell me he was quite alone?"

"That's awfully sweet of you," Mary Lou thanked her, glowing. "I know he'd love to come. Yes, he's alone; nothing but boarding-house or hotel for Christmas dinner."

Lorrimer frowned, the observant doctor saw, but did not speak.

A little later the two of them made their way upstairs together, and Lorrimer followed Mary Lou to her door, instead of parting from her on the gallery landing.

"Look here," he said abruptly, "I like Mitchell all right, but—"

"But what?" she asked, as he stopped her, her heart beating nervously.

"He's in love with you!" stated Lorrimer bluntly.

"No," Mary Lou looked at him directly and spoke soberly, "no, he is not. Nor am I with him, Larry. We're good friends; he's been fine to me. I'm grateful, and we're fond of each other. But that's all. Please don't think things!" she begged.

"I'll try to believe you," he muttered, "though how he could know you and not—!" Suddenly he caught her hand and held it in a merciless grip. "I have been patient, Delight," he told her; "I am—trying to be patient still. If—if ever you come to care for me again, I think you will be honest enough to tell me so. I'll never ask you, never demand anything, never make my claim. But I have a claim."

It was the first time—in so long—that he had said anything of the sort. Their friendship had progressed along apparently normal lines; they were close friends, intimate comrades; and all these weeks he had not said anything of that nature.

"Please," urged Mary Lou, growing white, "please—"

"Is it still so distasteful to you? Well!"—he straightened up and released her hand—"you have my promise. I wouldn't have said anything unless the subject of this—other fellow had come up. Well, it did come up. I—just reminded you, Delight, that's all."

He left her looking at her crushed fingers and realising how delicate the ground she walked on, how complicated and precarious her situation.

She went into her room and ran the bath water and started getting out of her clothes.

CHRISTMAS at Westwood House that year was to be a great event. It was the first Christmas since Travers Lorrimer's return from France that his mother felt she could throw herself wholeheartedly into the festive preparations. She had very much to be thankful for. In the first place, Lorrimer was decidedly better; he had not had one of his nervous seizures since that of the day of Mary Lou's arrival. He continued to eat and to sleep better and was much in the open air. He was beginning to laugh again, to put on weight and to tolerate the presence of other people outside those of his household.

Then, too, Margaret Lorrimer was able to go about more, to see her old friends, to have them, now and then, in her house. And she herself was happy in Mary Lou's companionship, which she found unfailingly friendly, sunny, affectionate and understanding.

Shortly before Christmas, Mrs. Lorrimer and Mary Lou permitted themselves several mysterious trips to New York. Lorrimer grumbled, but only half-heartedly. A few months earlier he would have been overtaken with such a panic of nerves on being left alone that his mother, whatever had been her plans, would have cancelled them rather than distress him. As it was, the first time they left him for the entire day they found him, on their return, wandering restlessly about, unhappy and fever-ridden. He could not seem to shake off the depression which had seized him the instant of their departure, and it took all Mary Lou's diplomatic chatter to win him back at dinner time to something more approaching his recent self. Later Mrs. Lorrimer commented doubtfully upon this reaction and wondered if they should go on with their Christmas plans, which included other trips to town. But Mary Lou suggested that it was wise for him, to accustom himself to these perfectly natural absences on their part.

So, more or less ignoring his uneasiness, they went again . . . and yet again. On one occasion they saw a popular matinee after their shopping, and upon another Mary Lou made a flying trip to Oakdale, armed with many bundles marked, "Do Not Open Until Christmas!"

On still another trip to town Larry joined Mary Lou for lunch, as Mrs. Lorrimer had a call to pay and a luncheon engagement to keep. And he promised her, over the table at one of their old-time favorite "Woperies," that he would come out for Christmas Day.

UPON each occasion, if they separated during the day, Mrs. Lorrimer and Mary Lou met at some appointed place and motored back to Westwood together.

Shortly before Christmas Lorrimer wandered into the morning room where Mary Lou was busy with packages, sitting on the floor in a muddle of twine, gilt cord, red ribbon and colorful papers starred with gold and silver. Tags and labels lay strewn all about her and she was having a perfectly glorious time. Mrs. Lorrimer had been watching her, for, like all very nice women, she had never outgrown her childhood thrill at the giving season, and had just left the room. Mary Lou looked up from her gay welter and litter and laughed at Lorrimer's expression.

"Well," said Lorrimer, "you have changed, haven't you?"

"Why?" she asked him, experiencing, as always, that strange constriction of the heart which came to her each time he referred to the real Delight and his intimate knowledge of her.

"Why, one of the first things you ever said to me—we were talking about Christmas—was that you thought it was 'a lot of eye-wash,' except for children."

What a really unpleasant girl the genuine Delight must have been, thought Mary Lou, and felt suddenly horrified that Lorrimer could confuse the two of them. It hurt her pride.

"Did I? Well," she answered, smiling, "I suppose at that age it must have been the fashion to be cynical and all that; I've changed, as you suggested . . . slipped back to second childhood, perhaps. I'm having a perfectly elegant time! And you'll have to get over your cynicism, too, for your mother and I will need you to help trim the tree. And you just can't back out of it; you're exactly the right height!" she added, looking up at him with an impersonal and measuring gaze, "and

what's more, you're going to come with me this afternoon and pick out the tree! I suggested we cut it from Westwood, and your mother has consented."

"Just as you say—but it is a lot of nonsense . . . commercialised as the devil!" Mary Lou sat back on her heels and surveyed him.

"Gosh!" she said, "I'm certainly sorry for you, Travers Lorrimer!"

He flushed, shrinking in his over-sensitiveness from the least hint of criticism.

"Now why, exactly?" he managed to ask.

"If you don't know," she replied cryptically, "I'm sorer for you than ever. Your mother has a list of poor families she always gives to every Christmas. Lots of these things go in the baskets," she indicated near-by dolls, drums, skates, mechanical tops of all kinds. "There'll be food, too, and fruit and all. This year she is going to take things to town herself and I'm going with her." "I think," suggested Mary Lou, smiling up at him, "that you couldn't give her a jeweller gift than to go with her."

"I hate crowds," he muttered, "and misery."

Mary Lou rose suddenly to her feet, scattering the paper and ribbons like a gay wild rain of oversized confetti.

Her temper was always hot and quick, although as a rule she had it under control. But to-day she lost it . . . or mislaid it temporarily. If she hadn't liked him so much she wouldn't have cared to such a degree. But she did care. The dark blue of her eyes was black with disappointment.

"I'm ashamed of you," she told him, unsteadily but clearly. "Why don't you snap out of it, Lorry—and think of other people besides yourself? Think, for instance, of your mother and her life with you all these years. Think of the other men who come home from the war, as broken as you and a great deal worse—legless, armless, eyeless, with shattered nerves and devastated bodies . . . men who didn't have a mother like yours to come home to, who didn't come home to every luxury and beauty and comfort, who didn't have anyone or anything. Men out of jobs. Men in hospitals. The real wreckage of the war . . . Think what you have in comparison to them. You had a miserable time, you were ill, you were depressed. But you haven't even a limp to show for it all, nor a scar. You've a perfectly sound constitution, your health is, and has been, entirely up to you. You have to admit how much better you are since you started living like a normal person. You haven't much excuse any more," cried Mary Lou; "the trouble with you is that you have become ingrown and selfish . . . that's all!"

He winced back as if she had struck him.

"**H**OW you must hate me!" he said, involuntarily, almost in a whisper. "I don't hate you," she flung back at him. "If I did I wouldn't take all this trouble! If I did—well, you wouldn't see me again, that's all! But it makes me tired, now that I've lived here in the house all these weeks and seen—what I've seen. Even if you can't really enter into your mother's plans for Christmas you might at least pretend a little—it couldn't hurt you and it would make her happy!"

"I suppose," Lorrimer answered after a moment, and he was perfectly white, so white that Mary Lou's heart misgave her. What if she had overstepped the limit! She and Mrs. Lorrimer and Dr. Matthews had often talked over the possible wisdom of giving Lorrimer a shock, of trying to shock

him back to himself by sheer brutality of truth. But how white he was! "I suppose," he repeated, "you think me a pretty poor specimen. And naturally I'm not fool enough to think that my experience was worse than any other man's, nor as bad as that of many. But if I've become 'ingrown,' as you call it, why a lot of it was up to you—if I didn't care to get well, didn't care if I lived or died—it was considerably your fault," said Lorrimer.

"Mine," cried Mary Lou, almost forgetting her role for a moment. "Mine?"

"I loved you," he said somberly, "and you told me you loved me. I took that knowledge back to the front with me; it sustained me through all that happened afterwards, through the long weeks in the prison camp. The knowledge of your love. That you belonged to me. That after it was all over we would be together again. For always."

MARY LOU thought hard and fast. Then she let him have it, her own Mary Lou-ish convictions, her complete and truthful opinion of the boy and girl love affair. She spoke in the person of Delight Hartford, but whether the real Delight would have harbored such opinions, Mary Lou neither knew nor cared.

"Look here, Lorry," she said, evenly, "we'll have this out . . . here and now. How old were you when we met? How old was I? A couple of crazy kids thrown out of our normal stride, by war, beglamored and bewildered. You were in a dangerous service, you'd had months of it, your number might be up at any time. I—I lived in an atmosphere of war-mad desperation, frivolity, despair, sorrow, hectic gaiety alternating like moods. An epidemic, an air raid and my number might be up too. Anyone was bound to fall in love, almost everyone did. You'd have fallen for the first pretty girl you saw after your weeks at the front, and I with the first presentable man. And we were full of a lot of romantic ideas about snatching at happiness, because the next day might be our last—" She paused for breath, and to her astonishment Lorrimer nodded.

"Yes, you said just that," he told her, now. "I haven't forgotten, Delight."

"That's how we all felt. It was—madness, it was like a curious nightmare. It wasn't real. Suppose you had found me, right after the war ended? You—you could easily have been disappointed you could have easily fallen out of love. I too! But because you didn't find me, because I was apparently lost to you, you built up all sorts of dreams and images about me. I'm not those dreams . . . I am not those images. I am myself! Not the same girl you knew ten long years ago. If I remembered you, and I did, of course, it was with the same dreamlike quality in remembering. How long did we know each other . . . two weeks, three weeks? Was that sufficient time upon which to base or risk the happiness of two lives?"

"You couldn't have thought so, you didn't try very hard—" he began, stubbornly. But, she saw, his color was beginning to return.

"To find you? I did try. I had my own life to live, Lorry, my own struggle to make. I thought you dead. I remembered you as dead. But I went on living. We have to go on living. Then—chance brought me here. But you have no right to blame your condition on me. All very well to fall in love with a girl in a few days' time and make a fetish of her memory. But there's more in life than that —"

"Then—fidelity?" he wanted to know.

"Was it fidelity to me as you remembered me, or a sort of fidelity of your vanity?" she flung at him. "You have made yourself into a legend of faithfulness . . . the few people who know speak about you in awed tones—your mother, a vital, glowing, wonderful woman with years of happiness before her, has sacrificed herself to that fidelity of yours. Suppose—suppose you had never gone back to the front that time, suppose the war had ended, then and there? How happy would we have been. I wonder."

"You can't ignore the fact that we are—married."

She had a wild impulse to cry out . . . Are we? Did you marry—her? Or is that part of your dream? Think! Try to remember! But she did not. She replied, merely:

"I do ignore it. I must. It is the only way to see light in this situation. I have your word. Your promise."

"I shall keep it," he said, heavily. "The day you come to me and tell me 'I admit your claim'—will be the first day I'll remind you of it. And if that day never comes, well, you can go free. We—we can get an annulment. But whether I am a fool or not to be faithful, I—I love you, Delight," said Lorrimer.

Her heart leaped suddenly sickeningly. She steadied her voice and forced her eyes to his own.

"Do you?" she asked a great deal for the sake of clear thinking. "Do you love me as I now am, I wonder, or are you forcing yourself to—sentimentality because of the girl I once was, whose memory, admit it, must have faded now a little. I am not that girl, Lorry. Perhaps," said Mary Lou, "I never was."

After a moment he said thoughtfully:

"No, you're not that girl. That girl would never have spoken to me as you did just now. That girl didn't, perhaps, think very much. She just—was—as sunshine is, as flowers are. Remember that day at Richmond, Delight . . . I do . . . No; you are not that girl. But you are the girl I want . . ." he ended.

She did not answer. She was suddenly faintly sick, vaguely giddy, tired to death of her masquerade, very near to tears and knew not why.

There was a little silence heavy with unspoken words.

"Look here," he said, suddenly, "we'll make a bargain, you and I. Always be honest with me. Promise you'll come to me if you find . . . that after all, I am a little worthy of your caring . . . will you?"

She nodded. What else could she do?

"**A**ND I'll—" he tried to laugh—"I'll make an effort to 'snap out of it,' as suggested. I'll go with mother to that Christmas shindig of hers. And now," said Lorrimer, "shall we go look for the tree?"

She nodded again, and as he held out his hand, put her own within it. He held it a long moment, hard, fast.

Later she joined him in a heavy sweater, a green tam and stout boots over woollen stockings and a very short skirt. And they went out together in a snow flurry into the north grove, where, with Henderson's help, they picked out a tree, a tall, beautifully shaped, majestic fir.

They tramped back to the house together, the soft, dry snow stinging their eyes, tangling in Mary Lou's escaping curls and thick on her long lashes. In the woods there was a grey gloom, soft as a dove's breast, faintly lit with the dreaming green of the

living fire. Needles lay underfoot, a fragrant carpet. Overhead, through bare branches and branches set with cones, the sky was a thick veil of grey . . . no wind stirred and their breath smoked on the frosty air.

A sense of well-being came to Lorrimer suddenly. He made up his mind to several things, some of which he disliked. The mere experience of having reached decisions seemed somehow to give him a new vibrancy and strength. He caught Mary Lou's mitted hand in his own.

"Come and run," he bade her, "and get up an appetite for tea!"

They reached the house, wet and glowing and out of breath. Mrs. Lorrimer heard their noisy entrance and smiled. It was so good to have noise in that house again.

At the library door Lorrimer pulled Mary Lou back a moment.

"I'll never admit," he whispered—but he was laughing a little—"that you were right—about a number of things. But, here and there, you hit it. I—I've snapped out of it," he told her . . . "and I'm grateful!"

Her heart leaped again. She'd always liked him, always pitied him, even when she had been most irritated and impatient with him.

Lorrimer's casual announcement to his mother that he thought he'd like to go into town—by himself—and for Christmas shopping, filled her with amazement. It had been years since he had left the grounds of Westwood. Earlier he had occasionally gone to New York, much against his will, to consult one nerve specialist or another, accompanied by Mrs. Lorrimer. But in recent years he had not set foot in the asphalt town save for rare visits to the dentist.

Margaret ordered the car, and watched him go without comment; but to Mary Lou her comments were frequent and mostly in the form of questions. Would he be all right? Should she have let him go alone? What in the world had got into him?

MARY LOU opined that perhaps he had caught the Christmas spirit. She had repeated their recent important conversation to Margaret. She felt that she should; that she should hold nothing back from Lorrimer's mother. "Perhaps," she ended, "I wasn't playing quite within bounds to speak to him like that. But it just popped out. It had to!"

That day, the day Travers departed on his mysterious errand, passed, as days will, but it held hours of uneasiness for Margaret. Shortly before dinner he returned, and his overcoat pockets bulged with small and large packages. At dinner he seemed tired, a little fume drawn and nervous, but his mood was genial, and it pleased him to be mysterious about his sudden trip.

At dinner, too, he informed his mother that when she went to New York on her charitable Christmas mission he'd like to go along, please.

She nodded, and said, simply, "We'd love to have you," but her eyes were misted over with a sudden keen happiness, almost unbearable. She knew, of course, what had brought or perhaps forced him to this decision, but the means didn't matter; it was the end which counted.

Later, alone with Mary Lou, she reminded her, anxiously:

"But I intend to go to the Veterans' Hospital. I didn't know whether to tell him or not."

"Don't," advised Mary Lou slowly, "until you are ready to go. I had forgotten that plan. I think it might do him an enormous amount of good. But he'd better

not be permitted to brood over it ahead of time."

So, a few days before Christmas Day, the three of them set out early from Westwood House, the big closed car packed with boxes and bundles and baskets, and were driven into town and to the various addresses in the most miserable sections of the city.

LORRIMER said very little, but Mary Lou could sense his unhappiness. It wouldn't, she thought, hurt him. And it might help.

The last address on the list reached and taken care of, Lorrimer, glancing at his mother's notebook, indicated the considerable remainder of the packages and asked:

"Where are these going?"

"To the Veterans' hospital," she answered, quietly, and gave the address to the chauffeur.

Lorrimer said nothing for a minute. Then he muttered:

"No—not there . . . I—can't."

"You needn't come in, Lorry," said Mary Lou, "you can wait outside with Rodgers."

Her voice was perfectly friendly but a little cool. Lorrimer did not reply. On the long ride uptown he was silent, struggling with himself. Black memories thronged him. He couldn't. It wasn't in him. It was inhuman to ask it of him! He'd tried to forget . . . tried. Yet he must, he had to do it, whether he could or not. Out of sheer stubborn pride, to show her that he wasn't quite the weakling she thought him. Not quite.

So he went into the place with them, the bare echoing place with its smell of disinfectant, its speechless story of patience and suffering, its silent record of failure and success.

He walked through the ward to which Mrs. Lorrimer, followed by Mary Lou and Rodgers, made her way. Walked through it not looking to right or left. Just—remembering. And suddenly he heard a voice . . .

"Lieutenant . . . Lorrimer!"

A husky voice, broken . . . a shattered voice. For this was the tubercular ward, from which transfers were made to the upstate sanitariums.

Lorrimer started, turned . . . and halted beside a bed.

"Mac!"

"Sure! Gosh! where've you been? I've tried to get in touch with you, but guess the address was wrong. Gee, you look great! What a lucky break!"

He was thin and very dark, the shadow of a man, with the most eager eyes in the world, the most whimsical and the most gallant smile.

"Mother," said Lorrimer, unevenly, as his little advance party stopped, and turned around. "Delight—"

His voice was broken, too. This was "Mac," Jimmy McEwan, the best pal, the best mechanic that ever lived.

Mrs. Lorrimer came back to the bed, and Mary Lou followed and shook hands with the attenuated, perfectly-at-ease mortal as Lorrimer made presentations. And presently they went about their benevolent business while Lorrimer sat beside Mac's bed and answered, or tried to answer, the hundreds of questions Mac poured out on him. He looked great—Did he remember this? Did he remember that? Had he forgotten that old crate of theirs . . . the one he'd named the Flying Fury? What had become of Captain Parkes? Did he ever hear from Sully? And about a thousand more.

Lorrimer answered, at first with difficulty, then with more ease. He couldn't let Mac see anything was wrong. Of himself, he said merely that he'd been living out of town.

He stayed nearly an hour while Mary Lou and his mother amused the men. Mrs. Lorrimer had come to see, waiting patiently until Lorrimer should give the signal. Finally he gave it, rising and looking down on the glowing, moved face of the lonely, courageous man in the narrow white bed. Tubercular—and crippled . . . and . . . laughing.

When Lorrimer left, it was with the understanding that he would come back often. He would keep in touch with McEwan and Mac was to write him for anything he wanted or needed. That perhaps he could get him the desired transfer or, if not, would make other plans for him himself.

In the car:

"Wouldn't it be possible for us to take him out of there and send him at my expense to a sanitarium?" he wanted to know . . . "I spoke to the nurse about it. I can go back and see the head doctor. If there's a chance for a cure . . . we can get him well and find him a job . . . or something. He's a corker—Mac," said Lorrimer simply.

Mrs. Lorrimer felt tears rise in her throat and Mary Lou's eyes were dim. They hadn't seen him so eager, so taken out of himself—Mrs. Lorrimer, since his return, and Mary Lou in her knowledge of him. Mac was—good medicine. And Lorrimer himself saw to it that Mac's Christmas was a bountiful one.

When they were home again and he was alone for a minute with Mary Lou, he said, quite simply:

"Thank you for making me go, Delight. I wouldn't have missed that meeting with Mac. And how close I came to missing it."

"I didn't make you," she said, at once, "you—made yourself."

SO Christmas Day came, cold and clear and perfect, the Christmas Day of a bright, unsealed card.

Larry arrived with absurd presents for Mary Lou and funny little remembrances for the others. And the big tree, which Mary Lou and Mrs. Lorrimer and Travers had trimmed the night before, blazed with lights and ropes of gold and silver, shone with stars and guarded the heaps of packages, gaily papered, and gaily tied, which lay at the base like strange and colorful fruit.

Mary Lou was more than taken care of. Mrs. Lorrimer had given her a dozen pretty, graceful little bits of lingerie and perfume, exquisite handkerchiefs, an etching she had once admired and, as a very special gift, a slim, lovely coat of silver broadtail, collared and cuffed in sable, a coat for a princess, which took Mary Lou's breath completely.

And from Lorrimer there were books and candy, stockings and a one small square box from Cartier's.

Mary Lou opened it, and her eyes widened and then flew to Mrs. Lorrimer's in appeal.

A ring. A square cut sapphire set in platinum and with a frosty lace work of diamonds about it!

"Oh, Lorry!" said Mary Lou, helplessly.

With Larry watching, whistling aimlessly to himself, and under Mrs. Lorrimer's anxious eyes, Lorrimer crossed to Mary Lou's side and stood with her under the

many colored lights of the tall, lovely tree.

"It asks no promise," he said, low; "it rivets no fetters. But you don't wear the other ring—any more. Delight."

"Other ring?" she whispered, unconscious that she spoke for his ear alone.

"The seal ring. We—didn't have time for any other," he said.

HER heart sank, she was suddenly blackly depressed. He had married Delight Harford then . . . with a seal ring. His own, she imagined.

She tried to smile and succeeded only in looking wistful and unhappy.

Well, she'd let him think she'd been awfully poor after the "death" of her cousin!

"It had to go," she managed to say.

He nodded, thinking he understood, but wondering why . . . surely it hadn't been valuable, couldn't have brought very much. But his heart constricted with pity for her, the hard, difficult times she must have been through and of which she was so reluctant to speak.

"Then," he begged, "for the sake of Christmas-time, will you wear this one . . . for . . . me?"

She loved it! It was beautiful, it was perfect. She slipped it on her finger, her eyes turned from his suddenly radiant face to Mrs. Lorrimer's. Margaret nodded quietly.

Larry broke into what he fondly hoped was a carol, and the tension was over, the moment had passed.

Later Jenny Wynne came over with half a dozen youngsters to demand to see all the presents, to nibble at candy and fruit, and to drink egg-nogs, the old-fashioned kind that you don't drink after all, but eat with a spoon. And the moment he laid eyes upon Jenny, Larry's fate was sealed.

At midnight they turned back the rugs and turned on the radio and danced. Larry and Jenny floated about the floor in a series of graceful meanderings and brilliant wisecracks. Mary Lou, standing by Lorrimer, watched them. Now was her opportunity to rid him completely of any mad ideas he might still harbor.

"Larry's gone absolutely mad over Jenny Wynne," she whispered, "and he's sunk in gloom because he's a poor reporter and she's one of these heiresses you read about."

"Jenny has enough for two," answered Lorrimer, light hearted.

"Larry wouldn't care for that arrangement," remarked Mary Lou.

"Good for Larry. Well, we'll have to give him a hand up . . . although playing Cupid is rather out of my line. Delight, I've not danced since—since a night you may remember. Shall we—try again?"

She gave herself into his arms, conscious that Margaret and Dr. Matthews, who was present, were watching. Conscious, too, that Jenny and her gang were also observant, amazed but too well bred to show it.

The music was lively, the music was provocative. Mary Lou found dancing easy. Larry danced well—he hadn't forgotten. He danced her cleverly under the mistletoe which was caught with a bright ribbon to the glittering crystal chandelier. Stopped her there an instant . . . and kissed her . . .

The music went on, and the dancing. Mary Lou's knees were weak . . . were shaking under her. Margaret had seen that kiss, Matthews, too, and perhaps the others. That didn't matter, however, and Larry had said no word. What did matter was

the intolerable pressure at her heart, the sense of faintness, the sudden piercing knowledge.

She loved him . . . she loved him . . . terribly. And she was living a lie . . . a false Delight.

Somehow or other that evening, which had commenced so happily and which suddenly changed to an interminable nightmare, ended. When the good-byes had been said and the voices of departing guests faded and the purr of motors grew fainter, Mary Lou finally reached her room. She undressed, endured Mrs. Lorrimer's friendly "May I look in just to see that you're not too tired to cover yourself up?" and, after the older woman had gone, she lay awake, wretched, too miserable for tears, staring at the dim shapes of the furniture, wondering what she could do, what she must do.

As she lay there it grew clearer in her tormented mind that there was only one thing possible to do.

She rose, slipped into her negligee, ran barefoot across the thick rug and switched on the light above the desk in the little room; there, after a long pause, she selected pen and paper; dipped the pen in the ink—waited, shaken with a tearless sobbing. Presently, the ink having dried, she made a few unintelligible scratches on the paper, crumpled up the sheet, cast it away, dipped her pen and started afresh.

Only one thing to do—

"DEAR Mr. Lorrimer," wrote Mary Lou, holding her chin high so the tears might not blot the sheet. "Don't think too badly of me. I can't stay any longer. It is impossible. Things have happened which made it so. Please forgive me, and thank you a thousand times for all you have done for me. I can't explain. I'd rather just leave this note and slip away. I'll never forget you or cease to be grateful, but I can't stay on."

She signed it, firmly enough, "Mary Lou."

After she had written that note, sealed and addressed it, Mary Lou sat quite still at the desk until her hands and feet grew ice cold and, turning out the light she shivered and groped her way to bed. Once there she lay awake again for, it seemed to her, a very long time. She clasped her hands in the darkness and miserably, after the way of youth, wished herself dead.

But the next morning dawned sunny and clear and cold. There was a firm coating of ice on the little lake, and at breakfast Lorrimer announced that skating was indicated. He had dragged out his old rusty skates from a closet and had had them sharpened and shined, and had ordered a pair for Mary Lou some weeks before. So, after breakfast, well wrapped against the cold, they went down together to the little lake, and Lorrimer knelt down to put on her skates for her. She looked down at his bent, dark head, and wondered how she could ever leave him. Just to stay near him, somehow, seemed suddenly enough . . . but—she couldn't stay.

He looked up then and found her eyes on him, intent and mysterious and sorrowful. He said, holding her slim ankle in the clasp of his bare hand:

"Don't be angry with me for last night, Delight. I couldn't help it. I—well, blame it on the Christmas spirit. I can't tell you how I dread your anger, your miscomprehension. You mean so much to me, you have been so much to me, so patient and understanding. If ever I get to be a useful citizen of this world again, I—I'll owe it to you. Do you forgive me?"

She said "Of course." Her heart was

beating like a trip hammer. Lorrimer pulled her to her feet, put on his mittens and his cap, and took her hands in his. Out they spun upon the gleaming surface of the lake, hand in hand, laughing like children, circling slowly, then faster, the blood running warmly through their veins, their cheeks whipped to fine color, their eyes clear and shining.

THEY skated up to the bank and back again in long, graceful, sweeping glides. It was nearly lunch time before they returned to the house. On the way up, their skates slung over his arm, he said:

"We have—such good times. I—I haven't lived for so long. If you knew what laughter meant to me, Delight . . ."

She thought she did know. After all, his happiness came first. As long as he was happy, what right had she to run away?

Going up to her room to get ready for luncheon, she went to the desk, took out the letter and weighed it in her hand. After a moment she walked resolutely to set a match to it and watched it burn.

No, she owed it to him to stay. And she owed it to Mrs. Lorrimer and so, calling upon herself for some unexpected depth of courage, Mary Lou went forward into the new year.

Mrs. Lorrimer, always quick on the uptake, noticed something—something so slight that it was hard to formulate into words, or even into thoughts. But there seemed a certain lack of spontaneity in Mary Lou's attitude toward Lorrimer, she seemed vigilant, always a little on her guard. Puzzled, Margaret spoke to Dr. Matthews about it one day.

"She's different," Margaret said. "I can't explain—even with me, she's altered. Oh, so slightly there's no name for it."

"It's possible, isn't it, that she's fallen in love with him?" asked Matthews, almost casually.

Margaret drew a long breath.

"I've hoped she would," she announced shamelessly.

Matthews laughed and then sobered to deep gravity.

HE sighed, a little dispiritedly. "Oh, what a tangled web we weave," he began, half-humorously, half-gravely.

"Don't say it!" she interrupted. "You're not usually so trite, Dan. It will all straighten out, I am convinced of it. And Travers is basically too sane to harbor a grudge against us long. The situation wasn't of our making, originally. Mary Lou came here quite innocently, through the error of a newspaper advertisement. And Travers saw her. And what were we to do when he mistook her for someone else? I think he'll realize all that and also what she's done for him, when the time comes for him to know the truth."

"We," Matthews reminded her, "do not know the truth ourselves. Until this other girl is found we won't know it. Even if we succeed in tracing the records of the alleged marriage, we won't know it until we learn beyond a shadow of a doubt that she is dead—or alive."

Mrs. Lorrimer had risen and was standing at the library window. It was almost tea hour and the slanting light of the sun shone in, as she pushed aside the draperies and looked out, and touched her white hair with a finger of pure, pale gold.

"They should be in soon," she murmured. Matthews lit a cigar and stretched himself

more comfortably in the easy chair. He was happiest of all when alone with her, like this. He lived nearby and had reduced his practice to a very few old patients, having accumulated and inherited all the money he, a bachelor of no extravagant taste, would ever need.

"It's late," Mrs. Lorrimer remarked, and looked at the tiny diamond watch upon her wrist. "Where are they?"

"And who are they? Margaret? You fuss over that boy far too much."

"Do I?—and I try so hard not to," she murmured. "They are Travers and Mary Lou, of course."

"Some day you'll get confused and call her that," he warned.

"No, I don't think so," she told him. "Sometimes I think that's the only way I can remind myself of the true situation by naming her—just to you, Larry Mitchell is here for the week-end and Jenny Wynne is out with the three of them—they are skating on Willow Pond."

"Mitchell is a nice youngster," commented Matthews.

"Yes—he's terribly smitten with Jenny, poor boy. She treats him outrageously—as she treats everyone."

Presently the four came back from the pond, cold and ruddy, trudging up to the house, the comfort of the hearth fire and tea, laughing all the way, their boots crunching in the hard dry snow.

Jenny broke into a little run.

"Golly! I'm frozen," she cried. "Travers, you lazy lump, I'll race you to the house!"

She darted off, slim and straight in her skating suit of scarlet wool, kimmer trimmed. Mary Lou watched her flash along the path between the trees and Lorrimer after her. She remembered how she had raced with him—one day, it seemed very long ago, and yet was just before Christmas.

BUT since then he had kissed her, under the pale green and amber pearls of the mistletoe; since then she had come to her new wisdom.

Larry said, low:

"You're crazy about him, aren't you? Don't be afraid of me, partner. We've always been friends. I understand, you know. You are, aren't you?"

"Yes," she said, quite simply.

"What are you going to do dear?" he asked her, anxious for her comprehension.

"I don't know. See the farce through. Play the game somehow."

"He's mad about you," Larry said.

"Not me, Delight. The girl he thinks me. Oh, Larry, it's such a miserable tangle!"

"What are you going to do?" he asked her again.

"Play safe I suppose. Lean backwards." She managed a little brittle laugh, clear and mirthless. "What else can I do?"

"I don't know. I'm—dashed sorry," Larry told her, low. "He's a corker, and you've done wonders for him. Getting those kinks ironed out. Getting him back to normal. And what a normal! For before all this happened to him he was one magnificent youngster. Mary—Delight," he corrected himself, "I've been up to the hospital as he asked me to and seen McEwan, you know. Lorrimer's his god. It's amazing. The stories he told me—"

"Tell me, Larry!" she begged.

"Not now. Haven't the time. What about Mac, anyway, is Lorrimer getting him out of there?"

"I think so. He and Mrs. Lorrimer have

been pulling some wires and expect to send him to the Adirondacks in a few weeks' time," she answered. "It's been the best thing in the world for him—for Larry—to have that interest."

Larry caught her hand.

"Hurry—we've been mooching along and they've beaten us to the house," he said, straining his eyes for a scarlet skating suit.

"Jenny'll keep!" she laughed.

"Don't kid. This is the real thing," said Larry soberly.

They had reached the house and went in. Lorrimer and Jenny were already there, standing by the fire, thawing themselves out. Peter had arrived with tea and Jenny and Dr. Matthews had started one of their interminable arguments. They were always arguing.

"Laggards!" cried Jenny in her clear voice as the other two entered.

Lorrimer glanced at them a brief moment. He had been reassured as to the state of Mitchell's affections, and had observed, for himself, Jenny's effect upon that usually volatile young man, but he was unreasonably uneasy in that curious lover-state of being suspended between heaven and earth, or heaven and hades.

It was incredible to him that anyone knowing "Delight" should prefer Jenny or should not, at once, succumb beneath the arch of Delight's slender instep.

And Larry was attractive.

MARY LOU dressed in knickers and with a suede leather skating jacket, looked like a delightful if very effeminate boy. She pulled off her woollen tam and shrugged herself out of the jacket, appearing in a soft brown flannel skirt and gay tie. Her lovely hair shone in the firelight and her cheeks were rosy red with the cold.

Lorrimer was untying a great parcel of books which had reached Westwood House that afternoon.

"Delight," he said, looking up.

She set down her cup and went over to him. Curious how she had come to hate that name; affected, she thought it, idiotic, the name of a silky, silly girl in a ridiculous novel.

"Yes, Larry?"

"I wish she wouldn't," remarked Larry to Jenny.

"Wouldn't what?"

"Wouldn't call him that. I always prick up my ears like an obedient and startled bird dog. 'Lorry and Larry! Sounds like a couple of the Rollo boys. Too confusing.'"

Over by the big long table against the wall Lorrimer and Mary Lou were looking at the volumes in their bright jackets.

"Lots of reading matter," Lorrimer said.

"We can dig ourselves in. Here are the French books you wanted, and biographies."

Mary Lou looked up at him. He was so tall she had to look up. His brown eyes were intent upon her face—intent and compelling. She felt a slow tide of color rise, flooding throat and face and brow. She looked away and opened a book which lay before her, idly, with a hand which shook and followed a line of print with blind eyes.

Lorrimer drew a deep breath. He was no fool. He had seen. He had seen the response in her lifted eyes, the betraying color. His heart rose, light, within him.

"Dearest," he said under his breath.

Her eyes met his for one infinitesimal instant. In them he read, briefly, an extraordinary appeal, as if he had wounded her terribly. He spoke her name,

very low, urgently, and then her eyes were veiled. But he had seen the tears.

She turned away, murmuring something about changing for dinner, and left the room. The others stared after her, all but Lorrimer, who continued to look at his books, apparently unmoved by his companion's abrupt departure. Mrs. Lorrimer looked, puzzled, at Dr. Matthews, whose face was perfectly impassive. Jenny thrust her hands into her jacket pockets and whistled three bars of some current song hit. Larry stared at the library door. None of them had seen anything, but all of them had sensed, intuitively, some sudden crisis of emotion.

Shortly after the new year Mrs. Lorrimer, Mary Lou and Travers Lorrimer went to Lake Placid after accompanying "Mac" to the splendid sanitarium into which Lorrimer had gained admittance for him. The doctor in charge expressed extreme optimism and was certain of a complete cure. Mac's routine was to be simple enough, consisting of food and the keen, cold mountain air and rest—principally rest. He was heartbreakingly grateful to Lorrimer.

AFTER leaving Mac at the sanitarium, the Lorrimer and Mary Lou went on to Placid, where they had two glorious weeks of winter sport. Mary Lou had not bob-sledded, skated, skied and snow-shoed in high, glorious mountain air since her childhood, when, for a short time, she and her parents had been at St. Moritz, in Switzerland.

At Placid, Jenny Wynne and her elder brother and his wife joined them for the last week, and so Mrs. Lorrimer, with a wholly womanly regard for lovers, invited Larry up for the final week-end, and Larry came, every red hair on his head flaming with satisfaction, having combined business with pleasure in persuading his editor to allow him to do a special article upon the winter antics of the fortunate rich, to be read by shivering stenographers and clerks clinging to straps in the subway trains which propelled them to their business of earning a living.

He had obtained the Press agent job, he told Mary Lou, which was to exploit an English revue, coming to town in the early spring. He didn't, he confessed, grinning, know much about specialised publicity, but he thought that he could manage to see that the star's jewels were stolen or her pet dog afflicted with pneumonia. Anyway, from what he had already learned, publicity would come easily.

He was in high spirits. Jenny was kind, and, even if he didn't know much about skiing and fell ingloriously upon his nose and stuck in snowbanks, long legs waving, her laughter was entirely friendly and she took great pains to instruct him in the various difficult sports. Also he was now writing signed special articles for his paper, and had sold the first of a series of short stories on newspaper life to a popular weekly and expected to sell many more—and his bank account had swelled gorgeously.

He had always been ambitious, but had never taken himself very seriously. Mary Lou had been his closest confidante, a pink and interested ear into which he was wont to pour the varied colored tales of his experiences and hopes. But in Jenny he had an incentive, a spur to performance.

Mary Lou was not happy, but Mary Lou was permitting herself to drift. For one entirely dreadful moment, that winter's afternoon in the library when she and

Lorrimer had come in from skating and looked at the books together—and at each other—she had been sickeningly afraid that he had guessed the stark, wonderful and yet terrible fact which she had tried so hard to conceal.

But he had made no gesture and said no word, and she had begun to believe that the recognition which she had fancied she saw in his eyes had been a sign of her overstimulated imagination. If anything, things had been easier for her since then. Lorrimer had seemed light-hearted, interested in matters other than herself, in McEwan, in his own now vigorous routine, in the complicated running of a big place like Westwood, and was talking quite seriously of going to work, of taking his place in the office in New York which ran his father's estate—a complete business of renting, leasing and investing in itself. He had talked it over with Dr. Matthews and Matthews had agreed with one reservation.

"Fine! The very best thing you can do," he had said. "But give yourself until the autumn. You are in perfectly good health, as far as I can judge, but I don't want you to plunge into office work, with all its confining conditions, rush and general expenditure of energy, too soon. Give your nerves a chance to get a padding of sound, firm flesh; get a few more solid pounds on those big bones of yours."

Lorrimer had consented. He was, in point of fact, seriously anxious to be with Mary Lou as much as possible for a little while longer, feeling, as he did, that the resistance he laid to pride would wear down and that by the time autumn came all misunderstandings and withholdings would have vanished between them and she would come to keep her promise to him. "And then," thought Lorrimer, exultant, "I'll have everything—everything!"

The Lorrimer party returned to Westwood House presently and Lorrimer, with his increased interest in life in general and business in particular, began to confer with his mother over the routine of the place, and to see occasionally, both in town and at home, the manager of the Lorrimer estate, John Kent. He and Mary Lou read evenings, listened to the radio—which had never, until recently, afforded him anything but exasperation—and now and then went to town for a matinee or an evening play. He was an absolutely different man from the man who had come into the morning room that day in early November.

In a sense, Mary Lou couldn't understand it; the change was so great and the time had been so short. She spoke to Matthews about it and he laughed at her, in his friendly fashion.

THE winter had passed with amazing rapidity. There was always plenty to do in Westwood. Jenny Wynne had become Mary Lou's close friend—the first, really intimate friend she had ever had of her own age. They were together a great deal and, for the first time in several years, Jenny had been weaned away from her idle racing to and fro for no good purpose and no particular reason. She had even refused to accompany her parents to Palm Beach for the entire season, promising them vaguely to "run down for a week or so later," and so, after a conference with Mrs. Lorrimer, she had moved over to Westwood with bag and baggage, while the Wynnes were away.

This was nice for Larry, who continued to tear out when he was able, and when he was not able, to frantically phone Jenny that as he would have an hour off she'd better meet him in town!

But the Wynnes insisted that Jenny come youth for the last two weeks in February.

"I don't want to," said Jenny to Mrs. Lorrimer. "It's too stupid! Can't Delight come, too, and Travers? That wouldn't be so bad. Why don't you all come, Aunt Margaret, for two weeks' holiday?"

"I can't," Mrs. Lorrimer said, smiling. "I've too much to do here for since Travers has been so like himself, I've taken upon my ancient shoulders the burden of several chairmanships of charity committees. I think that a change would do both Travers and Delight good, however. Suppose they go down with you, if your mother has room for extra guests."

Mary Lou was approached with the proposition. Her eyes shone like a child's. Two weeks at Palm Beach—the place she'd read about even dreamed about—two weeks.

"If I had known you would have liked to go so much," Mrs. Lorrimer told her. "I would have arranged to make a house there. Well, next season, maybe."

Lorrimer consented easily to the short holiday. He thought that perhaps in that atmosphere of blue and gold and rustling palms and soft fragrant winds this little obstinate love of his might succumb, might listen to him, might answer as he desired. For South, all nature would conspire with his longing and against her pride.

THE Wynnes telegraphed to, responded nobly. Their lovely big house on Lake Worth was open for the three who arrived there one February morning. Mary Lou had come armed or armored with new frocks of the fragile, pastel evening and afternoon sort and the gay-sweated sport kind, for which Mrs. Lorrimer had wildly shopped a few days before they left.

Lorrimer was glad to be once more in the sunshine. He golfed, played tennis and swam. But he was disappointed, in that he never seemed to be alone with Mary Lou. She attracted young people in amazing and light-hearted number. And so he complained to her, one night, when a moon rode silver over the lake, and they were coming back in the Wynnes' fast boat from a houseboat party.

"I never see you alone," he said. "Oh, yes you do, Lorry!" "When?" he inquired. "We golfed alone this morning," she said.

"With about 600 other people, not including caddies," he reminded her. "Delight, are you purposely avoiding being alone with me?"

She did not answer, and the silence grew very oppressive, and she was relieved and glad when Jenny sat down beside her and interrupted it with a huge sigh.

"Golly, I'm half dead. This social life will kill me. I'll be glad to get back to town."

"Town?" asked Mary Lou. "Don't be simple, darling," was Jenny's reply.

Jenny and some of her friends had taken several flights in the commercial seaplanes on Lake Worth. Mary Lou had wanted to go, too, but when she mentioned it, Lorrimer's distress was so evident that she relinquished the opportunity.

"Please," he begged, "I don't ask much of you, Delight, but I can't endure to have you go—"

"You come with me" she urged, on an impulse.

He went quite white.

"I can't," he told her, low. "Think me a coward if you wish, but I can't. It's beyond me."

So she did not go or plan to go until the telegram came from Dr. Matthews.

"Margaret has had an accident," it read, "and is ill, having fallen and broken her arm. She suffers considerably from shock. Tell Travers. Advise you to return at once."

MARY LOU folded the telegram neatly, with fingers which shook. She couldn't bear to have anything happen to Margaret Lorrimer. She was sane enough to realize that a broken arm, in itself, was not serious, but she knew the weakened state of Margaret's heart. She went at once to find Lorrimer, who had gone, in advance of the Wynnes' luncheon that noon, to Bradley's, with several other men to watch the gambling tables and, perhaps to play a little.

They had recently come in from swimming. Mary Lou's hair was still damp and curled tightly about her pale little face. She met Mrs. Wynne and Jenny on the way out the door told them briefly, and ran, halting, the very short distance to the club.

She sent a servant in for Lorrimer, and when he came out she found that, despite her wish not to worry him and to be calm, she was shaking all over.

"What is it, dear?" he asked instantly. She pulled herself together.

"Your mother has broken her arm," she said, "and Dr. Matthews wants us to come home at once."

He took the wire from her clenched fingers and read it. His eyes clouded with instant anxiety, but he said, quite steadily:

"Don't worry so. She'll be all right. We'll get the train out to-night."

"No, I'm going by plane. The train doesn't leave till so late. I can save time by air," said Mary Lou. "You can follow by train. I won't have her there ill and in pain and alone!" she ended, defiantly.

In the end, he went with her. He had never hated himself so much as during the short time of preparation and arrangement, when he stood trembling, like a frightened animal. He went to the place, and was sick with terror at the sound of the engine, tuning up. But he set his teeth and went.

"Contact!"

They were off. For all her sense of desperate haste, and her keen anxiety and grief for Margaret, Mary Lou's heart leaped with exultation. This was living! This effortless movement through clear air; these wings of a bird which carried her, the strong heart of the engine beating . . . beating . . . She forgot Lorrimer, she forgot almost everything in that first triumphant minute.

They had been flying two hours when Lorrimer turned to her. He was very pale, but his eyes were normal, and he managed to smile.

Two hours of almost abject terror, of a sense of sinking, a faintness, a will to cry out that he couldn't go on, he couldn't—but terror which diminished and faintness which passed, and a will which strengthened itself at last.

He touched her hand, almost timidly, and she turned.

"I've been a fool" was all he said. When they reached New York, having saved many hours, he was cured, cured for all time of that old terror, that backwash of his crash of his bitter experiences.

They had arrived home. They found

Margaret much better, a pleasant nurse in attendance, and Dr. Matthews haunting the house like a faithful and efficient watch dog. He had had a great bone man out to see Mrs. Lorrimer. X-ray plates had been taken, the arm set and would heal nicely. What she needed now was rest, for the weakened heart which had suffered from the strain of the shock.

Often as time went on Lorrimer found opportunity to say to Mary Lou, "I can't thank you enough for what you did for me—making me take that trip."

She answered, always, as she had answered him when he spoke of his first visit to the Veterans' hospital. "I didn't make you. You made yourself. To be frank," she told him honestly, "I didn't care whether you came or not. Or, no, I did care! I wanted you to come, for your mother's sake. But whether you had come with me or stayed and taken the train didn't matter as far as my going was concerned. I had to get to her—and as soon as I could, you see."

And he answered, rather humbly: "Yes, I see, Delight."

She was more out of love than ever with the name, the quaint little name, which seemed to her so "precious" and affected and idiotic. Yet she answered to it, postured for it, reminded herself constantly that Mary Lou no longer existed.

SPRING was coming to Westwood, veiling the bare trees in a pale and glamorous green, spring flowers bloomed in the borders, and there were great Russian violets, single heads of purple fragrance in the hot-houses.

Lorrimer was going to a Connecticut flying-field several times a week and flying, with a pilot he had known in the old days. He was, once again, a student pilot, looking forward to the day when he would solo. He was finding great exhilaration in it, and genuine happiness.

"Everything's different," he told Mary Lou, "the ships are different, and I've forgotten more than I ever learned! But I can learn again!" he determined.

On his flying days his mother—and Mary Lou as well—knew no peace until his car drove up to the door and honked its gay greeting to them both. He was driving a car again, another good sign. But neither woman gave him any sign of their fear and their loss of serenity while he was absent from them. He had to try his wings again. They had made up their minds to that. And—he was happy. That was all that mattered.

He'd been away from them for more than a day, also, that spring, going up to the Adirondacks to see Mac and coming back full of splendid reports of that staunch little fellow's grit and good progress. For Mac was going to get well, regardless, if only to show his gratitude to the man who had given him such an incentive in life again.

The English revue came to town and Larry was busier than a one-armed paper-hanger. He rushed hither and yon and announced that he was certainly making good, having accomplished the feat of getting the revue in every paper in town for six consecutive days. And coming out to Westwood, in a blaze of self-glorification, he was so entranced with his success, and the further exciting fact that he had sold two full-length stories to "big-time" magazines, that he rushed over to see Jenny, found her out in her kennels administering first aid to a sick Chow pup, and proposed

to her then and there in an atmosphere of disinfectants and dog!

And, possibly because he said firmly: "Nor will I take 'No' for an answer. I'm not foolin', woman!" Jenny accepted him.

They weren't, they said, after breaking the news to the unstartled Wynnes, and coming to Westwood House to further spread the tidings; they weren't, they repeated, getting married for a year or so yet; "although," said Jenny, "I don't as a rule believe in long engagements."

And in that year Larry expected, or, rather, decided, to establish himself as a freelance writer, a novelist, and a playwright. He thought, however, after a little chat with Mr. Wynne, that he'd manage to hang on to his newspaper job for a time, just in case editors didn't see things his way every time! And then, at the end of that rosy, indefinite period, he and Jenny would live, oh, not in Greenwich Village, but maybe on Brooklyn Heights, in one of those converted brownstone houses—"converted to what?" asked Lorrimer laughing—and Jenny would learn to type his manuscripts, as became an author's wife!

So that was that. Mary Lou and Margaret and Lorrimer viewed the beglamored, ridiculous, dear couple with mingled emotions. Envy was uppermost, as far as Mary Lou and Lorrimer were concerned. He said so, later:

"I envy those kids—they've everything they want, Delight."

And as she didn't answer, he urged, low, compellingly:

"I'm not breaking any promises, but how long are you going to keep me waiting—how long?" he asked, again.

To her utter consternation, amazement and anguish she began to cry—quite simply and heartbrokenly, like a child. Her little face was all distorted and the big tears ran unchecked down her pink cheeks.

They were, luckily, quite alone, in the morning room, the day after Jenny's engagement had been thus informally announced. Lorrimer was instantly contrite.

"Darling, don't. What is it? I didn't mean to hurt you. I can't stand seeing you cry—"

Hecklessly, for all his promises, he took her in his arms and she yielded briefly to the blessed comfort of his strength about her and his lips on her hair, leaning her abashed head against him and sobbing, quite quietly, but as if she couldn't stop.

"I haven't seen you cry," he mused, "since—the day you came back to me. And I haven't heard you sob like that, Delight, since the day I left you to go back to the front—"

That checked her—dried her tears. She drew herself away, gently enough, but with determination.

It couldn't go on much longer, she thought.

Nor could it, although she had no idea what the welled, not far distant future was holding for her, for them all.

SHORTLY before the opening night of the imported English revue, Larry Mitchell was sitting in an apartment, in a small hotel in the West Forties, interviewing, for publicity's sweet sake a young English woman who was billed as Diana Hackett but who, for the purpose of that publicity was to be rumored as "Lady Diana," the daughter of a titled earl.

Miss Hackett—or was it Lady Hackett—Larry wasn't sure, not being quite up to

the etiquette of titles—shared the apartment with several of her sister Theopiana.

Her story was smooth enough. Her father and mother were dead, the family estate had to be sold. No, she'd rather not use the title on the programme, but of course, if it leaked out, as it were, it wouldn't do any harm would it? Yes, her part was quite good, and she had a song called, "Whose little girl friend are you?" which had been especially written for her by the composer. She was 23. "Is that so?" asked Larry. "Not by seven years, your ladyship!" But he asked it mutely.

Tea was served. Lady Diana carried on. Her favorite flowers, "orchids, or perhaps you'd better say daisies, it's more unusual," she said. Her favorite fur, "sables; her most adored jewel, the pearl. And so on, ad infinitum."

When that was over and Larry had quite a pocketful of notes he decided suddenly that he liked her. No matter how absurd the statements she made, her blue eyes danced. She reminded him of someone he knew, very faintly. He couldn't place the resemblance. She was small and her thick hair was frankly hennaed and her figure full but very pretty.

"How do you like the States?" he asked her, mechanically, and she answered, quite as automatically:

"I adore them. Too divine. Your men are so attractive and your girls are so very pretty and well dressed."

LARRY wrote that down, and then he laughed. He couldn't help it, and after a moment, Lady Diana laughed, too.

"It's a lot of eye-wash," said she, and laughed again.

"I know. But I won't give you away!" Larry assured her.

"I don't know any attractive men, as yet," she announced with a frivolous rather coming-on look, "except you. I've been bored to death."

"Would you dine to-night," he asked her, "with a humble Press agent?"

He was sorry for her. There was something forlorn about her.

It was over coffee at the French place to which he took her that she said, impulsively:

"See here, you've been awfully decent to me. I appreciate it. I'm pretty lonely here. I joined the revue shortly before sailing. A girl had dropped out—Lady Frances Warner—"

"Another title?" he interrupted, rudely.

"A real one that time. She dropped out to marry a fat man called Smith, with all the money in the world. So I dropped in. I don't know any of the girls or people in the company very well. I was vilely seasick coming over, and I rather hate New York. It's changed so—"

She caught herself and then smiled.

"That was a slip," she admitted, "but it doesn't matter. It isn't to your interest to publish bad publicity."

"Then you have been here before? Oh, don't worry," he said, as he saw her hesitate, "this is between us. Speak up you're among friends."

"My lad I was born here!" she admitted. "I've sort of sniffed around, looking for relatives—of my father, you see. But no luck. All dead or West or in gaol or something."

"What about the Lady Diana part?" Larry wanted to know.

"More bilge. They had to get a lady by hook or crook. One, I mean, with a capital 'L.' So I volunteered. No one can take us up on it, as I am not using that

nom de guerre on the programme. And publicity is always supposed to be lies or just fiction without the knowledge or consent of the publicised person. So that's all right. Do I not," she inquired severely, "look like a lady, as far as you can judge?" "You sure do. So you're an American! I would never have believed it," said Larry frankly.

"Oh, I've lived over there most of my life," she told him, smiling, "so I've become English I suppose."

She went on to tell him that she had been on the stage for years.

"I suppose that 23 business fooled you?" she asked wistfully.

Again he was teased by an elusive reminder, and groped to place it, but could not.

"It certainly did!" he replied gallantly. "You are a nice boy!" she told him gratefully. She pushed aside her plate and stared thoughtfully at his pleasant, attractive face. It had been a long time since she'd met anyone she'd liked as well, with no nonsense about him, and she instinctively felt that he liked her, too, and would help her.

"Married?" she asked suddenly.

He shook his head, smiling.

"Not yet," he admitted.

"In love of course," she pursued.

Larry made round eyes.

"Now, why should you think that?" he began, but she laughed at him, in the low-collared, smoky room filled with chatter of people the scurrying of waiters, the subdued clatter of crockery and the odors of very good food.

"Well, if not, you should be," she said.

"Must I admit it?" he begged.

"Please. Tell me all about her."

"No, you first. Tell me more about yourself, really, not Press-agent stuff," he urged.

She told him a little. She'd been up against it lately. This engagement had come as a God-send. She had played in London and in provinces, even in the colonies, and had had good times and bad. And here she was again, a new arena, another chance. She wanted very badly to make good.

In return he told her about Jenny. Any young man in love will know something of his rhapsody. Diana Hackett listened, smiling a little, and not quite happily. Her rather haggard, still lovely face looked years younger.

"You rave," she told him, "like a boy I used to know way back in the war days—though," she went on in mock alarm, "professionally I am not supposed to have known anything about the war save from a nursery standpoint."

"I won't betray your fatal secret. What was his name?" asked Larry with idle interest.

"Lorrimer. I was crazy about him," she said, half dreamily. "But he was killed."

LARRY stared at her. He wanted to shout, to grasp her hands, to call her by name. Now he knew the resemblance which had worried him. She was a little like Mary Lou—small, red-haired, blue-eyed, the same shaped face, the features not unlike. A little like a carbon copy, an elder sister who had seen a good deal of life.

But she mustn't know—until he had seen Mary Lou and told her, until they decided what to do. He must see Margaret Lorrimer, too. His thoughts raced. He was still staring, flushed with excitement. And she asked him, amused:

"What's the matter? Why on earth are you staring like that?"

Obediently he dropped his eyes to her hands. He saw that she wore one ring, a man's, a seal ring. He said, greatly daring:

"Sorry to be rude. I was wondering—I am sure it is pretty—I was wondering what your real name could be?"

"Real name? But I've had," she admitted, "a few . . . in my time."

"The one you were born with, is it really Diana Hackett?" he asked.

"No, but it has the same initials. I—I almost forget it, at times," she said a little bitterly. "It doesn't suit me very well any more—for it is Delight. Delight Harford," she said.

Larry stared at her. After a minute:

"It's a very pretty name," he commented inanely.

"Isn't it? So appropriate, too," she responded, with a definite acidity. Her face dropped into lines of relaxation. All that her life had made of her was written there, all that her life had brought her. One could trace in the fine cobweb marks about eyes and nose and mouth the years of contrasting circumstances, too good living, semi-starvation, hope, despair, and a feverish gaiety. She'd not had an easy time, this Delight Harford, and the gifts with which she had been liberally endowed at birth, gifts of health and vitality, laughter and strength, she had squandered for something less than the usual pottage.

HE was, of course, not astonished at what she told him. He had known the truth from the time she mentioned, casually enough, Lorrimer's name. He was past astonishment. All that he could think of was that he had found her for whom, for so long, the Lorrimer had been seeking. What this would mean to Lorrimer, to his mother, to Mary Lou herself, Larry could not think, dared not think. The story of the prodigal son flashed through his bewildered mind . . . something about . . . "It is meet to make merry and be glad . . ."

But was it?

Later, he took her back to the apartment, thanked her for "an elegant evening," and promised to see her again soon. Then he went home to his lodging house room and took his red head in his hands and tried to think himself—and all of them—out of this situation, a situation which appeared to contain within itself all the devastating powers of dynamite.

His first impulse was to telephone Mrs. Lorrimer. But on second thought he decided that he would tell Mary Lou first of all. She was a sane little person, was Mary Lou, level-headed and clear-eyed. She would know what to do, whether to tell Lorrimer at once, or whether, which was Larry's final conclusion, to investigate "Diana's" story a little more fully before Lorrimer was told.

He wrote to Mary Lou that night. He had, he said, something important to tell her, and would be out on the following afternoon. He had promised Jenny to come for the week-end, but would stop at Westwood first. Could she, by any happy chance, get rid of Lorrimer for a few minutes? He must see her alone, Larry wrote, in his scrawling hand, and, sealing the envelope, went out to the mail box with it, and listened to its tiny thud as it dropped in.

Mary Lou, when the letter reached her on the noon mail, went to Mrs. Lorrimer with it, showed it to her with a gesture of amazement.

"What's on his mind, do you suppose?" she asked the older woman.

Heaven knows, Jenny, I fancy. Maybe

he wants you to select the ring," laughed Mrs. Lorrimer.

"Lorry?" said Mary Lou doubtfully. "What'll I tell him?"

"Nothing," replied Mrs. Lorrimer, cheerfully. "I have to go over to the Westchester greenhouse to select some plants I want in the south border. Travers shall go with me. You can beg off. In fact, I won't ask you!"

SO it was arranged, and late that afternoon, an hour after Mary Lou had been left alone, Larry arrived, full of news, very important. But all the way up in the train he had been dreading the interview. What would happen to Mary Lou? She loved this man . . . and he loved her. Or thought he loved her! They sat together in a corner of the library, and Larry looked desperately about him and longed for escape.

"For goodness sake," said Mary Lou, half laughing and half exasperated, "what's the matter with you, Larry? What did you want to see me about? Is it Jenny? Have you quarrelled? But I'm sure you haven't—she was over here to-day as full of plans as a bun of currants! What's wrong?"

"Well, here goes," said Larry, in a tone of voice unlike himself. "Look here, I know you won't believe me—but I've found her."

"Found who, for Pete's sake?" asked Mary Lou.

"Her, Delight Harford. The real one," he said.

It was out.

He looked away after a moment from the small paling face, the widened eyes, the red lips that shook.

Mary Lou reached out a hand and touched his sleeve.

"Found—Delight? Do you mean that, Larry? Are you sure? Who is she? Where is she? Oh, don't keep me waiting like this," he begged pitifully, "please tell me—please!"

"She's in that English revue," he said in as matter-of-fact a tone as was humanly possible to him at the moment. "She calls herself Lady Diana Hackett."

"How did you find out?" asked Mary Lou, evenly. Her heart was sick within her. Yet, she told herself fiercely, ought she not to rejoice for Lorrimer's sake? She loved him, didn't she? Shouldn't—wasn't his happiness everything that mattered?

"She told me," Larry answered. "One thing led to another. She said she'd been born here. She admitted she wasn't English, let alone titled. And after a time she spoke of Lorrimer," he went on miserably, forced to it by Mary Lou's eyes on his own.

"Of—Lorry?" She drew a deep breath. The hand on his sleeve tightened. "What did she say? Tell me what she said!"

"Not much. Said I reminded her of a boy she'd known. Told me his name. Said he had died."

"Did she say they had—been married?" whispered Mary Lou.

"No."

After a moment he said, wretchedly:

"I—didn't want to tell you."

"You had to tell me. I would never have forgiven you if you hadn't and I found out," she answered. Then she rose and began to walk about the big room. A beautiful room. She loved it. She spent many indoor hours in it.

She began to cry quite suddenly.

"Oh, Mary Lou, said Larry, himself too miserable to try to comfort her.

She stared at him. Already he had put her back within her own name, in her own

place. She was Delight no more now that Delight had come.

She mopped childishly at her eyes with a wisp of handkerchief and controlled herself with an effort. She came and stood before him, straight and small in her soft, fine tweed frock . . . her lovely hair gleaming about her small white face.

"Did you tell her?" she demanded.

"No, I wanted to tell you first. Mrs. Lorrimer should know, too, before Travers is told, I think. It's all up to you, Mary Lou. And look here," begged Larry, unable any more to endure the sight of her silent misery, "if you say the word, no one need ever know except us. I'll not tell. I don't think she'll ever—ever try to find anyone belonging to Lorrimer. I think it's safe. Say the word, then, Mary Lou, and we'll forget that I found her."

She said, slowly:

"I know why you said that. It's dear of you, Larry. But, no, it can't be. I'd hate myself all my life. Besides, where would it get us? Mrs. Lorrimer must know. She must find out if they were married. She must send for—Delight. Must tell Larry. No, Larry, we can't keep it secret. I'll tell Mrs. Lorrimer myself, if you don't mind. In a way, it is bound to be a shock to her. And perhaps you can come over to-morrow and see her for a few minutes and give her the details. . . can you?"

HE could and would. Said so. And after a little, took his leave, unable to give her more comfort than could be conveyed in the hard and hurting grip of his big, loyal hand. He walked over to the Wynne place and spent the earlier part of the evening explaining to his worried Jenny that his obvious abstraction was due to a recent editorial rejection.

Mary Lou had half an hour alone in the library before the Lorrimer returned. Peter came in to light the lamps, and she asked him, sitting curled up on the window seat, not to do so for a while, please. And Peter crept out softly, a little troubled and bewildered.

Over. The Fool's Paradise. Well, it was something she thought dreadfully, to have known it at all. To have known—him. It couldn't have lasted anyway; it was built on make-believe, on pretence, on a romantic sort of fairy tale.

Pretty soon she would go away with the pretty new clothes and the new trunk and luggage she'd been given. Pretty soon she'd go away with a little bank book, which would contain the records of her salary savings. A success in her job. Mrs. Lorrimer would give her a reference. She laughed aloud in the silent room. A reference. She would have enough money to live quietly for a time, go to business school perhaps. Gram would take her in or Larry would find a place for her in town. Mrs. Lorrimer would miss her. . . She would miss . . . She began to cry again.

When she heard the car come up the drive she jumped up and ran out of the library and up to her room. She must bathe her eyes and get herself together again before anyone saw her. They'd know, if they saw her.

That night she was terribly gay. She teased Lorrimer, she was never still a moment, jumping up from the table to turn the radio on—off—on again. She ate nothing. Lorrimer regarded her with affectionate amusement as if she were some small beloved child given to spurts of restless mischief. But Margaret Lor-

rimer looked at her with misgiving. What had happened? What had Larry Mitchell said to her?

Larry and Jenny came over later in the evening for just a few minutes. Larry had a word with Mary Lou.

"Have you told her?" he asked.

"No, not yet. I shall to-night."

She smiled at him. Her eyes were hard and bright as jewels.

"Are you all right?"

"Well? Of course! Why not? Don't be silly, Larry . . ." and she was gone from him, a slender streak of flame in a coral gown.

But Lorrimer, although he tried, never succeeded in getting her alone for a minute that evening.

At 11 o'clock they had all gone upstairs. Margaret was undressed and reading in bed when there came a knock on the door which connected her rooms with those of Mary Lou.

"It's me," said Mary Lou with a fine disregard of grammar. "May I come in?"

"Dear, of course!"

"Does the arm ache to-night?" she asked.

"No—" Margaret smiled. It did ache a little. But that didn't matter. What mattered was—Mary Lou. . . She wanted to ask her . . . "Does . . . the heart ache to-night?" She thought that it did. The girl's eyes had such a look of deep veiled in them. "What's wrong, dear?" asked Mrs. Lorrimer.

"Nothing. Everything's right. Larry came to tell me . . . Oh, please—" begged Mary Lou, "please don't get upset . . . ! He told me . . . he has found . . . Delight Harford."

Mrs. Lorrimer stiffened suddenly and then relaxed. A sigh escaped her. She then said a curious thing, a brutal thing, one might believe.

"So she is alive. I hoped she was dead," said Mrs. Lorrimer.

"Yes, she's alive," Mary Lou murmured.

"Where is she? Is he sure?"

"In New York. Yes, he's sure. She told him," Mary Lou said, and forced herself to repeat the story, word for word, as she heard it.

After a minute Mrs. Lorrimer said, briskly:

"I see. After looking for her all these years . . . well . . . I'll—the story must be investigated. I don't believe we should say anything to Travers. Not yet. Go to bed now and try to sleep."

SHE was efficient, executive, not, it seemed, at all perturbed. Or if she were, she did not show it.

She drew Mary Lou close to her, kissed the cold, small mouth.

"Try to sleep," she repeated.

But at her touch Mary Lou's tears came again, fell on the other woman's face, and then, as the girl bowed her head on her hands.

"It's just . . ." she sobbed, trying to control herself . . . "I can't bear . . . when he finds out . . . the part I played . . . all the lies . . . and to leave you—"

said Mary Lou incoherently.

"You won't leave me. We'll muddle through this somehow. There may be another girl of that name—"

"No, she said she knew him—"

"I know. Go to bed, darling . . . leave it in my hands . . ."

After Mary Lou had left her Margaret Lorrimer lay in the darkness and thought. She didn't like the sound of this interloper.

But it had to be faced. She had to find

out if Travers and this woman had been married. If they had, perhaps she could be bought off and Travers need never know.

If she had not known before as a certainty that Mary Lou was in love with Lorrimer, she knew it now. And now, more than ever, it complicated things for them all.

In the morning Mrs. Lorrimer sent for Dr. Matthews. Later, he and Larry Mitchell had a long talk. Then he came to Margaret.

"The boy's right. We will say nothing to Travers until this business is definitely settled. Until we are sure. And, Margaret, don't worry so!" he urged.

"Wouldn't you worry? When Travers' whole future is at stake—his happiness . . . his health even?"

"He's in excellent condition, thanks to . . . Mary Lou," the doctor reminded her.

"Yes, thanks to her. But what is to happen to her? And to him when he knows the truth? Oh, Dan, I'm frightened . . . terribly frightened. I think it's been a dreadful mistake all the way through. Yet what could we do?" she asked helplessly.

"Nothing. What are you going to do now?"

"You and I are going to the opening night of the revue," she told him. "Larry is to get us tickets. He's getting up some sort of an affair at the Wynnes' that night . . . so that Travers won't wonder why he and Mary Lou aren't included in our party . . ."

"I see," Matthews smiled. "And Larry's Press agent job?"

Mrs. Lorrimer tried to laugh.

"He says that the opening night is up to the critics, not the Press agents. Dan, I can't wait to see her, to make sure, and . . ." She stopped . . . "Dan, how much is he going to hate us?" she asked.

IN her talk with Larry Mitchell, Mrs. Lorrimer applauded his wisdom in coming to her—and Mary Lou—with his news before doing anything else.

"I want to see this girl for myself," she told him, "and then I'll decide what to do. The question is how much claim has she? I have never believed," she went on, "that Travers married her. It doesn't seem possible that no record has been kept of the marriage; even war times weren't as lax as that. Just what kind of a person is she, Larry?"

"I liked her," he said slowly. "She's pretty hard, of course. She has had bad times, one can see that. But, somehow, I feel she's a good sort. If she had a legitimate claim, however, I can't imagine her not pressing it. By all practical standards she'd be a fool not to. And she's far from being a fool. Your position . . ." he floundered and stopped, a little red.

"You mean, money?" Mrs. Lorrimer laughed. "I see. Yes, that is just what I thought, too. Well, I'll go to the first night of the revue and see her for myself, Larry. It's all a dreadful sort of muddle, yet I suppose it is better than uncertainty as to whether she was dead or alive," she added. "At least we have something concrete to face. Even if we find, as I believe and hope, that she is not Travers' wife, there are still complications."

"Such as?" inquired Larry.

"Travers himself. If there was no marriage—and if there were not, why does he insist upon it?—there must at least have been some understanding, some relationship. I know my son. He would never repudiate a promise or an obligation," she

said, her great eyes gravely fixed on Larry's, and her delicate, nobly-featured face quivering a little.

"I can imagine what she was like ten years or more ago," Larry told her. "Very like, in some ways, Mary Lou. In others, not at all. Mrs. Lorrimer, please don't think me officious or impertinent, but it's Mary Lou that Travers cares for now. Not this—strange woman. What's going to happen to him when he finds out? He can't . . . just transfer his affections, can he?" I mean this memory he loved took on flesh and blood . . . became Mary Lou . . . and when he learns . . ."

He stopped again. Mrs. Lorrimer tried to smile.

"I know," she murmured. "That's what I am afraid of. When he learns the truth. Oh, we were forced into this whole affair by circumstances, by the coincidence of a resemblance. We went into it recklessly, meeting each situation as it arose and not looking ahead. I'm frightened," she told Larry, as she had told Dr. Matthews.

"I wish to heaven I'd never found her," Larry said sincerely, "or that I had the nerve to keep quiet about it!"

"No, better this way," she reassured him. "At least one mystery will be cleared up for us. This other situation couldn't have gone on indefinitely. Travers hasn't pressed any claim he believed he had on . . . Mary Lou. He offered her, some time ago, an annulment of the alleged marriage if she found she couldn't come to care for him. Well, that indefinite position couldn't go on forever, of course. Eventually he would have to know the truth and we would be no nearer to knowing the real facts than we were. Don't worry, Larry. You did the right thing. Somehow it will all clear up," she said.

"I hope so—for all our sakes. But forgive me, Mrs. Lorrimer; it is not so much of Travers I'm thinking, nor of you even, as of Mary Lou!"

"I'm thinking of her, too," said Mrs. Lorrimer, and the brown eyes were misty.

On the opening night of the revue Jenny Wynne, prompted by Larry, though unconscious of his underlying motive, gave a small, informal and entirely jolly party at her house for the avowed purpose of announcing their engagement.

Lorrimer had rather demurred at the party. So far he hadn't had to go where there were "crowds" of people.

"But there won't be 'crowds,'" Mary Lou assured him, concealing her nervousness beneath a mask of bright gaiety. "and we do owe it to Larry and Jenny. After all, we are responsible," she rattled on.

"I wish," Lorrimer told her, suddenly giving in, "that we were as good at matchmaking for ourselves as for others. After all, matchmaking begins at home!"

He smiled to see her flush, touched her hand fleetingly and heard her draw a sharp breath unaware that it was sheer pain.

"Let's go," he said, thinking that, after all, this girl of his was young and gay-hearted and needed youth and gaiety about her. "I'm pretty much of a stick," he told her, "and terribly selfish, keeping you all to myself . . ."

"You are not!" she said impulsively, hotly, and he was more than content.

DRESSING for Jenny's party that evening, after the car had taken Margaret and Dr. Matthews into town for their mysterious—to Lorrimer—amusement, Mary Lou looked about her room and sighed deeply, wondering how long she would live in it—now that everything had happened and anything might still happen.

She looked lovely. Had never, perhaps, looked lovelier. But a close observer might have seen the faint shadows beneath the brave blue eyes, the wistful drooping of the red mouth.

She touched the slim stopper of a perfume bottle to ears and hair, forced her lips into a smile as Lorrimer whistled outside her door, caught up her wrap of peach velvet collared in white fox and the evening bag of seed pearls which had been Jenny's Christmas present to her, and went out of the room.

"If it weren't so idiotic," she thought to herself, "I'd say I felt like a ship, drifting, going on the rocks, sinking—well, I'll go down with colors flying!" thought Mary Lou.

"Gooh!" exclaimed Lorrimer, like a youngster, when he saw her. "You're a public menace, Delight! I ought to lock you up in a glass case where no one could see you but myself!" He laughed as he said it, but his eyes were serious, a little jealous, even.

Mary Lou laughed back.

"I'd hate that," she told him. "No setting-up exercises, no fresh air, no galloping over a good road and sailing over a fence. Yes, I'd dislike it very much, Lorry. I'd feel like a goldfish with all its proverbial privacy made immortal by Mr. Cobb."

Lorrimer looked very well himself, his broad shoulders held well back, his face, which had filled out these last months, eager, lighted with interest, the fine-textured skin smooth and healthy with good color. His brown eyes smiled down into hers as they went to the waiting car together, and his voice was vibrant with the renewed joy of living.

SHE got in the car. Lorrimer's hands were steady on the wheel. They went down the drive and out of the gates and turned into the road which would lead them to the Wynnes.

"Too bad mother missed the party," Lorrimer was saying, "but she was set on seeing this fool show, and so was Doc Dan."

"Your mother looked beautiful," Mary Lou said, remembering Margaret Lorrimer in her soft, draped coral velvet frock, the white hair, silver shining, in close waves about her delicate face, her eyes bright with her secret anticipation.

"Yes—and you—you're—wonderful to-night," he said quietly. "I'm a darned lucky fellow," he went on, "far beyond my merits . . . To have you—for I have you, Delight. After all, you can't get away from me yet awhile—you can't escape me . . . I'll put up a fight if you try," he said, half laughing, half very grave. "Do you—want to go?" he asked her suddenly.

"Oh, please, Lorry—!"

"I've been pretty patient," he reminded her.

"I know." She touched his sleeve. A fleeting touch, and one that she couldn't help. She had to. Had to feel him near, just for a moment. "Oh, I mustn't!" she thought despairingly. "If I couldn't before—how much more important it is now that—"

She broke off in her thoughts. Drew away her hand. Sat back in her seat and closed her eyes. It was all so hard—too hard.

Mary Lou was very popular that evening. There were dozens of more or less idle and eligible young men out from town only too anxious for an introduction, a dance. She forced herself out of her heavy abstraction and gave them all her blue, friendly glance, her quick smile, set herself the task of

moving, in their arms, to the heavenly music, the task of responding to admiring comments.

SHE avoided Lorrimer as much as possible. But shortly before supper he danced her right out of the big room and into the indoor flower garden, which was Mrs. Wynne's special hobby. This was a sort of modernised conservatory and perfectly charming. No mid-Victorian atmosphere of gleaming palms and cluttered ferns, but an octagonal room, which in daylight caught all the sun and, at night was indirectly lighted with a synthetic sunlight, soft, golden, flattering.

In this little Eden, Lorrimer danced Mary Lou and sat her down without ceremony.

"You need a rest," he informed her, "and dancing with you is not so good—two turns around, or a turn and a half, and some idiot cuts in!"

"Idiot?" she asked. Risky, this light give and take. But her answer was almost mechanical.

He sat in the corner of the couch, leaning forward, the light clear upon his eager, ardent face, his strong hands clasped between his knees.

"No. Of course not. Very wise young man. But, after all, I shall have to lock you in that glass case, dearest," said Lorrimer, smiling.

She said nothing. Her heart was greatly moved and greatly troubled.

"Can't you," he asked her, very gently, "can't you make up your mind? You—don't dislike me, I'm sure of that, somehow. Sometimes, I think you care a little. Surely you must. For all my caring there must be some return. You loved me once. Is it so hard to love me again?"

She made a little, indistinct murmur, put up one slender hand as if she interposed it, blindly, between herself and her fate. She loved him so very much. It was as if, in a sense, she had created him, bringing him back from the darkness in which he had stumbled.

"So hard?" he asked again, as she did not speak.

Well, it would soon be over. Margaret would have decided to-night. Had, perhaps, decided by now. Whatever she decided, Mary Lou must go, must lose this Eden. She couldn't go on, putting him off, evading . . . She couldn't.

"I do care for you, Lorry," she said clearly, "and you have been dear and patient . . . and so good to me. I care—a lot. It—oh, the whole thing was so strange, thinking you dead all this time, seeing you again an entirely different person. I—I couldn't just go on where we'd left off. And now—I don't know," she said desperately. "I don't know. If—if you'd give me a little more time—a week perhaps—a month . . . ? Things aren't clear between us yet," she told him. "We've kept away from certain subjects because it seemed best. There are things I haven't told you," she said, unhappily. "Could you trust me a little longer?"

He drew a deep breath. It was the first time that she had admitted anything at all. He felt that much lay beyond her admittance, much that she had not put into words.

Whatever she had to tell him would make no difference. He loved her. If she loved him that was really all that mattered.

"I don't want to force you," he said slowly, "and you've already made me very happy. I'm grateful . . . beyond words. Take all the time you want . . . and when

you are ready . . . I'll be waiting. I can't believe, though, that you would have given me this much hope unless, for my waiting, you were promising a reward. I haven't kissed you," he said abruptly, "for a very long time."

He leaned near and put his arms about her, gently.

"Ah, don't!" she said pitifully. "Do you mean that? Say you mean it, swear to me you mean it, and I will let you go."

But she said nothing. There was nothing she could say. She was quite still in his embrace.

"Just-to-night," he urged . . . "There's Jenny and Larry—and a dozen other youngsters, happy, in love, holding each other close."

Her eyes closed. He kissed the broad white lids, kissed the curve of her cheek, where it melted rosy into the smooth, red satin of her lips, kissed, finally, with tenderness, with passion, the quivering little mouth.

Suddenly she twisted in his arms and, her hands desperately on his shoulders, gave him back his kiss, abandoning herself to it, surrendering . . . yielding. Then, with a little sob, she freed herself almost brusquely and rose to her feet and walked back into the great lighted room.

Lorrimer followed her, his heart stinging. As he reached her, in the curved doorway, he touched her arm.

"Delight?" he asked . . . and lower—"Darling?"

"Please," said Mary Lou, in a curious, cool little voice . . . "please—forget that, Lorry. It was—madness. I have your promise," she told him, "and—and I'll keep my word to you, when the time comes."

"But why—why?" he asked, halting her there in the doorway.

"Music," said Mary Lou, "and madness . . . and being young . . . and Lorry, don't make me—ashamed!"

One of the Wynns boys stepped up to claim her.

"Not fair letting that big brute monopolise you!" he announced, for all the world to hear.

She danced away, then, moving gracefully, automatically. She was not "ashamed." Not even sorry.

Meanwhile Margaret Lorrimer and Dr. Matthews sat through the colorful inanities of the imported revue, which dragged itself out until almost midnight, as is the way of first nights. It had opened out of town, had been twice rewritten and three times cut, before the New York opening, and would be due for more cutting after to-night.

THERE was a good comedian, and a leading woman who was pretty and graceful and charming, and who scored, obviously, a real personal triumph. There were plenty of good-looking show girls and many specialty numbers, good, bad and indifferent. But it is probable that neither Mrs. Lorrimer nor Dr. Matthews could have given a coherent description of the piece or of anyone in it, save of the small, vivacious little person billed as Diana Hackett, and about whom rumors flew, from lipstick mouth to lipstick mouth, in the lobby, between acts, while tuxedoed gentlemen listened, sceptically, and critics smiled wearily.

"This Hackett woman . . . rather good-looking, isn't she? They say her father's an earl or something."

"Diana Hackett? Lady Diana, I've heard. She can't act, of course . . ."

"Well, decent of her not to use the title, anyway!"

"She hasn't kept it a secret, though, one notices."

"Sweet are the uses of publicity!"

But she was only a very small part of the evening to the majority of the audience, and the entire evening to Margaret Lorrimer and her old friend.

After the first act, Mrs. Lorrimer spoke, very low, to Dr. Matthews. She had been tense as fine strung wire at the first appearance of the woman she had come to see and to judge. Now she relaxed a little.

"She's pretty—I can see the resemblance to—"

"Yes," he interrupted, "of course you can. So can I."

Mrs. Lorrimer was silent for a minute.

Then she said:

"Dan, I don't know what to do!"

"You'll do what's right, what's best, Margaret," he told her, strongly.

"And that is?" she questioned.

He twisted his programme in his hands.

"I can't presume to advise you," he replied, quietly, "You'll have to work this out for yourself. Take your time, think it over. You'll be sick and sorry all the rest of your life if you commit an injustice. But it is up to you, Margaret. Whatever you do, I'll stand by," he assured her, needlessly.

She smiled at him gratefully.

"Of course," she answered, "I know you will. But—oh, I wanted to see for myself. And now I have seen her, I know I can't judge her by just this business of sitting in an audience. Yet intuition is a strange thing, Dan. I'm perfectly convinced, sitting here, that—that he'd never be happy with her."

When, very late, they were motoring home:

"Have you made up your mind?" Matthews asked her.

"Not yet," she said with a sigh that was half a sob. But she had lied to him for the first time in her life. She had made up her mind.

PETERS led them in and told them that Mr. Travers and Miss Delight had not yet returned.

"I won't stay," Matthews told her.

"You're dead tired. Sleep on it, Margaret, and do," he said again, "what you will know to be right."

Margaret Lorrimer went up to bed, dismissed her waiting maid undressed and lay between cool sheets in the spring darkness thinking, planning.

Many years had passed. Surely the woman she had seen on the stage to-night was a different person from the girl met on a London leave and loved with the desperate and tragic gaiety and ardor of war time. The years must have brought many things to that girl, changes, alterations in circumstances; must have built up for her an entirely dissimilar background. She must now be as far apart from what she had been as the moon from the earth.

There must be some way, Margaret thought, to find out from Delight if there had been a marriage. Perhaps this could be accomplished, possibly through Larry, without the woman's discovering anything. Larry had already made a friendly contact with her; he might ask her certain questions with careful casualness. And if, as Margaret believed and hoped, no such claim existed, she could wait until the girl was out of the country before confronting Lorrimer with the truth—or at least part of it.

The part she could tell him would be merely that Mary Lou was not the girl he had known; that, whatever his delusion on the subject, that girl had never been his wife. That the girl no longer, in a manner of speaking, existed; but that Mary Lou—did.

If, however, she thought rapidly and feverishly, if, by an unfortunate chance, Delight Harford found out that Lorrimer was alive and realised towards what Larry's questionings were leading, perhaps she could be induced to leave New York. Money would do a lot and money would be provided.

"You'll do what's right," Dr. Matthews had told her.

She sighed, turned on her pillows, ran her slim hands through the white, disordered hair.

Even if he had not married this stranger, he had loved her. Boy's love, war-leave love, but one couldn't dismiss it so lightly perhaps. He'd learned suffering through it. Of course, she argued with herself, had he been quite normal on his return home he might soon have forgotten, the memory would have faded. It was his mental and physical condition which had caused him to cling to that memory as the one worth-while thing in life—the lost Delight.

KNOWING her son, she knew that even that long-ago relationship would constitute a claim that the girl would be perfectly free—and certainly wise—to press.

But she could not induce herself to set her feet upon the plain, straightforward course. In this emergency she was perfectly willing, even eager, to remold her character to something undreamed of—in order to salvage what she was absolutely certain was her boy's happiness.

Towards dawn, that dark, still period, with the spring stars still shining gallantly in the arched sky, Margaret heard Travers and Mary Lou come in. When she heard the girl moving quietly about her own room, she rose, slipped on a warm velvet robe and slippers, and, going to the connecting door, knocked.

Mary Lou answered, and Margaret came in, pale, a little haggard, lines under the beautiful eyes.

Mary Lou was still in the peach-colored dress. Her eyes were bright with excitement, but the red mouth drooped at the tucked-in corners.

"I tried not to wake you," she said, self-reproachfully.

Margaret sat down in a low chair and took a cigarette case and matches from her pocket. She was wide awake, her arm ached, her head was on fire, but her hands and feet felt deathly cold.

"I was awake," she answered. "You look sweet, my dear. Did you have a happy time?"

"Yes—No—" replied Mary Lou, striving after honesty.

"Tell me—" urged the older woman.

"But you—? Did you see her? What did you think?" Mary Lou began almost hysterically. She had longed to see Margaret Lorrimer, to hear, from her own lips, of this other woman—yet dreaded to see her, too.

"Yes. That can wait. Did anything happen to-night? Why are you so troubled?" asked Margaret.

Mary Lou sat down on the footstool beside the low chair. She raised her clear eyes to Margaret's, and was brave enough not to turn them away.

"Something will have to be done

shortly," she said, slowly. "I can't keep it up much longer. He—he asked me again to-night, said he had been patient, urged me to make up my mind. He'll have to know," said Mary Lou, a little wildly, "and I must go away, where he'll never see me again. He won't care," she said, with bitterness, "once he knows the truth. He won't ever want to see me. I was a fool to-night," she said. "I couldn't help it. He—kissed me," confessed Mary Lou, "and I," she added, defiantly "I—let him. I kissed him back."

Mrs. Lorrimer flushed. In a way she would rather not hear that confession. Yet there was in her none of the dark jealousy of the wrong sort of mother. If everything had been clear sailing before this girl and Lorrimer, Lorrimer's mother would have rejoiced with them. And for Mary Lou's absolute integrity she had nothing but humble admiration; for the girl herself, genuine affection. Mary Lou needn't, Margaret realised, have told. Yet she did tell, and revealed her own emotions to the other woman, confident that she owed her such clarity.

"I'm sorry," Margaret said, inadequately.

"I WAS glad!" Mary Lou told her in a little voice. "Oh, you know I care for him," she said, unhappily, "and that's why I must go away—anywhere so that I'll never have to see him again!"

She did not cry. She was long past tears now.

"You can't go yet," said Mrs. Lorrimer. "You'll have to help me a little longer. I know what I'm asking of you. I realise it fully. But I do ask it. I'm a very selfish woman"—she tried to smile—"where Travers is concerned. I've seen—this other girl, Mary Lou. He'll never be happy with her. And all night I've been thinking what I must do."

"What have you decided?" Mary Lou asked, very steadily. She held one hand within the other and sat erect on the little footstool. She was deadly tired.

Slowly, with many interruptions for explanations, excuses, motives, Margaret told her all that had passed through her mind that evening. Mary Lou listened and said nothing.

"If it could be worked out," ended Margaret, at length, and asked, "Do you think it could be?"

"Probably," said Mary Lou.

"And you—agree with me? Oh, Mary Lou, if this business of the marriage is cleared up and this—this girl disposed of, can't you see what it will mean to all of us—to me, to Travers, to you?" urged Mrs. Lorrimer, a little startled by the odd, unyielding look in the small, pale face.

"Yes, I see in a way. But it couldn't mean anything to me. I couldn't take anything," said Mary Lou, "founded on a lie. Don't think I'm a prig, Lady Margaret," she said, giving Mrs. Lorrimer the little affectionate title she had found for her. "I'm not."

"Don't think you don't tempt me. But I wouldn't know another easy moment, even if he never found out. You see, I think he has a right to know—and to choose. I think the choice and the decision has to lie with him and with her. And I'm not like you. I believe that—that they are married. Why would he say so, if they were not?" she asked.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Lorrimer wearily.

She rose to her feet and stood there a moment looking down at Mary Lou.

"Go to bed, dear," she said gently. "You're a very wonderful little person. But if I make up my mind to see this thing through, I'll fight you, too. You see, I think only of Travers, not of right or wrong, or choice or claims."

"But you can't make decisions for him according to your way of thinking," said Mary Lou, rising, "as you used to when he was a little boy."

"Perhaps I can't—or shouldn't. And yet, I shall," Mrs. Lorrimer answered.

She put her arms around Mary Lou.

"I'll do nothing yet," she promised, "and I can count on your word that, whatever I do, you will say nothing to Travers?"

"Of course," said Mary Lou.

Mary Lou was torn between two loyalties—her loyalty to Margaret Lorrimer, her loyalty to Lorrimer and her love for him. There was really, after all, little doubt which she would choose, which, since it had to be, must go overboard.

Before she slept, in that golden dawn, she had made up her mind to go to New York and see Delight Harford for herself, to tell her the truth, to put it up to her, to leave it in her hands. Mrs. Lorrimer would cast her out; that she was convinced of; but even that didn't matter. Nothing mattered but Lorrimer and his happiness and the ultimate reaching of the truth, the eventual, absolute honesty which must prevail between all of them in this situation, were anything good to come out of chaos.

Two days later Mary Lou went to New York—alone.

On the train out of Westmill Mary Lou sat looking blindly out of the window, her heart a small human battlefield. At each stop she was inclined to get out and wait for a train which would take her back. She had been mad to come! Mrs. Lorrimer would never forgive her. It was not, after all, her affair. But it was her affair. She was as much involved as anyone else and, loving Lorrimer as she did, his happiness was so important to her that she must risk Margaret's displeasure and see this thing through.

When Larry had told her about meeting Delight Harford he had happened to mention the address at which she lived, or, rather, the name of the hotel. At Grand Central, Mary Lou went into a telephone booth and looked up the hotel. She called the number, asked for Miss Harford, was greeted by blank ignorance on the part of the hotel telephone girl, and then, remembering, asked for Miss Hackett—Diana Hackett.

She stood there in the stuffy booth with the distant noises of trains pulling out and in, in her ears, with people hurrying by, with the clatter of the subway turnstiles not far off, and waited for Diana to answer. The palms of her hands were wet and cold. She was trembling a little.

LORRIMER had left early that morning for the flying field. Mrs. Lorrimer had estate matters to attend to before noon, and for the afternoon had been persuaded to go to a bridge party at the Wynnes. Jenny was in town, visiting a cousin, staying for a week or so, in order to buy clothes, having left for New York that morning. While Jenny was in Manhattan, Larry would be well occupied. So at breakfast with Margaret, Lorrimer having breakfasted early and alone, Mary Lou had said that she must go to town and out to see Billy. She hadn't seen him in several weeks, and a letter had just come from India which when

she answered, she wished to answer from first-hand knowledge.

But she was not planning to go straight to Oakdale. She had an errand in town first, upon the subject of which she was mute.

"Well?" asked Diana Hackett in the receiver.

Mary Lou's nerves steadied. She spoke her own name, told the rather indifferent listener on the other end of the wire that she was a friend of Larry Mitchell's, and wished to see her as soon as possible on a matter of great importance. Could she come to the hotel now? Yes, she was nearby—at the Grand Central, in fact. "It really is important," she said, "to you, Miss Hackett."

"Come along then," answered Diana.

"Will we be alone?"

"More or less," the other woman answered.

Mary Lou went out of the booth presently and took a taxi to the hotel. A few minutes later the door of an apartment was opened to her.

"THE other girls are asleep," said Delight Harford. "We can sit here in the living-room."

Delight was not fully dressed. She was wearing a negligee which had once been quite lovely but which now was soiled and torn. She had high-heeled mules on bare feet and her hemmed thick hair was in early-morning, just-out-of-bed disorder. Her blue eyes were heavy with weariness and her face haggard. But her fine skin was radiant and she smiled at the younger girl with spontaneous friendliness. She liked the look of her somehow—of whom did she remind her?

"I—I feel I've gotten you up," said Mary Lou.

She looked with a sort of inner despair at the other woman. Somehow she hadn't expected her to look like this—a little unkempt, a little uncared for, hard, as Larry had said, and appearing even more than her age. Her only beauties were the quantity and quality of the touched-up hair and carefully-tended skin and the small, rounded figure.

They sat down in the uninteresting, rather dark sitting room. A pot of coffee stood on the table on a tray.

"I was just getting an eye-opener," explained Mary Lou's hostess. "Will you join me?"

"No, thank you—"

"Cigarette?"

"No—"

Diana lighted one, poured the coffee, stirred in some cream and sat back in her big chair.

"What did you wish to see me about, Miss Thurston?" she asked.

Mary Lou leaned forward. The other woman looked at her, observing the well-cut suit, the small sable scarf, the sheer stockings, the shoes; observing, too, the great sapphire on Mary Lou's slender hand. The girl was evidently very well off. She was simply but expensively dressed and she was very pretty. Under the close-fitting, almost brimless hat, the red-gold hair raked in small, entrancing curls. The blue eyes were serious and brilliant, and the round cheeks flushed with an unnatural color, the color of nervousness and excitement, for Mary Lou had gotten out of bed that morning to view a very pale little face in the mirror.

"Well?" she prompted.

Mary Lou took the plunge.

"Miss Harford—" she said.

"What!" Delight set down her coffee

cup with a miniature crash. She was startled, curious but not particularly annoyed. "Now where did you learn that, I wonder?" she mused aloud. She had quite forgotten telling Larry Mitchell. Was it possible that this youngster was a relative or something? Delight rather hoped so. She liked her.

"Larry told me," said Mary Lou. "Larry? Oh, the red-headed Press-agent lad—nice kid. But why should he tell you?" asked Delight.

"It's a long story," said Mary Lou, rather desperately. "I'll have to tell you from the beginning. It's about—Travers Lorrimer."

Delight Harford looked down at the seal ring she wore.

"Travers? But Lorry is dead," she said slowly.

"Lorry? Mary Lou's heart swelled, rose, it seemed, almost to her throat.

"No," she managed to say quietly. "no, he's not dead. Please, Miss Harford, may I tell you in my own way?"

"Yes. Wait a minute. Not dead? Not dead. If I had known that!" said Delight Harford. She was ashen white with shock.

Mary Lou waited, sickened. After a minute Delight said:

"Go on. What about him? I won't interrupt."

"I'll have to start with me," said Mary Lou, youthfully. She told Delight something of her background, her circumstances, the removal of her aunt and uncle to the Orient, of her necessity for finding employment. Presently she came to Lorry and the advertisement in the paper and her journey out to Westmill to the place called Westwood House, of her disappointment in learning the mistake, the omission in the advertisement, and of her encounter with Lorrimer.

"YOU see, he thought I was—you. He—he wouldn't let me go. And he was so ill, so distressed that his mother and doctor decided I must stay—and play a part—your part."

Delight looked at her blankly. She was past astonishment. Suddenly, with an odd murmur, she rose and left the room. Mary Lou sat quite still, waiting. Oh, he couldn't care for this woman; he couldn't! But he had. And perhaps memory and loyalty would hold...

Delight came back. She had with her a small snapshot. It had been taken on that last leave of Lorrimer's. It showed them standing together in some great park or other, showed the laughing boy Mary Lou had never known, showed a small, slender girl.

Mary Lou held it in her hands. Here was proof, if proof were needed.

"You do look," said Delight Harford, very miserably, "much as I used to look... so long ago."

Mary Lou laid the picture down on the table and went on.

"So I stayed," she said, "and because he thought I was you, because I brought back to him, playing your part, a new interest in life—he changed. He's well now," said Mary Lou with a certain pride. He's splendid!"

She described, briefly, Lorrimer's mental, nervous and physical condition when she had first seen him, the gradual change, the altering interests, the return to normal living, normal thinking.

"You did a good job," said Delight Harford. "And what now?"

"Just this. You've come back. Larry knows. Larry is one of the few people

who knows the truth of this—Larry and the doctor. Mrs. Lorrimer's other friends have accepted me—as you, as a girl Lorrimer knew, in wartime. But you have come back now."

"Why didn't Mitchell say anything to me?" interrupted Delight, a little harshly.

"He had to be sure. The circumstances were so unusual. He didn't dare tell you until he had told me and Mrs. Lorrimer."

"I don't notice that she rushed over here to see me," remarked Delight.

"No," said Mary Lou, with candor, "she didn't. You see, Miss Harford, ever since he—Mr. Lorrimer—she stumbled a little, 'came home he has had one fixed idea. You. Your marriage to him on the day of his leave."

"OUR marriage? He told his people?" asked Delight. Her eyes were on the seal ring.

"Yes. Mrs. Lorrimer tried to have it traced. She had agents in London looking for the record of it. They didn't find it. So she never believed it. She doesn't believe it now. And when she learned you had come back..."

"She believed in letting sleeping wives lie, eh?" asked Delight with acidity. She laughed aloud. The whole business was too fantastic, too like a dream. Lorry? Why she didn't even remember him any more! She had the snapshot, faded, blurred, which she only looked at perhaps once or twice a year. Now and then, when people spoke of wartime, when she had had a good supper and a couple of highballs, she might permit herself to become sentimental about a boy she had once loved and who had died long ago, and bravely.

"He'll have to know the truth," said Mary Lou. "We can't keep it from him, no one can, no one has the right."

"Mrs. Lorrimer had planned to?" inquired Delight shrewdly.

Mary Lou flushed.

"It isn't fair to judge her," she broke out passionately. "She's the most marvellous woman. She has sacrificed ten years of her life to him—if you could have seen him as he was, you'd know! She thinks of nothing but his happiness, his welfare. She—didn't believe in this marriage. She had no proof. Ten years had—changed him—must have changed you. She tried to trace you. She thought perhaps you had died."

"I did, in a manner of speaking," Delight answered, low. "I left London, knocked about, went on the stage. My people died, or were scattered. And, of course, I heard that Lorry had been shot down. That's that, I thought. I was pretty cut up, of course. We'd been terribly in love, nothing but a couple of kids. But I had to get out and earn a living somehow, so I did. How," she asked curiously, "did you go through with it—taking my part, I mean?"

"It wasn't very hard. I've lived abroad. I listened more than I spoke. He made allowances for the changes the years would bring in—in opinions; made allowance, too, for my forgetting things he remembered."

Mary Lou replied.

"I see. How stupid men are!" Delight

looked at her and laughed. "You—you're not more than 20; if you're that. About the age I was. He must have thought time had stood still with me. Well, it didn't," she said.

Mary Lou was silent.

Delight had been thinking, hard and fast. So this girl was hired to play a part. The fur and the jewels and the clothes, all a part of her salary! Money. Lots of it. And Delight was, in her own words, broke

to the wide. The revue did not look as if it would last a month. The one hit in it, the leading woman, had an offer to go to Hollywood, would probably go. Then what would happen? There wouldn't be a thing for "Diana Hackett" in New York. The stock market had just suffered a panic, there would be few new productions. She'd get her fare to England back and nothing else—and then what?

She was not particularly moved by the story of Lorrimer, faithful to her these 10, 11 years, brooding, longing, wrecked on the thought of her loss, crucified on the cross of his love. She was a very practical woman now; life had made her that. She thought him rather a fool to have gone on caring, dismissed the whole situation, or that part of it, with the tolerant idea that if he'd been well and normal he would have forgotten as she had forgotten. Here she saw eye to eye with Margaret Lorrimer, although she didn't realise it.

Money. There must be money in the family. Money meant, not what it had once meant—luxury and laughter—but safety, ordinary protection.

She didn't want Lorrimer. She didn't want any man. She loved no one, would never love again, she fancied, sitting there, staring at Mary Lou, and listening to her as the soft, husky voice went on, giving chapter and verse, filling in the details, painting a circumstantial picture of the deception.

But she wanted safety. And fate had put an ace in her hand!

"Why did you decide to come to me?" asked Delight abruptly as Mary Lou paused for breath.

"It was fair to you, to Lorry," answered Mary Lou, forgetting formality, and her voice softened a little.

"So—you call him that, too?" demanded the other woman.

"Yes. Because you did. He told me so," Mary Lou replied simply.

"I SEE. You'll lose your job over this!" Delight commented, with brutal frankness.

"I know. But it had to go anyway. I couldn't keep on with it. Things were getting too difficult, too complicated. On the face of it, it couldn't continue—forever."

Delight nodded. No use in pressing the girl for further explanations. But there was just one thing she wanted to know, must ask.

"He—he believes you his wife?"

Mary Lou nodded.

"Of course."

"But how—?"

Mary Lou was scarlet, but she kept her eyes steadily on those other blue eyes, so like and so unlike her own.

"After all," she said, "a great many years had gone by. He was persuaded that I—you—oh, it's so complicated—I!"

"I understand. Go on."

"That I had thought him dead; that I couldn't, of course, adjust myself suddenly to circumstances; that I no longer cared very much for him. He was—rather wonderful about it," Mary Lou told her, steadily, "and we made a bargain. If I found that I could not come to care for him he was to permit me an annulment of the marriage."

"I see. No, of course the farce couldn't go on. The comedy had to be played out. Didn't Mrs. Lorrimer realise this, at the beginning?" Delight asked her.

"Yes. But she and Dr. Matthews both felt that when Lorry was strong again and well he could be told the truth—that

I was an impostor—and would be able to understand the circumstances which had led to the deception."

"And why hasn't he been told before now, if, as you say, he is entirely well?"

Mary Lou was silent. Delight looked at her and thought she understood. The child had fallen in love with Lorrimer. Well, it couldn't be helped. She was young and forgetful; the young always forget, mused Delight, out of her wide and hard-bought wisdom.

And Lorrimer—had he, too, fallen in love with Mary Lou? Well, if he had, it was a different situation. It would be because he thought her someone else, someone he had loved for many years.

"What do you expect me to do?" asked Delight, gravely.

"Nothing yet. When Mrs. Lorrimer learns that I have seen you, she will never forgive me. But I must tell her. I think I can persuade her to reconsider, to come to you herself, or to send for you. If not, the matter lies in your hands. It is your affair. And Lorry's. Will you give me a week in which to talk to her, to try and persuade her to my opinion? At the end of that week I shall let you know, one way or the other. If she decides against us—I'll go, leave the field clear, and you can do as you think best. If she decides for us—well, I'll send you word. Or she will. Can you trust me—for a week?"

Mary Lou rose and stood looking down earnestly at the other woman. Delight got to her feet, held out her hand.

"I'll trust you," she said. "I'm still rather bewildered by it all. I'll wait a week," said Delight. "and meantime—I'd like you to know that you're about as fine a youngster as I've ever met." She laughed, suddenly. "What a comedy it all is!" she said.

MARY LOU shook hands with Delight gravely. "Good-bye," she said. "Not good-bye!"

She left and stood out on the street, blinded by the spring sunlight; hailed a taxi and went to the Pennsylvania Station and took a train to Oakdale. Waiting for it, in the station, she went into a lunch-room and drank some milk and ate something, mechanically enough. But she was faint with hunger, and with a vast emptiness of spirit which had nothing whatever to do with her body.

At Oakdale she saw Billy, forced herself to listen to new symptoms which Aunt Adelaide had acquired since last she had seen there, talked to Gram, played with the little boy and got a train back to New York in the middle of the afternoon, arriving home—home?—in time for dinner.

She was tired, she said, when Lorrimer, back from a successful day at the field, teased her because she was quiet. Yes, she had been in town, on various errands, Margaret watched her anxiously. After dinner when they were alone for a moment, she asked her:

"Anything wrong out on Long Island? Is there anything I can do?"

"No, they're all fine," Mary Lou told her. "I'm just tired, that's all."

She went to bed, half ill with worry and unhappiness. No use to talk to Mrs. Lorrimer that night. She herself was in no fit state for persuasion, argument. It would have to wait a day or two. She had a week in which to accomplish her purpose, a week in which to break her heart. For hearts break gradually and often. . . .

After Mary Lou had left her, Delight Harford took counsel with herself. She had, for some years, been her own best—and worst—adviser, guide, philosopher, mentor and friend. She had liked the younger girl. She had felt for her that curious mixture of tolerance, pity and impatience with which a woman of her experience regards a girl of Mary Lou's type. She thought her honest and candid, and mistaken.

The following day was Saturday. Delight went through the familiar motions of the matinee and evening performances mechanically enough, deeply preoccupied with her own amusing and unexpected problem. After the Saturday night show she joined a party of other girls who were going out to Long Island with half a dozen men. Among them was an elderly person, a stock broker, whose air upon this occasion was that of the small boy who sneaks behind the barn to smoke a forbidden cigarette. Delight made herself very agreeable to him. And in the course of this, to her, rather monotonous evening, she inquired carelessly about "people called Lorrimer." She'd known the son of the family at one time, she said, many years ago.

Mr. Evanson obligingly expatiated upon the Lorrimer's social position, their vast amount of money, which, he explained, was soaked away in real estate—apartments mostly, with some hotel holdings, Government bonds and such, and therefore probably as free from the inroads of the late stock market disaster as anybody's could be. He spoke of Margaret, whom he had once met, "a beautiful woman," he said. And then added idly that he had heard the son was, unfortunately, an invalid.

"Shell-shocked, or something," said Mr. Evanson. "No one sees him, and his mother rarely goes out now. It used to be quite an event when she appeared at the opera with Lorrimer, senior. He was a remarkable man," droned Mr. Evanson.

"They live in the country, do they not?" asked Delight, with her most English accent and most bored Mayfair manner.

"In Connecticut. At Westmill, I understand they have a gorgeous place there," sighed Mr. Evanson. "Them as has, gets. Some people have all the luck . . . and the lucky breaks as well. Take my case, Miss Backett. Two years ago I bought a block of United Fisheries."

Delight listened, however, without hearing. The Lorrimeres were substantial people. Again she thought of safety, protection, freedom from financial and other worries. She had never thought to see Travers Lorrimer again; had thought of him, when she did so at all, which was infrequent, as one thinks of one's youth—vanished, regretted, never to be regained; had thought of him falling into flames towards the furrowed earth, dying a clean and valiant death, a young Icarus.

But he lived.

THE only sensible thing to do, thought Delight, was to confront Mrs. Lorrimer, manage to see Lorry, carry the battle into the enemy camp and see what happened then. If, as far as character was concerned, Lorrimer had not changed, Delight thought she knew that he would feel under a sacred obligation.

Therefore, on the following morning, which was Sunday, Delight got up at, to her, an ungodly hour, and proceeded to Grand Central Station where she took a train for Connecticut.

At the Westmill station she asked how far the Lorrimer place was. On being

told, she looked for a taxi, for she was not in form, and hadn't been for years, to walk several miles even under the ideal conditions formed by a sunny spring day and a good road flanked with tall budding trees. She had the taxi set her down at some distance from the gates of Westwood house. She wanted, she said, to walk the rest of the way, the weather was so delightful.

The taxi driver meantime, grown loquacious, after the manner of his kind, had regaled her with stories of the Lorrimer's; of Lorrimer's illness and his recent miraculous recovery; of his regained interest in life.

After having made careful inquiries as to the extent of the Lorrimer place, Delight got out of the cab, paid the talkative driver, and proceeded, avoiding the gates, to walk along the main highway which skirted one side of the estate. The sun was warm, her high-heeled shoes not the most practical things in the world to wear on a protracted wandering.

A high fence, or wall, ran around the Lorrimer place. It seemed to Delight that she walked miles on the other side. She was, she reflected sombrely, pretty nearly always on the other side. What was it that Harry had said to her once—"Always on the outside, looking in, isn't that so, old girl?" Mustn't think of Harry now. To think of Harry would complicate things dreadfully. Put Harry out of her mind. Forget that he had ever existed. What unlucky fate had caused him to exist, now that this unexpected alteration in fortunes might be in store for her? Play her cards carefully and relegate Harry to the limbo of forgotten madness until the time came to dispose of him altogether.

PRESENTLY, very tired, she came to a low door in the wall. It had been left open.

She went down the two shallow steps, under the little broken arch and through into the pretty path. That corner of the place had, with so many others, been left to grow wild at its own sweet will, with merely the path kept cleared and the underbrush checked. The path wound and twisted through the trees, and Delight followed it idly, something young and untarnished in her responding unconsciously to the frail green shadows of the new leaves, to the unstartled birds, to the dappled sunlight and the bright blue sky.

She forgot, for a moment, almost everything, and was a child again in England. Before she knew it she had come close to the boxwood hedge and heard voices.

One voice was Mary Lou's. It was quite clear, and Delight stopped, her heart beating fast, and listened. She stepped back and leaned against a tree. Mary Lou was laughing.

"Lorry, you're so silly!" said Mary Lou. The hedge grew very high and thick, and had been clipped into entertaining formal patterns. It had also been trained into a sort of maze, and was wide, forming a semi-circle at the point at which Delight viewed it. Apparently Mary Lou and Lorrimer were sitting there, just beyond her view.

"Well, it's a swell day to be silly," Lorrimer remarked, and Delight leaned forward, listening eagerly. The voice was strange to her and yet touched a chord in her memory. It was deeper than she recalled it, but vibrant, as colored with overtones as the voice of the boy she had known, a voice which had stammered love

to her, and protestation: "You're all my world, Delight. I'll love you always."

She smiled, a twisted little grimace, remembering.

"Suppose," said Lorrimer, "we ditch this family party and go out to the island this afternoon? I'll take you up for a hop—I want you to see the place. We won't get out for a matter of weeks, of course, but you'll get an idea. Perhaps you'd like to choose a color scheme," he inquired, seriously, "for the fittings and what not?"

"Oh, of course, lavender and green!"

laughed Mary Lou. "Why not?"

"Sounds rather boudoir," he objected.

"Come on, let's go this afternoon, Delight."

The listener shrank back against the rough bark of the great tree, hearing her name spoken to someone else. She felt like a ghost.

"And," continued Lorrimer, "let me take you up for a ride. You like flying. You'll trust yourself with me, won't you?" he asked.

"You know I would," said Mary Lou, simply.

"But not to me," Lorrimer told her.

"Isn't that right?"

She was silent. Suddenly, as the woman who listened waited, her heart beating thickly, and as the sunlight fell in golden splashes on tree and hedge and path, Lorrimer spoke again.

"I'm always breaking promises," he said, "and I know it. But I'm human after all. Seeing you day after day, being with you constantly has only served to convince me how right that boy's love was, long ago, that love which has not altered, save to strengthen and deepen. We knew each other briefly enough. Delight, I'll admit that. We have changed, both of us, you perhaps more than I, basically. But I must have known then the sort of girl you would become, the sort of girl who would return to me, the only girl in the world!"

"YOU'VE been so patient, Delight, with me; so understanding of all those kinks and quirks which I brought back with me out of France, out of the prison camp. You've understood the dark times and the memories and the struggle to get hold of myself. You've helped me all the way through, jacked me up when I needed it, given me the devil when I made a weak fool of myself, sympathizing, somehow, underneath, understanding."

"You've brought me back; you've made me, remade me into something approaching a fairly decent, self-respecting, ambitious citizen. I swear I'll be worthy, worthy of all the pains you've taken with me, worthy of the one dominant fact that you care for me. You had to care, I suppose. You wouldn't have taken the trouble if you hadn't. And I do feel that I can make you happy, Delight. You see I'm being clever and sensible, and putting a curb on myself, not just saying pretty, lover-like things. You're not angry, are you?" he asked.

"No, I'm not angry," Mary Lou's voice came so low that Delight could scarcely hear it, and had to strain her excellent ears in order to catch the muted tones.

"My mother loves you dearly," said Lorrimer, and the listener caught her breath. If that were true it would be another complication! "She'd be so happy if—well, almost as happy as I would be. We—we could have so much," he went on. "Oh, I don't mean just money and freedom from anxiety and all that. I mean we have so much to build on; we could make something so marvelous so beautiful and enduring, from this

long-ago war marriage of ours. We have, I realise now, much more upon which to build to-day than then. I don't admit you were right when you said that if I had found you directly after the war our romance might have gone on the rocks. But I do admit that we have more now than then. I want you for my own," he told her, "in my house, my partner, my wife, the mother of our children, for always."

Listening, Delight Harford felt her throat swell and her eyes sting with unusual tears.

She did not hear Mary Lou's reply, her ears were dimmed with the rush of blood, pumping furiously through her heart. She took a cautious step forward, skirted the hedge to a place where the close-woven branches were thinner, pushed them gently aside with her hands and tried to look through. Succeeding, she saw Mary Lou's face small, rather piteous in expression. She saw Lorrimer in profile.

HE had grown much handsomer with the years, she thought, watching him, feeling old, forgotten memories sweeping back on her with a tremendous force. He had grown amazingly attractive. There was a strength about him...

He was not for her.

No, he belonged to this girl, whose small, cool hands, and wise, friendly eyes had led him back to earth and sanity. He belonged to her who loved him, and who was ready to make a sacrifice for him, the extent of which he would never guess; who had deceived him so that he might reach happiness, and who was ready to give him up so that happiness would be founded on something which she fancied real.

But it would not be real. Loving Mary Lou Thurston as she was, he could never come to love Delight Harford as she had become. Never.

Delight went back to the little path in the woods, hesitated there. She'd return to town and wait. When Mary Lou came to her, whatever had been decided, she would tell her she had changed her mind. She would tell her she would leave New York without Lorrimer's ever having known she had been there. Mary Lou could do as she thought, best about what, eventually, she would have to tell him when the real truth had to be told.

Comfort, ease, luxury! She turned her back on them all, a rather gallant woman who knew her own limitations, a woman who realised her own soul and of what she was capable. That she was not capable of being to this man what Mary Lou was to him, she was fully and bitterly aware.

She turned and walked away. She was blinded by tears. She put up her hand to brush them away. She caught her ridiculous spike-heeled shoe on a hidden, wandering root, and fell to the ground heavily, twisting her ankle painfully, and lay there a moment, wondering what she would do. She got to her hands and knees and managed to stand upright, but the hurt ankle betrayed her and flung her again. She sat holding it in her hands sobbing under her breath, regarding the damage to her stocking with the practical regret of the woman who has few stockings and cannot afford to tear them. How would she get back to the station, she thought, dully? And she couldn't go on to-morrow night; she couldn't dance; she couldn't even walk.

She was dizzy with pain, and sick with it. She had eaten nothing for breakfast, she had been out until almost dawn. Lack of food and sleep, her long, unaccustomed walk in the sun, the agony of her rapidly swelling ankle told on her now. She gave

a short sob, which was half a groan, and fainted.

"What was that?" asked Lorrimer sharply. "I don't know. It sounded," said Mary Lou, "like someone falling."

"Perhaps one of the dogs," Lorrimer whistled. "Konig-Konig—" he called.

But Mary Lou's big police dog puppy, which had followed them into the boxwood garden, made no reply, being very busy on his own concerns, by now, a good quarter of a mile away.

"Funny," said Lorrimer. "Sometimes we get a visitation of tramps in the spring and fall if the wall gate is left open. Suppose I go and see."

He started to his feet and Mary Lou with him.

They left the hedge-bordered paths and struck across the small stretch of lawn to the shadow of the trees and the winding path beyond.

"The sound came from this direction," said Lorrimer, whose hearing was acute and accurate.

But keen as were his aviator's eyes, again accustomed to scanning the sky and the miniature map-relief of distant earth, they were not as alert as Mary Lou's. She ran ahead of him and, even before she dropped on her knees beside the still figure of Delight Harford, she knew a sickening premonition. The incoherent thoughts raced through her brain, in that instant recognition: "Why did she come? Why break her word. What shall I say? What can I do?"

She had a wild desire to cry out, to shriek out to him: "Go back! Don't come near us. Don't look!"

But he had come up, was saying in amazement:

"Why, it's a woman!"

Mary Lou, in one last, and, of course, futile effort, was concealing the pale face with an outflung arm.

"Get help, Lorry," she said. "No—see if your mother can come."

SHE spoke entirely at random. Lorrimer started away without more than a cursory look at the strange woman, the intruder. Mary Lou raised her in her strong young arms, to a half-sitting position, as Delight's eyes opened and the color began to return to her lips.

"I fainted. How foolish of me! Oh, it's you," she said weakly but without astonishment. "Look here, my ankle's badly sprained. How can I get away? Help me, will you? Perhaps I could walk to the road and pick up a car. Did he see me?" she asked more strongly, as her senses returned fully.

"Yes," said Mary Lou, whiter than she.

"Oh, why did you come?"

"I was a fool," Delight said again. "I didn't mean him to see me, of course. Did he recognise me?"

"No—"

"Here. Help me to stand." She was brusque, she was frantic with a desire to clear out, to escape, to get wholly away. Remembrance of all she had heard, thought, decided, rushed back to her. With Mary Lou's help she managed to get to her feet, but the poor swollen ankle would not bear her weight.

"I can't," she said, with a little sob. "I can't!"

She took hold of a low-lying branch of a tree and tried to step. But it hurt her cruelly, the least motion. "I must," she said, literally between her teeth, close-bitten to keep back the little moan of sheer physical pain and mental distress which assailed her.

"No use," said Mary Lou, dully. "He'll be back in a moment."

"Look here, play up," said Delight urgently. "I'll lie. Perhaps I won't have to. Perhaps he won't know me. Oh, it's been such a mess! I heard you talking, there behind the hedge. I had made up my mind to go away, to tell you when you communicated with me that, no matter what conclusion you and his mother had come to, I wouldn't bother any of you any more. It is impossible. The whole situation. I realised that. Lorry cares for you—not for me. I don't care for anyone!" said Delight, and raised her slackened chin a little and for a moment looked somehow young and gallant and terribly honest. "I was willing, I am willing to get out of it, leave it to your good sense to tell him anything you wanted to—that I was dead, or—the truth, half expurgated. If he doesn't know me, I'll say I was going by and came in, on an impulse. Well, that's partly true. I'll ask him to get me a taxi or send a car with me to the station. If he does know me, I'll deny it. Look here, there's something you must know—"

She broke off. Lorrimer was running toward them.

"Mother's coming, with Peter—"

He stopped dead and stared. His face went slowly ashen. This woman, who was she? Of whom did she remind him, of Delight? But that was impossible; that she should remind him of a ghost, when the flesh and blood girl stood there silently, her hands at her sides, her great blue eyes dark with something very like terror.

He pulled himself together. He said, courteously:

"If we can be of help—are you badly hurt?"

All the actress in Delight Harford came to her rescue then. She smiled rather formally; she said, carefully:

"I'm so sorry to trouble you. Yes, my ankle, I'm afraid it's rather badly twisted. If I could get to the road, and hail a taxi."

But at the very first word she had spoken Lorrimer began to shake all over like a man waking up from some strange dream into a much stranger reality. He could scarcely speak, but somehow he managed, just the name.

"Delight, not Delight?"

He did not look at Mary Lou. He looked at the other woman. He kept his eyes riveted on her. He took a step forward and grasped her arm, roughly. He held it, in a grip which hurt her. He kept saying her name over and over.

"Delight!"

SHE pulled away, or tried to. She said, with a forced note of lightness:

"I am Diana Hackett. I think you must be mistaken."

"No. You're Delight Harford," he said slowly. "I know you. You couldn't be anyone else. Why do you deny it? Don't you know me? Travers Lorrimer? You must know me."

She said, immediately:

"I never saw you before in my life, Mr. Lorrimer," and, turning to Mary Lou, she asked "Can't you explain to your friend that he is mistaken? I'm sorry to give so much trouble," she said again. "But if I could get help to get back to town—"

Lorrimer slipped his hand down her arm, took her hand in his, turned it—

"You wear my ring!" said Lorrimer. Delight knew a moment of bitter anger directed against herself. Of course she had worn it, unthinkingly. She always wore it. She had fancied that, now and

then, it brought her luck. The seal ring. His.

In that instant she surrendered.

"Lorry," she said weakly, appealingly. He stepped back from her, his face black with frowning concentration. But . . . if this was Delight . . . who was . . . ? "If you are Delight," he said slowly, "who—who is—she?"

He turned to Mary Lou, but Mary Lou was not there. At the moment when Lorrimer had been engrossed in the other girl, when he had said "you wear my ring," in the little pause that followed, she had slipped away, as fast as a deer, on feet of panic, and was running swiftly to the house by the shortest route.

When she got there, out of breath, half sobbing, going in by the back way, to the amazement of the servants, she flew to her own room. Mrs. Lorrimer and Peter and perhaps some of the others would be on their way to Lorrimer now. She could escape them all; she would simply have to hurry and find a few things in a bag, take what money she had in cash, and go out of Westwood at the farthest gate, the gate leading out of the north woods.

She took only the barest necessities. The pretty things that Margaret had given her, she would have to leave them behind her, start all over again. She drew Lorry's sapphire from her finger and laid it on her bureau. She picked up an envelope and a pencil and wrote across it: "Forgive me. I had to go—this way."

THEN she was ready. One last look about the room, one terrible temptation to cast herself on the bed and yield herself up to sick weeping, a temptation she conquered, and then she had sped down the back stairs and through the servants' quarters like a flash of light.

Most of them had gone by now to give what help they could to the old butler. Only the cook, looking up from the table, at which she was standing, said, "Miss Delight?" in a tone of stricken inquiry.

She reached the woods and went through them, stumbling, catching her tweed frock in undergrowth, half blind but wholly determined. She came out of the far gate and waited there a moment. To her complete surprise, a roadster going past, slowly, stopped and someone hailed her. It was Jenny Wynne.

"Delight!" called Jenny.

No time to think.

Mary Lou climbed in and slammed the door.

"Jenny, help me! Jenny, you must help me!" she cried. "Drive me to the station—not Westmill, but the Northmill station—and as fast as you can! Please! Please!"

Jenny Wynne gave one look at the small distraught face, threw in her gear without a word, and the car slid off smoothly, gathering speed.

"Tell me," she said quietly, "what has happened? I'm your friend, and you know it. And I'm absolutely at your service."

As they went toward Northmill Mary Lou told her—the truth—in short, choked sentences, Jenny, her hands steady on the wheel, listened and tried to understand. No time now for detailed explanations, for exclamations and questions.

"Lorry knew, of course, all along. It was he who gave me the advertisement to read. I always hated your not knowing, Jenny, after we became such close friends. Now you know."

"Yes. What are you going to do?" said Jenny, and added, "Mary Lou."

"I'm going to town. To Oakdale, I sup-

pose. I have to get away. From all of them. I precipitated this on them. I didn't mean to; I meant to persuade Mrs. Lorrimer to see Delight Harford, to realise that it was the only decent thing to do, that she owed it to her and to Lorry to clear up this whole mistaken situation."

"If you go to Oakdale," said Jenny, "they'll find you."

Mary Lou said nothing. The Northmill station was coming into view.

"Have you any money?" asked Jenny, practically.

"Yes. Plenty. Oh, Jenny, am I a coward, not to see this through?"

"No." Jenny stopped the car at the station, put her arms about the other girl and kissed her. "No, you're a brick. I love you. So does Lorry. Keep in touch with us, Mary Lou. Promise?"

Mary Lou shook her head.

"Not now. Later, perhaps," she said.

"All right. It's up to you. But if you ever need anything, want anything, you've Lorry and me. Remember that. And we won't give you away. If you want to stay—inognito—we'll respect that. Believe me."

"Of course—oh, bless you, Jenny, you're heavenly kind to me."

She heard the whistle of the train up the track, clung to Jenny a moment, a wet cheek against her own, said, choked:

"I'll never forget all you've been to me, Jenny. Please don't tell them you saw me. Tell Lorry but no one else. Please don't tell them where you took me."

"All right," said Jenny.

A few moments later she saw the train pull out, saw the small, beseeching face at the window and waved. Then she sat there a moment in the car, deep in bewildered, tangled and amazed thought.

Meantime, back at Westwood house:

"Why—where is she? She was here—a minute ago," said Lorrimer blankly.

Delight said nothing. She had seen Mary Lou go; had withheld an impulse to call her back. The truth was out, anyway. If the girl felt safer in flight, then it was kinder not to speak. Lorrimer stepped away, took his head in his hands.

"I must be going mad," he said, bewildered, rather tragically.

"No, listen to me, Lorry. It's all quite simple. That girl came to your house to get a job. You saw her, mistook her for me. Your condition was such that your mother dared not tell you the truth. She has simply pretended to be Delight Harford. That's all."

"But—but—"

"I think," said Delight clearly, "that I see your mother coming, Lorry."

MARGARET came up, a little out of breath. Peter was with her, and one of the gardeners. She had bandage and bandage scissors in her hand, utterly ignorant as to the identity of the stranger or the extent of her accident as she was.

"Travers," she began, and then, quickly, stricken, "You!"

Delight said, smiling a little, not a pleasant smile: "You know me, too?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Lorrimer shortly. "Come, Travers—Peter—between all of you, we can get her to the house."

"But mother," began Lorrimer, wildly, frantically.

Mrs. Lorrimer looked at him a moment. Pity for him, terror, anger, all fought in her eyes for mastery. She said, slowly:

"She's in no condition to be kept standing here." She indicated Peter and the other

man with a gesture of her hand. "We'll all be better off at the house," said Margaret Lorrimer.

Supported by Peter and the gardener—as Lorrimer made no move to touch her—Delight was taken to the house. Lorrimer and his mother walked beside her, a strange little procession. No word was spoken.

In the library she was put into a big chair. Peter was sent to telephone Doctor Matthews. Someone else was sent for a stimulant. Then they faced each other, alone, the three of them.

"How did this happen?" asked Mrs. Lorrimer, quietly.

"SHE came to me," Delight said, wearily, regarding the injured ankle which was stretched out on a footstool. "She came yesterday morning and told me—"

"Who did?" asked Lorrimer sharply. "That girl, Miss Thurston. She told me that she knew who I was, really. I'd been fool enough to tell that young Press agent, Mitchell, my name. She told me that you knew, Mrs. Lorrimer, and that apparently you were not going to tell your son. She wasn't sure what you would do. She felt that—that her loyalty lay with Lorry, and, strangely enough, with me; that it was only fair both of us should know the truth. And she asked me to give her a week in which to bring you to her point of view. After that, if you were still set on Lorry's not knowing, she would leave it up to me."

She sighed. There was a silence. She went on: "I promised. But on an impulse I came here, found out where you lived and all. Easy enough. I overheard Lorry and the other girl talking. I made up my mind to go away and, no matter what you decided, Mrs. Lorrimer, to stay away. I started for the gate, turned my ankle, and fell."

She looked at them both, a little defiantly. "We're all in it now," she said; "no use trying to escape. What are you going to do?"

Peter entered the room to say that Doctor Matthews would be right over.

"Go to Miss—," Mrs. Lorrimer hesitated and said, firmly, "Miss Thurston's room, and ask her to please come to the library."

Peter took the message without a quiver of the eyelid and left the room. Lorrimer said blankly:

"Where—Delight—we've searched for you, all over. There was no trace." He looked at her. This was the girl he had loved and lost. She had returned to him. That other girl had been an impostor. Yet he had loved her, thinking her Delight. But this was Delight.

Delight Harford said, a little harshly: "Does that matter now? Time enough for all that later."

Peter returned. He had in his old hand a ring and an envelope with a little penciled scrawl across its surface.

"Miss Thurston is not in her room," he reported.

Mrs. Lorrimer took the envelope. She looked at it a moment, said blankly, "She's gone."

Delight smiled a little. Gone. Well, she'd done her best for the girl. She could do no more. She'd been willing to clear out, but now . . . She looked about the lovely room and drew a deep breath. Comfort, safety, if she played the cards right. Should she play them . . . at all?

Mrs. Lorrimer dropped the envelope on a

table. She stood up and faced her son and this stranger—this woman she disliked so intensely. She said, with a hard white austerity:

"There is, as I see it, just one question which is important now. Did you," she asked Delight, "did you marry my son? If so, have you proofs of that marriage? Are you married?" she repeated.

Delight hesitated. Looked at Lorrimer. Waited. Lorrimer spoke, and his face was grey.

"I remember now," he said heavily. "No!"

His mother had gone perfectly white. Now with a great rush, as of relief, her color came flooding back again.

Lorrimer went on, as Delight did not speak.

"As soon as I saw her again, I knew—I remembered—everything."

"But," Margaret interrupted, "you thought that Mary Lou was Delight—and you didn't remember then—you clung to your belief—or was it really belief? that you were married to her?"

"No, I didn't remember when I saw her. She—was just my memory come incarnate, my memory of a girl I had loved, and who was lost to me. But when the real girl came, I knew at once. Delight," he looked at the woman sitting, exhausted physically, in the big chair, a woman who was quite patient, waiting, it seemed, for her cue to enter this new and complicated drama, a woman who appeared to hold herself in leash. "Delight, you know, you remember? We planned to be married—by special licence. I gave you that ring. The earliest day on which we could be married was the day my leave was up. We were to be married, I was to return immediately to the front. Then my leave was shortened by 36 hours. I was recalled. And went—without marrying you. Do you remember?"

"Of course," said Delight, speaking for the first time in many long minutes. She had kept quiet, waiting to see what he would recall and how much. She already knew, of course, the story of his strange obsession, the obsession that he had been married.

DR. MATTHEWS came in. Peter announced him and went out, shutting the door silently, well aware that some drama was being played out, worried in his loyal heart about Mary Lou, wondering where she had gone and why. He'd already seen the cook and been regaled with her backstairs dramatic recital of Mary Lou's entrance through the kitchen and her exit "without a word spoken, and that ain't like her, Mr. Peter!"

Matthews, entering, looked from Margaret to Lorrimer. Margaret indicated the other woman.

"Dr. Matthews—Miss Harford. This is Delight Harford, Dan," she said, unnecessarily, for he had recognised her at once.

The situation, as far as the ankle was concerned was explained to the doctor. He gave certain orders, and Delight was helped upstairs to a guest room, where the orders were carried out. Margaret went with her, and Lorrimer, waiting below stairs, went out and talked to Peter and later invaded the kitchen to see Mrs. Jarmen.

They could only tell him that Mary Lou had gone, that Mrs. Jarmen had seen her "fly" through the kitchen "as if the devil himself was after her, air!" a suitcase in her hand, a hat "anyhow" on her head and a coat over her arm.

His mother came downstairs. She said, briefly:

"Will you come up to Delight's room? I've asked her to stay, of course. She has telephoned to town and resigned from the company, or whatever it is they do. Dan says the ankle isn't broken but has been badly sprained. She'll be laid up for a little while. She wants to see you, or rather Dan does."

They went upstairs in silence, so much unspoken and unexplained between them. Matthews looked up cheerfully. He was sitting by Delight's bed in the pretty, cheerful room, sunk deep in a low chair.

"I WANT to get this straight," he said. "I've heard the story now. It worries your mother, Lorrimer, this fixed idea you've had. But I have explained to her that it—or something very like it—isn't unknown in medical annals."

"I wish you'd explain it to me," Lorrimer said, dully. "I can't understand, myself. I was so sure—so sure, all those years! And then to-day—it came back—and I knew, I remembered. I think I must have been crazy!"

"No. You returned to the front terribly disappointed because your plans had gone astray. Youth can't bear being balked, being impatient and hating the verb 'to wait.' Immediately on your return you had a bad accident, you were ill, you were unconscious for a long time, you came to yourself, a prisoner. Much that had happened was wiped out. That is to say, your most ardent wish, the wish which had not been fulfilled, was fulfilled in the darkness of your subconscious mind. Your last conscious thought perhaps had been of Miss Harford here and the marriage upon which your heart was set. Therefore, in your state of mental and physical shock, the interruption to your plans faded from your conscious memory, the wish fulfilment of the subconscious took its place. Having ardently desired this culmination of your hopes, you came to believe the marriage fait accompli. Mary Lou—Dr. Matthews hesitated but went on steadily—"Mary Lou, in assuming the role of Miss Harford, brought nothing to your memory. You simply thought her the girl you had known, come back to you. She stirred no chord in you save to fix your belief that she was Miss Harford because of her accidental resemblance to her."

Matthews rose and looked down at his patient. She smiled up at him and then spoke to Lorrimer, almost timidly:

"I've brought you all into a dreadful muddle by coming back, haven't I? I didn't mean to come back. Not really, Lorry, perhaps you'll come and talk to me after? I want to tell you why you couldn't find me—what happened."

He tried to smile.

"Of course," he said, and added, "Delight." But the name was strange to him now, it had an alien sound, a suggestion of mockery.

Luncheon, as far as Margaret and Lorrimer were concerned, was a farce. Matthews watched them, talked bravely of nothing much when Peter was in the room and later led the way to the library.

Lorrimer shrugged. "There's only one thing to do," he answered. "If Delight will have me, I'm at her service, of course."

"Oh, Travers, no!" his mother said, in a little sob.

He turned to her, and put his hand over hers.

"I can't help it, mother," he told her.

"I suppose it's what Doc Dan here would call my old obsession." He smiled wryly. "I loved her; I asked her to marry me; I went through 10 years of my life with the fixed idea that she had. I—if she wants me, I'm willing to fulfil what I consider an obligation."

Margaret was crying, very quietly. Matthews looked at her, shook his head warningly. She was saying—"My fault—all my fault. Travers, do you blame me very much?"

He replied, slowly. "No, I understand. You were forced into it by circumstances, by my old madness, by—oh, I don't blame you. But I can't understand—her. Playing that part."

He thought of things he believed no one knew but Mary Lou and himself. Of her eyes when she had said she cared. A part, too? Just the role, just carrying on somehow?

Matthews said, steadily:

"If your mind is made up, we have no right to try to dissuade you, not even your mother. And if you are being hard on Mary Lou Thurston in your thought—don't be. She was forced into this, too. Don't think she liked it! She's a very honest person. But she had to go through with it for your sake, and she did so. You owe her everything. You owe her, even this final honesty, this clarifying of all the muddled, darkened issues. You owe to her even the strength with which to meet them, face them and to resolve them."

DR. MATTHEWS turned

to Margaret.

"It's time," he said, "that Travers decided things for himself. You can't hinder him; you must not. If this contemplated marriage is not to your liking, Margaret, it is up to you to make the best of it. You've never failed Travers. Don't fail him now. And—"

"But it has been so long," she wailed. "He doesn't know her, nor she him! And they do not love each other!"

It had been said. Lorrimer paled, set his square jaw more firmly, simply said, "I loved her once—"

But he didn't love her now. He never would. He was in love with her as she once had been, but more in love with Mary Lou's artistic conception of Delight Harford.

Matthews was talking to Margaret of Mary Lou.

"Where has she gone?" he was asking. "She mustn't be allowed to go like this—vanish like a changeling."

That's what she was, thought Lorrimer, a changeling.

"Perhaps," Margaret said, "she has gone to Oakdale. I will try to get in touch with her. I'll telephone. No, she mustn't be allowed to go like this."

"You are angry with her," stated rather than asked the doctor.

"Yes. No. I was. Terribly. She'd promised me—silence. And she didn't keep that promise. But I see a little more clearly now. She did what she thought was right. It wasn't her fault if her plan went astray. And I suppose she had to follow her star if what she thought right conflicted with her loyalty to me."

"There's a virtue in that," remarked Matthews, "for she cares for you, I believe, very deeply. Only a really courageous person would be willing to risk the anger and misunderstanding of someone she cares for in order to preserve her moral integrity." He wanted to add, "and not only risk the anger of a beloved, but her entire happiness as well."

It hadn't been just a risk with Mary

Lou, but a certainty. Yes. She had courage. And Lorrimer, too. For Lorrimer also, however mistakenly it appeared to the older, wiser man, was following his own star.

MMARGARET left the room but returned in a few minutes.

Both men turned and looked at her, waiting.

"I telephoned Oakdale," she said, "and she's not there."

Lorrimer rose hastily.

"Would Delight see me now?"

"I think so," his mother answered. "She finished lunch. I looked in on her just now to see if she was comfortable."

Lorrimer, without another word, went upstairs. Margaret sat quite still in a big chair she'd selected, her hands in her lap. She said, urgently:

"Dan, he must be stopped. It's insanity, what he's planning to do."

Matthews said gently:

"We've no right to interfere. And we reckon without the girl. What makes you think—?"

"Oh," said Margaret, interrupting, her voice a little raised, "as if she wouldn't! Why, she hasn't anything, and he has everything! She'll jump at the chance. Dan, you know she will!"

"I'm not so sure. She was willing to go away and let things be straightened out, somehow, without her."

"We've only her word for that," said Margaret bitterly. "I—I can't understand Mary Lou fully. Yet in a way I can. Perhaps it's best, no matter what happens, to have things clear at last. I don't know."

"I do. It's always best," he said gently, looking at her, longing to comfort her, loving her so much and knowing himself inadequate.

Upstairs Lorrimer sat by Delight and listened to her nervous, quick recital of her adventures, covering the long years. The death of her cousins—the permanent estrangement with her parents—so Mary Lou and her conspirators had been right, after all, he thought, bitterly amused, in their fictionalised tale—her removal from London at the time she heard of his death. "Lorry, I was frantic. I cried—quarts!" she told him at that point. Her drifting on to the stage, road companies, the colonies, her engagement for the revue which came to America. "You know the rest," she said.

"Yes, I know."

He rose, stood over her, looked down. She looked pretty. In the pastel bed-jacket, the sheer nightgown Mrs. Lorrimer had lent her. Her hair, heavy and long, was fanned on the pillows, her face seemed rounder, younger, less hard. But she did not stir him. He had no least impulse to take her hand, touch her, kiss her. He said merely, very grave, very intent:

"Will you marry me, Delight?"

Delight lay quite still against the pillows. Her face was quite impassive, save for a very slight dilation of the pupils of her tired, blue eyes. There was a short pause in which she fancied she could hear her heart beating. Safety, comfort, freedom from anxiety—all within the reach of a hand which for some years had not scrupled to take what was offered. She said finally:

"Sit down, Lorry; I want to talk to you."

She turned her eyes to the man's grave face. A very attractive man, Lorrimer. Much more attractive than the boy he had been. Mature, worthwhile.

She said lightly:

"Such a chivalrous gesture isn't really necessary, Lorry."

"It's not a gesture, Delight," he told her,

"Yes, it is, I think. You don't know me, nor I you. We are 10, 11 years removed from that London leave. Good-bye for a war play, isn't it, 'London Leave'?"

She laughed a little, but her eyes remained sombre.

"I was a kid then, Lorry, a rather badly brought up kid—a brat, if you like—resenting the conventions, the dull pettiness of two goodhearted but entirely commonplace spinsters, resenting the mess I thought my mother had selfishly made of her life and my own, and, therefore, welcoming the excitement, the sudden freedom of war-time—ready, too, to fall head over heels in love with the first youngster who fell in love with me. I wonder," she asked, driven to honesty by some basic craving within herself, "I wonder, Lorry, if it would have lasted?"

Lorrimer looked at her in wonder. After a moment he said:

"That is what she—Mary Lou—" he hesitated over the name, "asked me."

"When?"

"Long ago, when I thought she was—"

"Almost any clear-sighted person would ask that," Delight remarked, "given some idea of the circumstances. Look here. I only saw that girl twice, once very briefly, but I can understand, I think, what sort of a character she gave me while she was understudying me. Don't delude yourself that I'm like that, for, very probably, I'm not. And in a sense she made me up out of whole cloth, no matter what cues she had from you. She wrote her own part. For the girl you knew in London hadn't much character to speak of, either good or bad."

After a little silence she went on:

"What an idiot you were, Lorry, not to have seen how young she is! You must have thought I'd found the fountain of youth somewhere. Well, I didn't," she interpolated. "But I came out here out of pure curiosity; I hadn't a thought of crashing the gate. Not I! It was unfortunate for you, especially, that you are so fond of nature you permit those wood paths of yours to grow hidden roots. I couldn't help turning my idiotic ankle. And that's that."

"Whether you meant to have us find you or not," said Lorrimer, "we have found you."

"If I married you, Lorry—mind you, I'm not saying I shall—I would have your mother's hostility to battle with all the rest of my life."

She saw the shadows deepen in his eyes and the sudden firmer set to his unsmiling mouth.

MY mother hasn't had a chance to know you yet," he told her quietly. "You must remember that when I returned to her from the war she had heard nothing from me in months. And I returned pretty much of a wreck, mentally and physically, with just one thought in my mind, to find you again; with the fixed idea that we had been married, that you were my wife. It was considerable of a shock to her; and when, after engaging agents to search for the record of the marriage and for word of you, she discovered absolutely nothing, she quite naturally became convinced that if you ever had existed, you existed no longer, and that we were not married. The deception she and Dr. Matthews undertook when Mary Lou, with her resemblance to you, came here, was undertaken solely because they felt that my condition called for it, and so didn't, I suppose, look very far ahead—"

"You don't blame them, then, or her?" she asked curiously.

"No. Not now. But it couldn't have continued much longer," he answered, staring out of the window at the moving pattern of tree branches, against the clear, blue sky. "I think they imagined that, gradually, as I became more like myself I would remember everything. I would begin to question more closely and perhaps come to the right conclusion by myself. I don't believe, however, that I would have ever done so. I think that the encounter with you was the only cure. Strong medicine," he said, with half a smile. "I wouldn't live again through those few bewildered seconds when I saw you and heard you speak again, for anything I know of. My entire world was turned upside down. There seemed no foothold in it, no sanity. But it was best for us all that it happened."

"WAS it? I wonder?" Delight turned her head, forced his eyes down on her own. "Lorry, there's no use being chivalrous and all that. You don't want me. You don't love me. For a time, you loved a memory. But not me."

As he hesitated she cried out, sharply: "Oh, be honest with me, Lorry! Isn't that the most important thing we have left to give each other?"

But she flushed as she said it. For she had not given him honesty. Not yet, and thought, fleetingly and rather tragically, that if he denied her accusations she might close her eyes to everything else and try to believe him, and so forget her own integrity.

"No," said Lorry finally. "I don't love you, Delight. I loved the girl you were a long time ago, and then, as you have said, her memory."

"And since then," she probed, with a sharp stab of authentic jealousy which she was unable to conquer "since then, you've loved the understudy of that memory, have you not?"

"I don't know," he answered miserably. Delight watched him. There was pity in her eyes and a sort of cynical resignation.

"Why not?" she asked him. "Come, Lorry; let's be perfectly frank. When you saw Mary Lou again and thought her Delight Harford you, I suppose, experienced no shock, no alteration, in your emotions, I mean. You just went on loving—me in her. But here I am. You couldn't go on loving her as me; could you go on loving her as herself?"

He said, slowly:

"How much of that girl did I know, Delight? How much of her was Mary Lou Thurston, and how much a very clever little actress playing the part of Delight Harford as she conceived it?"

"She'll have to tell you that," Delight answered.

"I'm not likely ever to see her again," he told her.

Delight raised one eyebrow and shrugged her round shoulders under the lace and chiffon of the little bed-jacket.

"No? That wasn't the impression your mother and Dr. Matthews gave me," she said.

"Why should I see her," he asked violently, "with all that there has been between—?" he stopped, and said abruptly, almost formally, "I fancy she would rather I didn't see her. The situation is, after all, almost fantastic."

"So, will you marry me, Delight? You have asked me if I love you, and I answered you honestly. I won't ask you if you care for me: I know that you do not. But—do you care for anyone else?"

"I might ask you that," she murmured; "in fact, I have! No, Lorry." "Then—will you marry me?" he asked again. "We loved each other once. We have, I think, something to build on. I—do you know," he said, and stopped to smile at her, in a sudden, whimsical astonishment. "I am really very fond of you, Delight. I just found that out! I think perhaps I could make you happy. At all events I could take you away from a lot of things which I don't believe you like very much, and do my best to make you a good husband. I don't suppose I'm offering much."

"Too much," she answered, after a pause. "You'll have to let me think it over. I'm not going to rush you—or myself—into something we might regret. There's your mother to reckon with, too. No. I won't answer you now. But will you do something for me, Lorry?"

He rose and looked down on her.

"Anything," he told her, conscious of a sense of relief, of reprieve, for which he hated himself.

"Then get hold of that Press agent lad. I want to talk to him."

"Larry Mitchell? Of course. It won't be hard. He's probably at the Wynnes' now."

"Wynnes?"

"Neighbors of ours, is engaged to the daughter."

"Oh, yes, I remember. A young man in love. He was the perfect picture of that touching state. Well, get him for me if you can; I want to ask him something."

AFTER Lorry had left the room she lay back against the pillows and tried to think her way out. There was no doubt that she was tempted. Terribly tempted. She admitted as much to herself. Why hadn't Mary Lou stayed and fought it out with her?

Why had she run away? "But," thought Delight, "in this case running away took more courage. All she had to do was stay and say nothing and let him look at both of us." She smiled, very bitterly, having no illusions. "But now that she has run away," said Delight to herself, "she's left me a clear field. Well, comparatively clear; I'd be a fool not to take advantage of it. But then, I've always been a fool."

Before dinner Larry Mitchell arrived. He arrived in a condition which strongly resembled excitement, for Jenny, meeting him at the station that afternoon, had, of course, told him the whole story of her encounter with Mary Lou.

"She said she'd keep in touch with me. But she won't. Where has she gone?" Jenny demanded frantically. "What will she do? Larry, we must find her: she's breaking her heart over Travers and this idiotic woman, whoever she is. And it's all your fault! To think that I have promised to marry such an unmitigated imbecile!" cried Jenny, very much upset.

"Check!" agreed Larry, as disturbed as she. "But how could I know that Mary Lou, darn her, would spill the complicated beans? I tell you, Jenny, I was blamed near keeping the whole business to myself, but I couldn't. You see the situation had to be cleared up sooner or later. Mary Lou couldn't go on pretending to the end of time. She couldn't keep stalling Lorry until all of us were grey, and you and I had our playful grandchildren around our rheumatic knees—"

"You take a lot for granted!" sniffed Jenny. But she smiled.

"Sure I do. That's the only way to get along in this life," quoth the unabashed

Larry. "But don't worry, honey, I'll take a jaunt out to Oakdale. She'll go there, I'm sure. I'll take her and shake her—"

"And bring her back to me," ordered Jenny. She needn't go to Westwood House. She can see Aunt Margaret here. She needn't lay eyes on Travers—but I can't endure to think of her eating her heart out somewhere, thinking he hates her—Oh, she told me he'd hate her! Larry, can't you choke this Delight person or give her an ounce of arsenic? Because it's Mary Lou whom Travers really loves. And she loves him. This other woman doesn't count," said Jenny magnificently.

"Well, who said she did?" asked Larry. Later Lorry got in touch with him by phone.

"I thought you'd be there. Can you come over?" he wanted to know. "Jenny, too. If she will—it's rather important."

While Larry was answering, Jenny danced frantically around him, hissing, "Remember, you're not supposed to know anything about recent developments," at which Larry found himself smirking into the phone, his face wreathed in smiles and his voice tinged with jollity as if Lorry could see him.

So a little later they rode over to Westwood and, while Mrs. Lorry talked to Jenny in the library, and explained to her, very carefully, the whole situation as it now stood, Jenny listening and interpolating the necessary exclamations and murmurs, Larry and Lorry went walking together, in the boxwood garden where Lorry told him briefly what had happened.

"No need to go into details. You know about everything. In a sense you're responsible," Lorry said, trying to smile. "for it was you who gave Mary Lou the advertisement, which I can only designate as 'fatal'—"

"Gosh!" thought Larry, "he's taking it like a soldier—"

"And," Lorry went on, "it was you who found Delight. She wants to talk to you. I don't know what about. I've asked Mother to tell Jenny the story—you don't want to keep any secrets from your wife, do you?" he asked. "And moreover she'd have to know soon."

"I'll see Miss Harford," Larry promised. "Gosh, what a muddle! And as you say, most of it my fault."

"I'm not blaming you; I'm thanking you," Lorry assured him, "for if it hadn't been for the advertisement—and you—and . . . Mary Lou, I'd be right where I was last autumn, which was in considerable outer darkness. You know, Mitchell, I don't have to tell you."

"You're not sore at Mary Lou?" asked Larry, directly, but a little more hesitantly than was usual to him.

"No."

Larry looked at Lorry's face, closed against him like a fist, not hostile but a little menacing in its complete lack of revelation, its hard reticence.

"Well," suggested Larry, with an assumed lightness, "suppose I go and see Miss Harford? Didn't you say she'd left the revue? Perhaps she wants me to square her with the powers that be."

Ten minutes later Larry was in Delight's room, standing at the foot of her bed, hands in his pockets, red hair ruffled and with a disarming smile upon his young, attractive countenance.

"Well, young man," commented Delight, "you seem to be able to take a lot of time off!"

"I'm a freelance writer," said Larry proudly, "that is, except for the swell signed

articles I do for the Press now and then. As for the publicity agent part of it, I grieve to say that my job is over. I didn't show up the first night, you see, and the management was hurt."

"You have certainly done a lot of damage around here," said Delight reflectively. "What did you mean by telling my right name? I assure you my right name is one of the few things I don't as a rule tell anybody. When I entrusted it to you, how was I to know it would mean anything to you, or to anybody else?" she said.

Larry sat down astride a chair. "I didn't know what to do," he told her, frankly. "I knew at once who you were—I mean, when you told me."

"Clever of you," she murmured. "Don't be comic. You know what I mean. I won't be polite with you now. I liked you all right, but how did I know what sort of a—"

"Spare me that," interrupted Delight, a little harshly.

"Oh, go on. I always put my foot in it!" Larry groaned dismally, and regarded his number tens with animosity. "But I didn't and that's that, and so, knowing the situation out here, I thought the best thing I could do was to toddle out and tell Mary Lou and Mrs. Lorrimer and let them work it out for themselves. Well, Mary Lou did."

"I want to know something. You've certainly been frank. Well, be franker still, frank and earnest—two such nice boys, only one doesn't meet them often socially," said Delight. "That kid—Mary Lou—you've known her longer than the rest of them here. She's in love with Lorry, isn't she? Go on, tell me, forget you're a gentleman. I must know, for certain."

"Yes," answered Larry. He flushed scarlet. "It's letting her down to tell you," he said uncomfortably.

"No, it's not," she denied, sharply. "Do you know that for a fact, or is it guess-work? Man's superior intuition and all that?"

"She told me so," Larry said, simply.

"I see. And he's in love with her?" went on Delight.

Larry shrugged. "Of course. That is, he loved her, thinking she was you."

"I've heard that often enough. Don't go into details. It makes my head ache. What I want to know is this: You know Mary Lou very well. You know Lorry, to some extent. Tell me; if I were out of the picture, do you think he'd continue to love her, knowing who she was?" demanded Delight.

"This," thought Larry, a little bewildered, but sure of one thing, "this is a damned fine woman, somehow."

"YES," he replied. "I do. I've nothing to go on except this: If he sees her again, if he realises that—that she was herself all along, that the part she played was really, in a way, minor, he'll know. He'll know that it was she he—"

"That's enough. Can one shout in this mansion? If so, call Lorry, ask him to come up here."

"What are you going to do?" demanded Larry, but starting obediently for the door.

"I'm going to upset an apple cart." "Well, you've an established precedent in Eve," wise-cracked Larry mechanically. He went to the door, out to the gallery and leaned over. "Oh, Lorrimer," he shouted. "Will you come on up here a moment?"

Back in the bedroom he stared at her. She smiled back at him.

"I feel like the chap in Dickens' what's-its-name—It's a far, far better thing I do," she quoted with gravity, "than I have ever done."

But her eyes were not mocking.

Lorrimer arrived in the room, looked from one to the other.

"Want me?" he asked.

"Not permanently," smiled Delight. "I've just been telling Mr. Mitchell that you've asked me to marry you, Lorry. Very decent of you and all that. And I want to tell you before a reliable witness, that a previous engagement keeps me from accepting."

"You see, Lorry, a year or so after I had word of your death, I met a man named Harry Blanchard. He was in the same road show. A very good-looking person. He's in Australia now and has been writing me for some time to come out and join him. I don't want to—much—so probably I shan't. But he's the reason why I can't marry you, because," she said, "I'm married—to him. And there's a record of that marriage in Liverpool."

LORRIMER stared at her. He said, after a moment:

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"Because I'm not a very nice person. Harry and I have been separated for a good many years. We got on each other's nerves. Also he's been more or less a rolling stone. No moss but lots of polish. I couldn't see tenting to-night in the Australian bush. The last letter I had from him came before I left for the States. He's made good in a sense. He feels domestic; he urged me to come out. I was half inclined to do so, being on my uppers, but the chance to take a part in this revue came along and—so I did, too. Then you arrived on the scene. It was something of a temptation to accept that gallant offer of yours, Lorry; we could have gone through a nice formal engagement, and I rather fancied I could dispose of Harry in the courts quite quietly and with no one being the wiser. But I've decided not to. After all, he wasn't a bad sort, and they say Australia has a beautiful climate."

"Why didn't you tell me?" said Delight, "so I might change my mind about going. I don't notice managers rushing forward with offers in these United States. That's all. Now will you two young men leave me to take a nap? Sleeta. An old Spanish custom, I believe."

"And Lorry, tell you mother that as soon as I can wiggle this damaged fin of mine I'll move on. She's been awfully kind, really, and I don't want to trespass any longer than I have to." She broke off and looked at Lorrimer, who stood staring at her like a man unable to believe his ears, his face the mirror of strange and conflicting emotions markedly reflected—anger, relief, gratitude. "Oh, please go," said Delight.

Larry touched Lorrimer's arm.

"Let's step on it, old man," he said, rather low.

Lorrimer let himself be taken to the door, walking like a man in a dream. There Larry turned and Lorrimer walked on ahead of him.

"You're a good trouper," said Larry to Delight.

A few days later Delight Harford went back to New York. She had had a long talk with Mrs. Lorrimer, in which she had told her a little more fully and much less cynically of her reasons for "coming clean," as they say over here. And Mrs. Lorrimer had listened, finding herself, as is human nature, liking the slangy, careless woman

now that she knew all danger from her was past. She herself took her to town and arranged for her brief stay at an hotel—not the shabby one in which Lorry had found her—before the boat sailed for England, upon which Mrs. Lorrimer had procured passage for her.

"I've talked to Travers," she said, during their conversation, "and he feels as I do. We must—help you all we can. We feel, in a sense, responsible. Please, my dear, don't let foolish, stubborn pride stand in your way. If you decide to go—out to your husband, or if you plan to stay in London and look for an engagement you'll need money. I—I want you to take it from me, as a free gift," she begged.

"Oh, I'm not proud," Delight denied with a short laugh. "I've borrowed before this—with no intention of returning it. You may as well know that about me. But in this case I've saved my own face. I'm not being—bought off."

Margaret Lorrimer flushed slightly.

"No, of course you're not."

"Then," said Delight, with a sudden, rather charming simplicity, "I'll take whatever you offer me and be glad of it. And grateful. I'm not a kid. I've been up against it. I don't want to be again. I haven't the stamina somehow to keep on facing life in dingy lodging houses, on very little food and one pair of silk stockings, going the rounds of the agencies. Perhaps, after all, I'll go to Australia. I might make a go of it with Harry, after all," she said, thoughtfully. "We've both been through the mill; we can make allowances for each other."

So, in the end, she went back to England, very comfortably, with the knowledge that, besides money in her pocket, she possessed a very substantial sum in a London bank, which Mrs. Lorrimer had promptly cabled over, enough and more than enough to see her through a long time of waiting in London, for an engagement; and far more than sufficient to take her to Australia and back again, should she decide to go.

DELIGHT did not go to Australia, however. Months later they heard of her in London, in an excellent part in a musical comedy—one of those gamine parts, tough, slangy, careless, amusing, full of cynical wisdom and with a disregard for what was left of her beauty, a part always popular both here and abroad. As a cockney slavey, doing an entertaining mop-poll dance and singing an insolent and entertaining number, "Diana Hackett" made a great personal success. She wrote Mrs. Lorrimer, then:

"I've made it—after all these years. I couldn't have done it if you hadn't freed me from anxiety. I bought good clothes, took a decent flat, and acted barred around the agencies. It's the shabby, worried women who don't get the parts. And I've sent for Harry. He can sell out and come home. Perhaps I'll go over in that part, too. Mrs. Harry Blanchard. Funny, isn't it?"

But this was a long time after. Before leaving Westwood House Delight saw very little of Lorrimer. The day after her confession to him he went up to the Adironacks to see Mac, who was getting so much better that he had become unruly.

"You'd better come up, if you can, Mr. Lorrimer," wrote the chief doctor, "and persuade him to stay with us for a while longer. He insists he's fit to become a riveter or a stevedore."

So Lorrimer, very glad of the opportunity, went up to see Mac and persuade him, with orders, please, and profane language, to stay.

After which, reluctant to return home until he had looked deeply into his own heart and confronted what lay hidden there, he went farther north and stayed in a camp in Big Woods which Wynne owned, and which was always in order, a caretaker being there. He had wired Mr. Wynne, "May I stop off at Moose Camp?" to which Wynne had replied, "For as long as you wish."

In the camp, set on the shores of a lost blue lake, rippled with the spring wind, chill with winter still, there by the great and healing trees Lorrimer thought over the past months.

He'd said good-bye to Delight, had stammered: "If there's ever anything I can do —" Had meant it. In a sense he missed her, reluctant though he had been to find her, finally. She had been part of him. Now, it was as if she had never existed. She'd laughed into his eyes and said, "Of course I'll let you know. Was I ever known to turn down a good offer? Well, just once; but circumstances are against me. And there's one thing you can do for me right now."

"What?" he asked, eagerly.

"FIND my understudy; tell her I'm giving up the part, and put her name up in lights, Larry."

He hadn't answered. But he knew now, tramping through the woods, smoking his pipe by the lake shore, watching the birds with idle eyes which dreamed over their beauty and yet did not wholly see them, watching the deer come down to drink, sitting by the log fire in the stone hearth at night, when the cold spring darkness shut in, looking into the vibrant life of the flames and thinking—wondering—longing.

He knew that it was Mary Lou he wanted; knew that he had loved, still loved, her; knew that the sudden intrusion in his life of that vanished Delight had made no difference. Yet it had been so hard to adjust himself, harder still to face the fact that perhaps after all every word Mary Lou had said to him, every evidence of her caring for him which he had treasured, upon which he had built so much, might be, as her coming to him had been, play-acting, deception, a salaried part, a necessary measure, camouflage.

Yet—how honest had been her eyes! If she had not cared, would she have taken such pains with him? And she'd been happy. He could have staked his life on that. Happiness had radiated from her, times when they'd been alone, riding, reading, walking together, laughing, discussing every subject under the heavens.

He would go back and find her. He'd find her if he had to turn the world upside down to do so. He'd take her hands and look in her eyes again and ask his question. She'd answer—honestly.

Once more he would go questing for a lost delight.

And while Lorrimer tramped the woods and grew clear with himself and his heart, Larry had been questing also. Margaret Lorrimer had told him that Mary Lou was not at Oakdale, but he had satisfied himself on that score by going out, ostensibly to see Billy. No, she was not there. On Jenny's advice, he combed the various Y.W.C.A.'s in town, hung about employment agencies, especially the one to which Margaret had recommended Mary Lou that day so long ago. Margaret remembered giving her the letter to Sarah Manly.

But she hadn't been there. "Afraid," thought Larry, "to use the letter, in case we should try to trace her, smart girl—too smart."

He started looking through the hotels. It would have taken longer to find her than it did if it hadn't happened that his paper sent him to cover the visit of a new celebrity, an English novelist, reputed to be, as well, the best-dressed man in the world. He was speaking one night before a rather large and decidedly mixed audience in a new hotel for women, part club, part hostelry, and because of the man's name and the startling "message" he was bruted to bring to American womanhood, Larry was sent to interview him and listen to the lecture, as his editor scented an amusing story written in Larry's peculiarly entertaining style.

"The Rudy Vallee of literature," said the editor. "Well, listen to his crooning and give us a story. Keep it short of libel, my lad."

But Larry was fated not to hear the lecture; and incidentally lost his job on that account, as the lecture turned out to be what is vulgarly known as hot stuff, and all the other papers carried columns of highly-amused print about the languid gentleman in sartorial splendor who lounged onto the platform and spoke of the inhibiting of American women, due to their puritanical forbears.

For, in the corridor of that hotel he met Mary Lou.

She saw him; tried to turn; to escape. But he had her by the arm.

"Not so fast, my good child!"

He looked about him, espied a deserted library, led her into it and plumped her down in a chair with no ceremony whatever.

"What are you doing here?"

"Living here, Larry," she said.

"And what else, may I ask?" he demanded sternly.

"I'm taking a course in a secretarial school," she replied, with some defiance.

"Do you realise that Jenny, Mrs. Lorrimer, and I have been combing the town for you?"

"No, Larry. I promised Jenny I'd let her know where I was. I fully intended to—later," she pleaded.

"We don't believe you. A Mary Lou in the hand is worth two in the bush—" he said.

That made him think of Delight. He said, quickly:

"Before you open your mouth to ask questions or make any more trouble let me tell you this: Delight Harford returned to England. She happens to be married to a gentleman in Australia. That was what she was going to tell you when you were so rudely interrupted the other day . . ."

"Married?" asked Mary Lou, faintly.

She was hatless, and her red-gold hair curled as entrancingly as ever. But she was pale, thought Larry, and rather thin, and her eyes were darkly shadowed. He felt a pang of affectionate, impatient compassion for her. He still held her arm as if he feared she would escape him even now.

"YOU'RE going upstairs to pack. And coming to Jenny's with me—tonight!" said Larry magnificently, forgetting his literary errand.

"No, Larry—please, it's awfully dear of Jenny to want me, but I can't."

"You're coming, if I have to make a scene . . . right here. I take no chances of your checking out and going somewhere else before to-morrow. And—Lorrimer's not at Westwood. He's in the Adirondacks. He went to see McEwan and is staying at Wynne's camp up there indefinitely."

"You won't see him. Just come out with me for a few days—hang your secretarial course—and get straightened out. Jenny has been frantic about you, and so has Mrs. Lorrimer. You owe it to her, Mary Lou, to see her again. If only just once. I suppose I understand why you went off like that; I don't much blame you, but I do feel that Mrs. Lorrimer is deeply hurt and terribly worried."

"I'll come, Larry," agreed Mary Lou, wretchedly. The tears were pouring unchecked down the small face. She had been so unhappy. The days in New York, strange, lonely, filled with heartbreak. The seeming vastness of the hotel. The feeling herself a stranger, threatened, somehow, on all sides. The cold practicality of the business school. The longing for Lorrimer. The imagination that wouldn't let her rest, picturing Lorrimer and Delight, happy, reunited.

LARRY took out a large handkerchief, something like a sheet, and mopped her face in a brotherly fashion. He then helped her to her feet and escorted her to the elevator and took up his position there, waiting determinedly like a detective until she should come down again. He was taking no chance whatever. When she reappeared he accompanied her to the desk, watched her check out, and, taking her arm, led her to the door, the street, a taxi, the station and a train for Westmill.

In the train he talked to her severely. "Why the devil did you run away?" he demanded.

"I couldn't face it—"

"The situation or Lorrimer?"

"Lorry," she admitted, finally. "It was all so confusing and unexpected. But I had known for ages that I had to get away."

"You didn't run to save yourself," said Larry; "you ran to save him. It was unnecessary. If you had stayed you might have learned that Delight Harford is really Mrs. Somebody Else, and that Lorrimer didn't want her, never would have her—"

"How was I to know?" asked Mary Lou, reasonably, watching the black landscape slide by, watching the lights of homes shine through the darkness.

"You couldn't know, of course. You and Lorrimer were a precious pair of idealistic babies," Larry grumbled, "you with your desire to see justice done and Lorrimer with his idiotic proposal to Delight—"

"He did ask her to marry him then!" cried Mary Lou.

"He did. But, as she said, she had a previous engagement," laughed Larry.

Mary Lou said, soberly:

"He must have cared."

"He did not care. He felt under an obligation, that's all. You know him well enough to know that's just what he would do."

"Yes." She was silent, staring out into the night, not as sure as Larry that Lorrimer did not "care."

At the station they picked up a taxi and drove out to the Wynnes' where they found Jenny reading six novels at once and trying to make up her mind to go to bed early for the first time in several years. She rushed to the door as she heard them talking to the servant who opened it, and caught Mary Lou in her strong young arms.

"You found her; you brought her back!" she shrieked to Larry and embraced him shamelessly while still holding on to her recovered friend. Her mother and father strolled into the hall to see what it was

all about. They had been told; they knew the entire story, and the way in which they undemonstratively, figuratively and matter-of-factly took Mary Lou to their hearts was very pleasant for the rest of the reception committee to view.

That night curled up on Jenny's bed, Mary Lou filled in the gaps, supplied the missing details and ended, anxiously:

"So I came out. What is one to do when Larry sets his mind on anything?"

"Marry him; it's the quickest way to deflate his egotism," answered Jenny promptly, "but, unfortunately, I have a monopoly of that system."

Mary Lou laughed. The color was back in her cheeks, she looked restless, happier. Loneliness is a wasting illness, and if Jenny and Larry were not cures, they were, at least, palliatives.

"But I can't stay," she went on. "I have to get back and go on with that course. Nor could I stay on and—keep on avoiding Lorry."

"Well, he isn't here and we won't tell him that you are, and you know he never comes over except on special occasions. We've always had to run after him," Jenny soothed her. "You skip off to your room and get some sleep. I'm telephoning Aunt Margaret in the morning."

So, in the morning, Margaret Lorrimer came over and saw Mary Lou, alone, in a corner of the big drawing-room where she waited for her, a small, rather forlorn figure, but with the scarlet flags of courage flying in her cheeks and her eyes bright and clear. Margaret went swiftly to her and took her in her arms.

"I—I thought you'd be furious with me," gasped Mary Lou, "but I couldn't help it, Lady Margaret. It all seemed so unfair—to her—to Lorry. I had to try to clear things up, but you understand I never thought she would come out to Westwood. I planned to talk to you and beg you to see her and then to tell Lorry the truth. That was all."

"I know. No, I'm not furious. I was for a few minutes," Margaret smiled, "but not any more. And it all worked out for the best."

She added hastily:

"But I'd like you to know, Mary Lou, that even before we knew the facts, even before everything was cleared up, I'd not only forgiven you, I'd been won over to your standard, and I was grateful."

LATER she asked Mary Lou to come back to Westwood.

"Your room is waiting for you; it looks lonely," she said, "and all your things are there."

"But," said Mary Lou, "my job is over." She tried very hard to smile but the red mouth quivered.

"Come as my guest," said Margaret briskly.

"Please," said Mary Lou, "not yet. I suppose sometime I can—and we can laugh about it all. But not yet."

Margaret did not urge her further. She had plans of her own and consulted secretly with Jenny about them. The upshot was that several days later Jenny invited Mary Lou to come "gadding" with her.

"I've some shopping to do," she announced, "and you can go to your darned old school and tell 'em why you've been absent."

"I'll tell them I'll come back Monday," said Mary Lou with spirit.

"If you like, and I can't persuade you to

stay," remarked Jenny carelessly. "Then, as it's the grandest day I've ever seen, let's run out to Long Island, and perhaps we can look in at Oakdale and Larry can meet us in town for dinner. How's that for a programme?"

It was a very marvellous day. Mary Lou looked out of the windows. Spring was dancing towards summer on feet shod with the soft green of her season, her arms full of early roses. The sun was high and brilliant, and it was warm, but warmth with a vitality in it.

Spring, thought Mary Lou, is a hard season, really, and a cruel one.

They started out for town and early in the afternoon were riding together, Jenny at her roadster's wheel, on the Long Island roads.

"Do you plan to live at the hotel?" asked Jenny.

"Not permanently. It's too expensive. I want to get a furnished room somewhere," replied Mary Lou, and shuddered a little. A furnished room sounded so dismal.

"What will you do with your car—and Konig?" Jenny went on.

"Are you crazy?" Mary Lou stared at her blankly.

"Aunt Margaret told me she'd given you the car. And, of course, Travers gave you the dog. And where will you keep that horse of yours? Not, I trust, in a furnished room, though some might seem suitable."

"But," said Mary Lou, "I couldn't take them, anyhow; they don't really belong to me."

"I know that so? Well, I don't know how the car feels, or the horse either, but they tell me Konig is a shadow of himself with missing you. You can't just accept things, accustom them to you, and then drop 'em again," said Jenny susterely. She turned off into another road and, while Mary Lou was still pondering her last remarks, stopped.

"Here we are," she said. "I heard there's going to be stunt flying to-day."

The Saturday crowds filled the flying field. Mary Lou got out of the car, a little bewildered. Jenny walked her briskly across the field, her keen eyes searching as she walked, and her gay tongue rattling on carelessly. Suddenly:

"There's Travers!" she cried, and waved. Travers was standing by a plane, his new plane, and talking with the mechanic. He had arrived home on the previous evening. Margaret had known, too, that he planned to be at the field to-day.

Mary Lou's feet were like lead. She couldn't move, she couldn't run, she couldn't escape. She stood there, trembling, a little figure of fear, a figurine, too, of wild rejoicing. To see him again, to hear his voice! He was coming towards them, quite serenely. He, too, had not dreamed. No one had told him; they had kept their word. But the minute he saw her, he understood; he knew.

"Hello, Jenny," said Lorrimer. "Hello, Mary Lou!" He smiled down at her, very tall, very good-looking. "I'm ready to take you up for that flight," he said.

"Not me," Jenny said hastily. "I'm not keen on bird life. There's Larry," she cried, and ran off to meet her fellow conspirator.

Lorrimer and Mary Lou stood together in the middle of that crowded, noisy field. Planes were above them, planes were coming down to rest, further away, and near them stood Lorrimer's great bird, static, waiting.

"Will you come with me?" He smiled whimsically. "In the old days I suppose one would say 'Will you fly with me?' Mary Lou—darling Mary Lou!"

She whispered, "Lorry!"

"Why did you run away?" he asked her.

She didn't answer in words, but she raised her eyes to his own. He said swiftly:

"I KNOW, I understand. It's you I love, Mary Lou. Everything is clear sailing before us. Will you marry me, darling?" said Lorrimer.

Mary Lou looked at him a full minute. Then:

"Are you sure?" she asked slowly.

"Yes, I am sure. I have always been sure of myself, I think, but never of you. There were times when I thought—when I believed—but, then, when I learned the truth I wondered how much was you, how much the part you played. Can you tell me—now?" he asked, not touching her, his hands deep in the pockets of his flying suit, his eyes intent and waiting.

"Yes, I'll tell," Mary Lou answered bravely, "but it will take me all the rest of my life."

He caught her in his arms, then kissed her wildly, careless of any who might see. But people were used to meetings and partings on the flying field. He cried out:

"Tell me, then, begin now. You promised, once!"

"I love you, Lorry," said Mary Lou.

"And you'll trust yourself to me, always?"

"Yes."

"No more make-believe?"

"No little of it was," she said. "No, no more."

He whistled to the watching but tactful mechanic.

He lifted Mary Lou into the plane and settled her comfortably. He said:

"Larry and Jenny, bless them, can shift for themselves. We are going home. The landing field is ready at Westwood. Westwood, ho!" said Lorrimer, laughing. "We have to get there in a hurry, because we're invited to a wedding. Doc Dan's best man, Larry the only usher, Mother will give you away, and I hope no one does the same for me. Jenny's your bridesmaid—we'll get the licence to-morrow."

"Wait a minute. Suppose Jenny hadn't brought me to you to-day?" she asked.

"I would have found you to-morrow. Must I confess that I wired a detective agency from Wynnes' camp? Kiss me, Mary Lou, and let's get home!"

The propeller whirled; there was a beating of wings. Contact! Lorrimer leaned to kiss her again. His hand was on the stick, and the mechanic ran back on the field. Larry and Jenny, not far off, looked up and watched, smiling. The great bird rose on its spread wings and soared off into the thin blue, climbing, climbing . . .

Jenny and Larry watched it out of sight, turned to each other, laughed with a triumph of fellow conspirators, and walked to the waiting car.

"They've gone," said Jenny, straining her eyes.

"They're headed—home," Larry told her.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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